BAFFLING BUT TRUE!!! HAVE A GO!!!
BRUTE ARYAN®
DARES TO BE LAME!
ISSUE 666
FAMILY VALUES ISSUE!
ODIUM PUBLISHING EMPIRE
FFFFTT
ADULTS ONLY!? WHAT KIND OF SELF-RESPECTING ADULT WOULD WALLOW IN THIS FILTH?!
JR 92
TIPPER
PMRC SEAL OF FANATIC CENSORSHIP
HUDDLESTON

FAN MAIL

Gentlemen:

What did it mean when I held that half-eaten ear of corn up in response to questions about my resigning? Well, its as clear as, ah, as, well, like that great American musical, the corn growing as high as an elephant's eye. And what that means is this: this is what my Bar has to use to plug herself. You don't think I still fuck that ugly, fat, white haired, furrow-faced bitch do you? I mean ah, c'mon guys ah, let's be fair here for once. Do you ah, have any idea what her pussy looks like? Not to mention her asshole. Goddamn, I'd rather fuck Jim Baker but then I'd probably get AIDS from that queen.

Sincerely,
George "Poppy" Bush
Your President

Distinguished Men of Letters:

Just between us Brutes: of course I inhaled, still do, always will. Let them continue to criticize men like us; we can ignore such slings and arrows and get on with making the world a better place. Besides if they had any idea what it was like to eat a strange piece of poontang while flying on hash the Republican party would be the last organization they'd join.

Keep on truckin'
"Wild" Bill Clinton

Dear Sires:

I am deeply deterred that you and your kind would attempt to defenestrate family values just for the sake of a few cheap jokes. As a cheap joke myself, I know what it means to say this. So I am writing to you, as both a lawyer, a family man and a Vice-President, to ask you that you stop whatever it is you know that you are doing. My wife is half-heartedly behind me on this. Thank you for your consideration in a timely matter to this matter of which I am certainly a big part.

Yours in Christian Values,
Dan "Mr. Potatoe Head" Quail

Dear Kind Hearts and Gentle People:

What George does or doesn't do to me is our business not the publics'. I have not seen my husband after dark in over twenty-seven years save for the occasional political function but I feel I can safely say that he's far too busy working for the good of his country to have time to chase after brazen, ill bred, yuppie scum like Jennifer Fitzgerald. Besides, have you seen her picture? She looks just like me! Now don't you think that if George was going to play around he would look for something other than a bloated, gray-haired, wrinkly matron with atrocious taste in clothes? So let us just put all this nonsense about George and sex to bed, shall we?

Graciously yours,
The real first lady,
Barbara "Hotcha" Bush

Men:

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "I bet with that mouth she could suck my dick and two of my friends' at the same time." Well, it's not true; I barely have enough room for Buchanan and Robertson's, so there.

Lubriciously indignant,
Marilyn "The better half" Quayle

Fellow Scribes:

I believe, in spite of our differences, we can agree on one thing: it wasn't until just a few years ago that these jig-clowns were living in mud huts and eating each other. I know; I lost a distant cousin in Mississippi to these savages.

Send them back to Africa,
Patrickkk Buchanan

Dear Real Men:

I'm kind of cute aren't I? You wouldn't mind making love to me, would you? Alright, some of you, those who've been around the block a few times, might need a little persuasion, but I'm sure it wouldn't take anything more than sticking a tongue in your ear, would it? What would it take for Barbara Bush? Right, a gun to your head and about fifty quadrillion dollars. So go ahead, vote for the party that tells you Bar is all you've ever really wanted in a woman. Real men know better; that's why they're voting Democrat this year

Love You Guys,
Hillary "Cookies" Clinton

My Friends -

I have again tossed my hat in the ring because my people have told me that they are truly concerned about this country. Now, I am too, but what really forced me to this decision were a few folks in Texas who were making disparaging remarks about the size of my privates. Now, look here, a man can put up with just about anything 'cept for a comment about the size of his privates. And, well sir, the size of my privates is my own business, but when it becomes public business, then it leaves me with little choice does it? So let's just forget about my privates or anybody else's privates and stick to the issues. Privates have no business sticking their nose in a presidential or any other kind of race. Privates belong in the home and I'm not going to dignify the issue by discussing the matter at any time. It's things like privates that forced me to get out of the race the first time.

Sincerely,
Ross "Cojones" Perot

BRUTARIAN

Number 666

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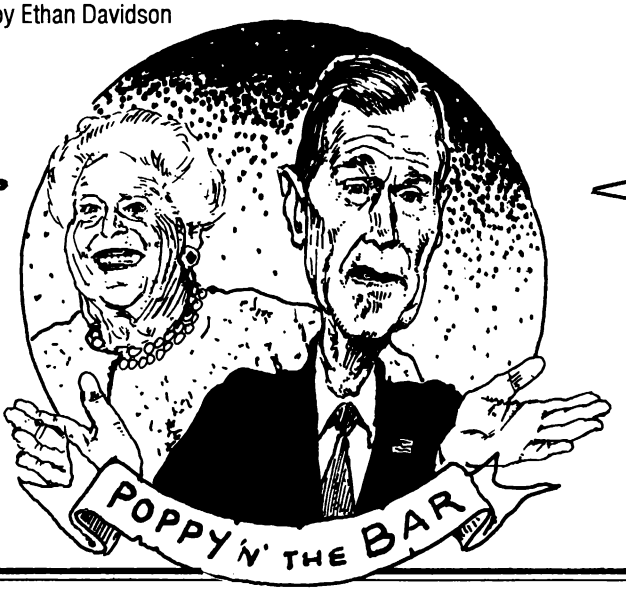
"I THINK THE ISSUE IS THAT WE OUGHT TO TELL CHILDREN THAT SEX IS DEATH, IT IS."

Bar to Larry- "sycophantic fuck" King
October 4, 1992



"BOY THEY WERE BIG ON CREMATORIUMS WEREN'T THEY?"

Poppy on a picnic to Auschwitz/Birkenau
September 28, 1987

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A QUESTION OF DOUBT

John Wayne Gacy was charged with the murder of thirty-three people. He was found guilty by an Illinois jury of all charges and was also sentenced by that same to jury to death. No one in the short history of the United States has been convicted of killing so many. Gacy, who currently resides on death row, maintains his innocence. These published excerpts are taken from a book entitled *A Question Of Doubt* which was written by Gacy at the request of his lawyers to aid them in the appeal of his conviction.

This book was written with the intent to show that there is always more than one side to a story; whether that story is detailed over a backyard fence by neighbors as gossip; or whether it is the slanted version of a war correspondent debasing the efforts of one country and hailing the valiant righteousness of another; or if the story is the account of a trial in a courtroom of American justice. In the latter instance, the blur of the push and pull of counter-arguments of attorneys and the results of those arguments released to the public is too often only the collusive version of the police and the press.

Much has been written about John Wayne Gacy, gregarious contractor and influential businessman, civic and community leader, politician, mass killer, news media monster. Yet not one of the authors of these articles and books has bothered to talk to John Wayne Gacy to ascertain what events took place during those critical two weeks prior to his arrest and why and how it transpired that he was arrested on a drug charge, jailed and ultimately convicted of more murders than any person in the history of the United States. All that has been written since the initial surveillance on me beginning on December 11, 1978, has been drawn from the reports of the officers involved - a one sided story.

This is not an autobiography covering my entire life, but a detailed account of the nightmare I lived from December 11, 1978, until March 13, 1980. This is the history of the concoction of lies and calculated deceit created by the police and the news media, how both of these powers used me as a golden goose to satisfy their superiors and further their own professional ends. The goals of truth and justice were shamefully abandoned for the sake of ego and the sensational attention that my case provided them. Truth was ignored or at best reshaped into half-truths; half-truths were twisted into lies. Evidence favorable to me was discarded. The non-factual contrivances that these powers submitted to the public created the ghastly carnival atmosphere which surrounded the lengthy trial proceedings. This was done for the base purpose of embellishing their own anonymous lives via the center ring spotlight that they manipulated.

The facts involving the deaths of thirty-three men and boys remain to be discovered, if indeed those facts are not too deeply buried. The overzealousness of the small-community police who investigated me during the ten days prior to my arrest allowed them the assurance that I was "their man." The only professional energy that they expended after that day was toward solidifying, with a non-professional fervor, the flimsy substance of a ten-day, around-the-clock scrutiny of my every move.

by John Wayne GACY

Photograph of Rosalynn Carter and John Gacy taken in 1978 at a private reception honoring The First Lady.

Is this man, John Wayne Gacy, really the mass killer? Is the man living each minute of each day in a squeezed cell in the death row unit of Illinois State Prison in Menard, Illinois, the right man?

No prisoner appears as the normal conception of a man. That blandness is disallowed by the drab prison garb and is stripped further when the man is bejewelled with handcuffs linked to a waist chain which is connected to a set of leg irons. Add to that an imperfect haircut, the bloodless skin of a person who for health and safety reasons has seen less sunshine in ten years than the average postman sees in a single July day, and the grim expression of a man afflicted with psychomotor epilepsy, syncope, a heart condition, colitis, hypoglycemia and, as later divulged by prison doctors, multiple sclerosis, and you have the shell of a human being named John Wayne Gacy.

A Pulitzer prize winner would not find it an easy task to describe such a man unless he wished to wax creative to appease the expectations of a reading public which has come to believe him to be a man of monstrous dissymmetry. In the police photograph reproduced in the newspapers, he is unshaven, his eyes are puffed, he is squinting and sporting a halfhearted smile above the placard with his identification number on it. With that picture and its caption "mass murderer" as a backdrop, the public could only characterize such an individual as sinister.

John Wayne Gacy stands five feet nine inches, a portly two hundred ten pounds. His hair is dark with a grayed rim and he possesses a salt and pepper full beard. His strong appearance is deceptive: he now has to drag his right foot along because of the degeneration of the nerves and muscles in that leg. The skin hangs loose on the bones from spending the greater portion of ten years on the low cot in his cell. John is able to stand only when he goes to the toilet or to visit the prison doctor whose office is within a hundred feet of the cell. In the morning he may take a shower except on Sunday or holidays. The prisoner does not appear atrophied, but he does not look healthy. His primary pleasures are a few cigars a day, correspondence with a few dozen penpals, and his oil painting which finances a few other interests. The eyes are bright and neither whimsical nor bitter; they move quickly when the talk turns to sports or family but the sullenness may return in the blink of one of those eyes.

Common? Yes. He looks nothing like a contractor or a politician, nor a community civic leader or a go-get-'em businessman. He's the guy who stands next to you at the supermart and nonchalantly asks, "Know where they keep the dog food?" He's the face that settled your check when you last ate at a restaurant, the face that leans out of the street-cleaning machine on your block.

And yet, he's the man waiting to be strapped to a gurney and injected with a lethal dose of a deadly drug, a man who has never been allowed to tell his side of the story. My narrative will reveal the numerous characters in a horrible charade and the vital roles that each of them played. These are the first words that John Gacy has spoken. This is **my side of the story** - the story of THE THIRTY-FOURTH VICTIM.

Chapter 5
The News Media

Magazines, radio, television, newspapers - our news media spectrum - do a landslide business by churning out their major wares: scandals, crime, sex, corruption, violence. Sports, human interest stories, optimism, the funnies are merely by-products for most readers. It's the rough stuff that sells the lingerie at Fields and the automobiles at Honest Harry's GM dealership. That's the business the media is in above all else. And most people read the daily paper and listen to the unctuous TV anchor with the believability one generally reserves for Encyclopedia Britannica. The news media is influential and should therefore be held accountable for its lack of integrity.

"I HAVE NEVER BEEN HOMOSEXUAL. IF I HAD BEEN, WOULDN'T SOMEONE WHO KNEW ME LONG BEFORE HAVE STEPPED FORWARD AND DECLARED THAT? ATTESTED TO IT? HOMOSEXUALITY CAN'T BE KEPT IN THE BUSHES OF A MAN'S LIFE FOR ALMOST FORTY YEARS."

I appeared in the newspapers many times from high school on up, winning American Legion awards, speech contests, Jaycee awards, civic awards, Man of the Year, chairing community projects. When I lived in cities smaller than Chicago, the news articles seemed large. Of course, they really weren't, but the formats made it appear so in those areas. Vest pocket articles of praise and cameo photos of me were more than satisfying. Maybe the small paragraphs about me were exaggerated with good intention.

It was later that I got my initiation into how the press works big city style. Starting on December 23, 1978, a magnitude of coverage toward the making of a notorious criminal began. The media didn't have to know much in the way of facts, only that the police were holding a man who owned a house in a Chicago suburb where they had uncovered some bodies. Headlines followed: DIG FOR BODIES AT SUBURBAN SITE; SEX CRIMINAL HINTS 20 SLAIN (*Chicago Sun-Times*, 12/23/78). Not to be outdone, the *Chicago Tribune* screamed: BODIES OF THREE TEENS FOUND, 29 MORE FEARED SLAIN (12/23/78). Stories followed under massive headlines: POLICE QUIZZING SUBURBANITE, and alongside; GACY FOND OF PLAYING A CLOWN. By this strategy of juxtaposing one story with another I was made guilty in the mind of the public immediately.

Not a scintilla of evidence nor a single fact was sought to be elicited from me by the Chicago newspapers. They accepted leaks by minor policemen and insignificant associates who had eavesdropped in order to pick up insubstantial information that always surrounds the first waves of a sensational case. Each newspaper had its sources, but not scruples about accuracy - only a need to scoop the other. Information gaps were filled by overzealous reporters creating bizarre, inflammatory stories out of whole cloth: a creative writing class eager for bylines. This continued for thirty days. In the first seventy-two hours there were twenty-nine different headlines and attendant stories, none of which were confirmed.

My rights and the truth about me continued to be ignored. The members of the media felt the rush and the power of being able to stir into a frenzy not only the city of Chicago but the state, the nation and many countries. The newspaper stories transmogrified from trite columns that sold lingerie and automobiles for their advertisers to bizarre stories designed to shock readers into frenzied addiction for more detail. Spine tingling sex and the graphics of murder were supplied to a ravenous public for months. My fate was sealed by journalistic innuendo founded on speculation and imagination gone wild.

The media was able to cast a die and stamp it upon the collective mind of its readers, thanks to the first amendment. But there is supposed to be a safeguard against inaccurate reporting - a penalty clause which holds the press accountable for damage done when the presses roll pell-mell over the lives and reputations of citizens. There are always two sides to a story, sometimes more. It seems to me that the press always keys on the side that is the most titillating.

Because of massive and pervasive publicity on the local level, the charges against me soon became national and international news. The finding of several bodies and the assumption that many more were to be found gave the story alluring headlines that in turn created a morbid serialization. The only thing that mattered to the press was the continuance of the public's interest and its furor. Guilt or innocence was not important. Within twenty-four hours the media charged me with the murder of a boy who wasn't even discovered on Summerdale. In fact, it wasn't even known that he was dead.

As new editions came out my title changed from Murderer to Mass Murderer to Confessed Mass Murderer then Confessed Homosexual Mass Murderer. I have never been homosexual. If I had been, wouldn't someone who knew me long before have stepped forward and declared that? Attested to it? Homosexuality can't be kept in the bushes of a man's life for almost forty years.

Then, suddenly, the press realized that maybe they didn't have all the facts. They learned that the so-called confessions were no more than police conjecture taken from statements unsigned by the accused. The words "confessed" and "homosexual" were dropped from use. But how could the damage that had been done be reversed? How do you change the impression that had been registered upon the minds of millions of readers and listeners? Studies have proven that the thing that a person remembers the best is the first impression of another person or event. Even after a long time passes and many other aspects related to that impression emerge, the first impression persists. So it was with my good name.

In our country a person is deemed innocent until proven guilty by a jury of his peers. But how could the courts give John Wayne Gacy a fair trial after the world's presses had so inflamed the public? I didn't feel then, and I still do not feel, that there could have been, at that time, in or outside of Chicago, or anywhere in the United States, any place that I might have received a trial free of bias, free of the taint editorialized into the name of John Wayne Gacy.

My attorneys went into court to seek appointment of a market research firm to conduct a valid, statistical survey of the public mood concerning me. The survey would have been done by National Jury Project, a private non-profit corporation specializing in research and consultation on the American jury system. The court, under Judge Garippo, denied the request, yielding to public pressure, saying it could see no need for such a survey. It was an unusual request. It was also a fair request. Instead, Garippo ordered the state and the court to conduct its own survey! It was a fiasco, a non-professional one-sided study. How could it have been otherwise? Later an independent agency chosen by the defense rendered before the court a third party analysis, but these specialists, quite unknown to us other than by professional reputation, were off-handedly disregarded.

It wasn't just the stories picked up from leaks by the sheriff's office, the Des Plaines police department and the state attorney's office that molded the mind of the public. There were also people who would say anything to be recognized for the first time in their lives, people who wanted to feel important. A barber on Montrose Avenue in Chicago gave the story to the newspapers that John Gacy had come into his shop every week to get his hair trimmed and talk politics. Gacy seemed very strange and when leaving always left a five dollar tip. Now you would think with a little checking that the story might have been verified or dismissed. For the past seven years, I had gone to a barber located next to Democratic Headquarters in Norridge. I never paid five dollars for a haircut in my life, let alone left a five dollar tip. But the newspaper printed the story as the truth.

Another story claimed that I had picked up two eighteen-year-old hitchhikers on Interstate 55 in September of 1978, drove them to a wooded area and physically attacked them. Printed as fact in the newspapers, the story was never investigated by the media. I was in Little Rock remodeling a drugstore at that time. Not only does the employee who went with me verify this, but the owner of the drugstore and I have the airline ticket stubs and my P.D.M. business records as added proof.

Others said that I approached them, driving my big black Oldsmobile with the two spotlights, one red and one white, during the summer of 1978. The only problem with that is that my car was a 1979 model and I took delivery from the dealership at the end of October of 1978.

By the end of December the newspapers had made me as notorious as John Dillinger and Al Capone put together, so naturally the radio and television talk shows, the magazines and the rest got on the bandwagon. Books were written about me by people who had never met me, books composed of newspaper articles and police leaks. People who had never met me gave insights about me, "recalled" mannerisms which now were divined to be idiosyncratic.

Former employees said that I had made sexual overtures to them. Why then did they continue to work for me? According to the *Sun-Times*, one man claimed that on a night in June, 1975, I had propositioned him. The story failed to mention that he worked for me for two years after that date. Four years later he came forth with the story. Credible?

On January 3, 1979, the *Tribune* reported a young man's claim that he was attacked by Gacy and a second man. Since this story didn't fit the state's case, they quickly reacted with: "Police do not believe Gacy had an accomplice in the multiple killings linked to him."

During 1979, the year before my trial took place, there were one-hundred-forty-six separate stories in the *Tribune* and the *Sun-Times* about John Wayne Gacy. There were nineteen half-hour television programs with John Wayne Gacy as the topic. There were twenty-nine articles in every kind of magazine you can think of, from *Time, Newsweek, Christian Science Monitor*, and *Life* to *Hustler* and *Playboy*; all founded on the inaccuracies created by the Chicago newspapers. There were sixteen hardbound or pocket books that mentioned John Wayne Gacy. There were others containing one or two chapters on him. Even a 45 rpm record was cut with two songs about him.

Finally, in the area of books, a different aspect of media which also molds many minds, two hardbound books about me were published before I was convicted. In the first one, *29 Below* by Jeff Rignall and Ron Wilder (Wellington Press, 1979), Rignall claimed he was the last living victim, having been attacked by me and another man. I know no one named Jeff Rignall. He has never been in my home.

Citing from the book (page70): "Jeff blinked his eyes several times to make sure he was really awake and tried to move his arms and legs just slightly. He was regaining control of himself. He could see that he was in some kind of family room . . . He noticed a short flight of stairs at one end with a door above it." Rignall could not have been in my family room. There were no stairs; that house was ranch style, built on one level. Rignall goes on to say: "There was a sort of Early American-Danish bookcase and a couple of chairs." There were no bookcases in that room. The he writes: "The couch Jeff was lying on was lumpy and the material was scratchy and worn." The only couch in the family room at my house was made of dark brown, smooth leather.

"THERE HAS BEEN SO MUCH WRITTEN ABOUT ME THAT IT WOULD TAKE YEARS TO UNDO A FRACTION OF THE HARM THAT HAS BEEN DONE. EIGHTY PERCENT OF WHAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT ME AND MY FAMILY IS FALSE OR HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT OF CONTEXT AND USED BY MERCENARIES."

Again: "The main object in the picture was outlined with twinkling lights, the kind you see everywhere at Christmas." All the pictures hanging on the walls throughout the house were oil paintings and none had any lights on them. The man made up his story. None of those things were found in my home. On page seventy-five he states: "He could see the light fixture that he thought must be somewhere in the middle of the kitchen." There were no light fixtures in the kitchen, both lights in my kitchen were flush-recessed and could not be seen unless you were standing in the kitchen.

Even the description of the outside of the property is wrong. "There was an old-fashioned metal steel light on the property in front of the house and the railing near the doorway had a decorative, curlicue trim" (pages 193 through 194). There were no railings on the house at all during the seven years I lived there. "A small wire fence, that seemed to serve mostly as a decoration, surrounds the yard." Once again he's wrong; the main part of the front yard was made up of the circular driveway, trimmed with railroad ties and large stones. There was no wire fence anywhere on the front yard of the place.

For a man with so many claims against me, Jeff certainly doesn't remember much about where he was and from his errors one cannot believe he was attacked by me in my house. Throughout his book one finds one fabrication after another. Nothing in it even resembles the truth. Yet it was published. It was read. The public and the press ate it up as true and factual.

Just before the trial another book was published, *The Man Who Killed Boys*, by Clifford L. Linedecker (St. Martin Press, 1980), who claimed to have written the true story of mass murderer John Wayne Gacy. The book seems to be based on stories from the newspapers and other media, little of it on independent research. Simple facts that could easily have been checked out never were. The book was rushed off the presses, intended to come out just before the trial to make a buck with no regard for the people involved.

Excerpt from Linedecker's book (page 18): "The first high school he attended was Carl Schurz, a huge coeducational school on the far north side. At Schurz, Johnny Gacy was no more and no less noticeable than any other student. He was never one of the popular boys. Nevertheless, he made friends and he got along well enough with his schoolmates to earn a reputation as a generally easygoing young man, although later he told his first wife that he was taken out of school in a straightjacket a couple of times after flying into uncontrollable rages." Had Linedecker done any research, he would have found that I had never gone to Carl Schurz High School, and never was, nor did I ever claim to have been, taken out of any school in a straightjacket.

Further down the same page, talking about my wife: "Even though they dated only once, when they were both sixteen, she remembered his neatness. She was a student at Schurz and he had just transferred from there to Providence St. Mel High School." Wrong again. Neither of my two wives were my age; I was older than both of them. My first wife never attended Schurz or any other school in Chicago. And I never attended Providence St. Mel.

Moving on to page 44: "But all other recognition was eclipsed when he finally realized his goal of leading a chapter of the Jaycees. He was elected president at Anamosa." In all my years in the Jaycees I never held the office of president, at Anamosa or anywhere else, a simple fact that could have been checked out had the author done any research.

It is not my intention to nitpick through the books written by opportunistic men. I'm attempting to show that no judge or jury anywhere in Illinois could have claimed immunity to those infectious writings.

Some of the writings were more damaging than others. On page 53 Linedecker writes: "On the complaint of a teenage boy, the youngster, an admitted homosexual, said he was picked up at the bus terminal by Gacy, who then took him to his home and tried to force him to commit a sexual act. The case was dismissed when the boy failed to appear in court." The "youngster" was eighteen years old and had a police record. According to a statement by an Albany Park, Chicago, police detective, this is what happened: "Gacy, while driving his car, stopped for a light at LaSalle and Randolph. Picked up a hitchhiker claiming to be cold. While in the car driving down Kennedy Expressway, the young man propositioned Gacy to give him a blow job for ten dollars, or he could get him an eight track tape deck for his car for ten dollars plus letting him give Gacy the blow job. Gacy stopped his car on the Expressway at the North Avenue exit, got out, went around to the passenger's side, opened the door, pulled the guy out and threw him over the guard railing, got back in and drove home where he was arrested some five hours later by us." The detective said he then went to the address where the man had told me he had the tape decks and found a bunch of stolen items. The eighteen year old was charged with theft and the charges against me were never prosecuted. This is a matter of police record. My parole officer, Mr. Lundt, attested to these facts and to my innocence.

Because of all the publicity before the trial, it was open season for any irresponsible writer to make false statements about my character. These statements went unchallenged.

What are my feelings? There has been so much written about me that it would take years to undo a fraction of the harm that has been done. Eighty percent of what has been written about me and my family is false or has been taken out of context and used by mercenaries. The search for truth was mismatched with the frenzy of greed and professional aggrandizement. The latter prevailed.

[Mr. Gacy is currently seeking a publisher for *A Question of Doubt*. It was turned down by every major book company in the United States. Those interested may write to John Gacy N00921 Lock Box 711, Menard Illinois 62259. Serious inquiries only.]

ODIUM
THE MIGHTY SPHINCTERS
$60,000 US YOUR FAMILY SHARE OF THE NATIONAL DEBT ON ELECTION DAY
NOT APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
TAX AND SPEND!!
MORE ENTITLEMENTS!
ABORT UPO DEM
WEAK NATIONAL DEFENSE!
WELFARE STATE!
HELLISH MONSTERS QUAILBOY! ITS THAT DARN DEMOCRATIC CONGRESS!
GOLLY SUPERPOPPY - MONSTERS! AND THEY LOOK RAV... REVIN... RAVO... UH.. REAL HUNGRY!
BUT DON'T WORRY - I HAVE A PLAN! THIS NAKED AGGRESSION WILL NOT STAND!
TO COMBAT THOSE THREATS THAT NO SINGLE SUPERHERO CAN STAND AGAINST, EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROS HAVE FORGED A NEW WORLD ORDER FOR THE PROTECTION OF THEIR OWN POWER AND VESTED INTRESTS! BRUTARIAN PRESENTS - THE ULTIMATE CHALLENGE...
MULTICULTURAL NIHILISTIC HEDONISM!

QUICK, QUAILBOY! BACK TO THE POPPY-PALACE!!
LETS NOT DO ANYTHING TOO RASH! LETS NOT DO ANYTHING HEY, THIS SITUATION CALLS FOR CAUTION - NOT ACTION!!
B-BUT-SUPERPOPPY! SHOULDNT WE SAVE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE FROM THOSE BIG OL' NASTIES FIRST?
BESIDES MY FEATHERWEIGHT FRIEND, IF WE DESTROY THOSE WEENIES WHO WILL WE BLAME FOR ALL OF AMERICA'S PROBLEMS??
GEE SUPERPOPPY- YOURE SO SMART.
BUT THERE'S LOTS OF OBSTACLES BETWEEN US AND THE SAFETY OF THE OVAL LAB!
IRAN-CONTRA
FWOOSH
WHOA! WATCH IT! A TIME BOMB!
DUCK 'N' COVERUP, AND HOW!
OH-OH, ENVIRON-MENTALISTS!
STAY BEHIND ME! THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE CLEAR CUTTING!
DONT GUT THE CLEAN AIR ACT!
LUJAN MUST GO!
NO NUKES
BUZZZ
BRAK
HEY! ITS OPERATION "GREEN PIECES"!!

LATER, IN A METROPOLITAN ABORTION MILL ...
GOSH! THAT LECTURE AND 24-HOUR WAITING PERIOD ALMOST MADE ME THINK ABOUT THE MORAL IMPLICATIONS OF THIS FOR THE FIRST TIME!
YEAH, LUCKY THING WE'RE WOMEN AND THEREFORE TOO STUPID TO CONSIDER ISSUES OF MORALITY, LIFE AND NURTURE ON A PERSONAL LEVEL.
SEX WILL MAKE YOU FREE
WHATS TAKING SO LONG!? IMEAN, I WANNA GO SHOPPING!
NAME PLEASE.
ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, YOU MURDEROUS BITCHES! HOW DARE YOU TAKE THE LIVES OF THE UNBORN JUST TO SATISFY YOUR DISGUSTING ANIMAL LUSTS!?!
SLAM
OHH!
AHH!
WHAT A HUNK!
JUST A MOMENT! THIS IS A MEDICAL FACILITY! YOU CANT...
OMIGOD! S-SUPER POPPY??
OUTA MY WAY, YOU DIRTY..
Wha... JENNY! WHY JUST 6 WEEKS AGO I SLIPPED HER THE SUPER-WOODY! COULD SHE BE HERE TO...!?
OH GAWD I'M SOO ASHAMED! WHAT MUST HE THINK OF ME?!!
;SOB;
SHOVE IT "DOC"!! YOUR WOMB-VACUUMING DAYS ARE OVER!!
HOLD ON, MR BIGSHOT! THESE WOMEN HAVE RIGHTS. NOW GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE I CALL THE AUTHORITIES!
ASSHOLE! AUTHORITY IS THE PRIVILEGE OF THE RIGHTEOUS!
BTOW
C'MON QAILBOY! LETS TEACH THESE GODLESS WHORES A LESSON IN FAMILY VALUES!
BAOW
AWRIGHT!!
GEE SUPERPOPPY, DO YOU THINK WE MIGHT'VE CAUSED SOME FOETAL DAMAGE BY TROUNCING THESE EVIL BITCHES?
SON, YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMLETTE WITHOUT BREAKIN' A FEW ZYGOTES.

GEE SUPERPOPPY, WHAT A DAY!!! I DONT THINK WE'VE DESTROYED SO MANY ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY SINCE THE TIME MANNY AND SADDAM DOUBLE-CROSSED YOU WITH THEIR TREACHEROUS PLANS TO DESTROY THE EARTH!
*MIGHTY SPHINCTERS # 628
YES, THOSE WERE BLACK DAYS INDEED... AND AFTER ALL WE HAD DONE FOR THEM!
YOU KNOW, I CAN UNDERSTAND AGGRESSION FROM THE CRIMINALLY INSANE, LIKE "LITTLE DANNY" ORTEGA OR THAT FAG DWARF ARISTIDE...
*SUPERPOPPY #'S 326-9
BUT WHEN YOUR OWN FRIENDS TURN ON YOU... WELL, ITS JUST TOO MUCH...
CHEER-UP SUPERPOPPY! LOOK! ITS THE OVAL LAB!!
BUT HEY! WHO'S THAT BLOCKING OUR PATH??
UH-OH, ITS THAT FAT DOPE SMOKING, DRAFT-DODGING ADULTERER "THE GREASED PALM" AND HIS SIDEKICK "THE STIFF PRICK"!
CHECK OUT THE ONE ON THE STEPS, NICE HOOTERS.
THOSE LITTLE WIENIES?! DONT MAKE ME LAUGH, HA HA! WITH THEM, EVEN IF WE LOSE, WE WIN!!

REMEMBER QUAILBOY, AS GREAT AS WE ARE YOU & I DONT MATTER AS INDIVIDUALS! WE'RE ONLY SYMBOLS OF SOMETHING GRANDER, TRUER, FINER; THE MOST EXALTED MORAL PRECEPT KNOWN TO MANKIND!!
THATS RIGHT SON, THE MANIFEST DESTINY OF THE "IMPORTANT PEOPLE" TO PURSUE THEIR INTRESTS AT THE DIRECT EXPENSE OF THE "UNIMPORTANT PEOPLE" TO THWART DEMOCRACY, DISREGARD INTERNATIONAL LAW, FOSTER STATE-SPONSORED TERRORISM, TO MURDER RAPE AND PILLAGE... IN SHORT, TO DO ANYTHING NECESSARY TO ASSURE THE CONTINUED DOMINANCE OF THE EXISTING POWER ELITE — NAMELY US AND OUR PALS!
YOU MEAN THE "FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE" OF OUR FOUNDING FATHERS?
NEXT—
BUNHEAD
RETURNS!!
HUDDLESTON 1992

MEAT HAUNTED GARAGE

by Dom Salemi

I can still hear the screams. The screams of my wife, Sandy, a rock-solid five foot seven inch black belt who spars two hundred and fifty pound black cops on a daily basis and spits them out for breakfast. The screams of the Pope of Ohio, a former professional wrestler who I once saw, while he was in a fit of high dudgeon, rip the door off of a passing Volkswagen. And then, there were my own cries of terror: the whimper of whipped dogs.

Granted, we were taken by surprise. We had been in LA for about a week and had never stopped drinking, even when we were shopping. We would just stroll into a store taking hits from our hip flasks and no one would say a thing. I guess the merchants on Melrose knew big spenders when they saw them. So, like I say, we had been drinking almost every minute of our stay in La La Land and this Saturday night was no exception. The interview was scheduled for seven-thirty and to prepare for it we had spent the day at the Chateau Marmont's pool pounding back Budweisers and shots of Black Bush while cavorting with the likes of Sofia Coppola and Marilu Henner. Sandy wasn't much interested in the broads. After a couple of hits of the whiskey, she split to look for Keanu Reeves who, according to our wizened, slightly effeminate Filipino room service waiter, had checked in the night before. Knowing Sandy as I do, I felt we wouldn't have to wait too long before hearing the tinny sounds of a Tagalog inflected voice coquettishly requesting the presence of a Mr. Reeves poolside. Sandy was like that. She could get anybody to do anything. Even a badly-aging Oriental sodomite who obviously had little interest in her. How Sandy managed to get the Filipino to page Keanu every ten minutes from one until six p.m., is beyond me; it got old pretty quickly, although the Pope never seemed to get tired of it. But then, he was making points with Sofia in the deep end of the pool and beginning to sober up. And that too was beginning to annoy me. I was getting tired of watching him shotgunning beers with the well-connected and lithesome Ms. Coppola while chuckling in that basso-profundo growl of his every time Keanu Reeves was paged. "What the fuck does Reeves have that I don't," I screamed at one point in exasperation. "Nothing, aside from looks and money," was the reply from the imperturbable Pope as he poured the last of the Black Bush down the throat of the by-now thoroughly inebriated and somewhat disoriented Coppola.

Sandy never found Keanu. The Pope wasn't talking. And I was in a thoroughly surly mood when Haunted Garage showed up at our Marmont suite later in the evening. We had heard a lot about these hard, shock rockers and we should have been ready. And, I suppose, all three of us were, in our fashion, ready. Ready for almost anything. Even Haunted Garage. Yeah, we'd read up on them. Five obvious psychotics with a ghoulish taste for blood, cheap horror movies, and even cheaper sex, led by a frightening, green-haired imp named Dukey Flyswatter who, according to all reports, would stop at nothing, absolutely nothing, if he thought he could get a laugh from his depraved compatriots at the expense of total strangers. This didn't bother us. We were prepared for the unexpected. Prepared for Gaby Godhead to come prancing in dressed like a hell-spawned Shirley Temple, prepared for Stiff Slug to take the room apart with a baseball bat, prepared for Johnny Ho or King Dinosaur to show up at the door munching a freshly-caught Sunset Boulevard rat. We were prepared for anything . . . except for Dukey Flyswatter's PENIS!

It happened so quickly that it was over almost before we knew it. Even now, sitting here at my word processor, I can't be sure that it did happen. But here's what I think I remember.

Sandy and the Pope were casually lounging about when I answered the door. The diminutive but shockingly dissolute Dukey ambled in with the rest of Haunted Garage bringing up the rear, took one sardonic look at all of us, uttered this blood-curdling gurgle and whipped out his penis. The Pope, Sandy and I immediately dove for cover as Dukey started to hop about shaking his moneymaker and then, as we crawled for safe haven under the bed, this little madman proceeded to jump from chair to couch to bed to chifforobe to floor like a rabid chimp screeching for us to, "Come out, come out wherever you are my pretties," while the rest of his minions banged on the furniture and hoarsely and rapturously sang, "Lo, Le, Lo, Lo, Ah."

So you're asking at this point, what's the big deal? It was just a penis. Whatsamatta, Dominik, Mr. Big Shot Brutarian, Mr. Brown Belt, you've never seen a penis before? What are you a man or a mouse? Well, let me tell you, if you'd thrown a piece of cheese on the floor at this time you would have had the answer to that question because this was no ordinary penis! This monstrous appendage was like something out of a science-fiction movie: rudely stamped, deformed, unfinished, sent before its time, scarce half made up. And that so grotesquely and unfashionable as to make dogs bark at the sight. AND IT HAD THIS ENORMOUS, DAZZLINGLY-BURNISHED BOLT AT THE HEAD OF IT!

With the enemy put to rout so easily, Dukey and his mates quickly grew bored and as an uneasy silence gradually filled the room, we crept from underneath the bed. Making the proper obeisances to the band, we turned the tape recorder on and the interview began. The Pope and Sandy wanted no part of this and discreetly removed themselves to the far corners of the suite while I sat uneasily next to a maniacally grinning Dukey who, I noticed, had yet to zip his pants.

Brut: Um, uh, that was, uh, great Dukey, thanks for stopping by.

King Dinosaur: Well, if it was anymore than two blocks from our gig at the Coconut Teaser, we wouldn't have come. Why should we?

Dukey: Yeah, let me find a review to see if we're going to stay.

Johnny Ho: Here's an issue of the mag. Oh, and here's the review. "You can describe Haunted Garage in two words: 'They suck!'"

Brut: No, not true. We described your sound as an "endearingly obnoxious mix of riffonious shock-cock-rock and speed metal as an accompaniment to amusing splatter imagery and misogynist sentiments."

Stiff Slug: Sounds like your making stuff up to save your ass to me.

Brut: No, really, I'm quoting from issue three [pg. 52]. We gave it a rave.

Dukey: Oh, you gave it away. Why did you give it away?

Brut: No, Dukey. A rave, A RAVE. As in rave review.

Johnny Ho: But you don't have that issue with you? Very convenient.

Brut: Well, we had no idea we'd run into you guys. And we don't just carry issues on us wherever we go. I mean do you guys carry cassettes in your pockets wherever you go?

Gaby Godhead: I read it and you said you'd rather eat a shit sandwich than have to listen to us.

Brut: (Trying to speak over the band's raucous laughter) No . . . no.

Dukey: No, it said: "Everybody's great. They are a baby GWAR."

Brut: No, your record company, Metal Blade [which has just unceremoniously dumped the band] is very kind. They send us a lot of stuff but your first full-length work, Possession Park, just really stood out from all the rest of the speed and heavy metal stuff.

Dukey: (Very sarcastically) You mean you don't LIKE Armored Saint? (Band chuckles snidely). What's wrong WITH you? You know I didn't like them at first but if you shave your pubic hair and put on a real big, high wig . . . I dunno, it suddenly sounds great.

King Dinosaur: I think dressing the part is important before listening to a band like Armored Saint.

Brut: Well, we tried but boy, Metal Blade has made some mistakes with some of their signings. Now, don't tell them that . . .

Dukey: Yeah, we were supposed to be the start of their A-list but I'm not sure they want any A bands so . . .

Brut: So when is the new album coming out? Or maybe I should ask whether Metal Blade is even going to let you make another LP.

Dukey: We'll know next week.

Brut: Yeah, what does that mean?

Dukey: Our people are going to talk with their people and then they're all going to finalize this and get back to us with that . . . But we've got enough material for another album and we're writing more material right now.

Brut: How long have you guys been together?

Dukey: This version's been together about, oh, what, about five bloody years. But Stiff [the bat-wielding drummer] has been with us about two.

Brut: With only one LP to show for it?

Dukey: Well, we're on some comps and we got a 3D double-disc single and several movie appearances.

King Dinosaur: We've got another cassette out but it's now particularly rare because we did it ourselves.

Dukey: People were afraid of us. People are still afraid of us. They've been afraid of us for a long time.

Brut: Well, that's understandable.

King Dinosaur: The show precedes the personality and as a result nobody wants to even approach us. If they make more than six figures a year they're scared to death of even saying they met us.

Dukey: The kids like us so they sent in thousands and thousands of letters to one record company and the company followed up on it and

Dukey Flyswatter

decided to find one of these letter writers. Unfortunately, the one they found was kind of wall-eyed and he couldn't stop drooling. So of course, the record guys were horrified and they said, "Naw, naw, we can't sign THESE guys."

Brut: Still, you guys have this terrific stage show, a professional hard rock sound and it takes you five years to land a contract with a major label.

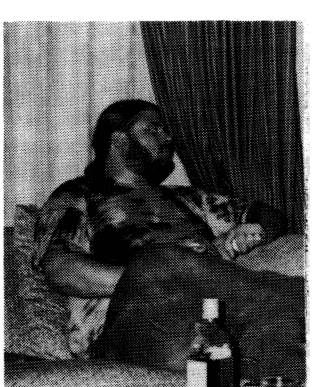
Dukey: You know it's funny, for a long time every VP of every record company in town would go around telling everyone, "Yeah! We just gotta do Haunted Garage." And then the president of the label would take a look at us and you'd hear, "Oh, my God! This guy puts mousetraps on his penis, and that guy is a biker, and that one is a fag and that one . . . Jesus is that a pineapple on his penis? What the hell is this? Isn't that guy over there a surfer? Man, I just don't get it." So at this point, we say, "Okay, we'll stop the game."

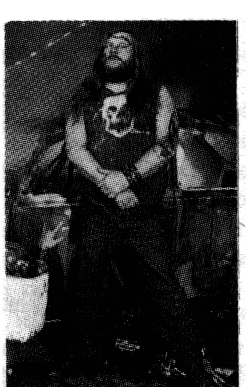
Brut: Even though it's obvious that all the time your doing this show, you're obviously more than a competent band. In fact, if they were really listening, they could HEAR that you guys can play.

Dukey: Yeah, but even after toning it down, the executives will say, "Sounds good, looks novelty. Well, if you put on spandex and the lead singer took twenty years off his age."

Brut: Now, we've noticed that you're pretty notorious on the West Coast but we haven't heard word one about you guys back East.

Dukey: Yeah, the booking agents are afraid of us too. The people want us to come out there. It's hard for us to get backing because it's a big show so unless we get some kind of help . . .





King Dinosaur

Brut: It just doesn't make sense. If GWAR can play a "hip" club like 9:30 in Washington and others up and down the eastern seaboard, and they have a big show, why not Haunted Garage?

Dukey: But we don't make nearly as much mess as GWAR does. That's a plus.

King Dinosaur: And we're much better housekeepers too.

Brut: And you sound like a much better band.

Haunted Garage: NO COMMENT!

Brut: Oh, c'mon we can't bait you guys into saying something negative about another shock-rock band?

Dukey: No we wouldn't slag another band.

Brut: What a pity. I wanted to get back to them with your comments and then create a feud with *Brutarian* in the middle of it. But I guess that's okay. We talked to them and they actually are nice people which surprised us.

Dukey: They are great and their show IS amazing!

Brut: Let's talk about movies. Have you seen any of the movies? And did you join despite that fact?

King Dinosaur: Whose movies? `

Brut: Dukey's. There's *Blood Diner* and . . .

King Dinosaur: No, not really. These movies were being done as the band was in its infancy.

Gaby Godhead: I saw *Sorority Babes In The Slimebowlarama.*

Brut: Dukey did that one?

Dukey: I was the voice of the imp in that.

Brut: We haven't seen that one. That's with Linnea Quiqley isn't it?

Haunted Garage: Go ahead, Dukey give him the word.

Dukey: Ah, you got to set me up. Set me up somebody.

Johnny Ho: (In a girlish high-pitched voice). Ohhhh! Why are you doing this to me?

Dukey: (Like the Kingfish from *Amos 'N Andy*) Cause I'm a IMP! Dat's what IMPS do! Girl bend over for your uncle Henry! . . .It's definitely a one-of-a-kind, cheeseball classic. It should be a recipe for [film] craft and they should show it at halftime at the Super Bowl.

Brut: Well, they could; it's kind of short isn't it? About seventy odd minutes or so?

King Dinosaur: And that's the restored version.

Brut: But we've heard you're always writing scripts. What's new, what's old, what's borrowed?

Dukey: I starred in *Surf Nazis Must Die*. I was one of the leads.

Brut: Haven't seen it. Heard it wasn't very good even for Troma Films (whole band laughs).

Dukey: It made many Two-Hundred-Of-The-World's-Worst-Film Lists although it does have its fans. Certainly it's one of the world's most hated titles. I was also in *Disgusting Space Worms Eat Everyone,* and I wrote *Star Slammer* and I was in *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers* and . . . and . . . *Rollerblade*. There was *Nightmare Sisters*, we're all in that. *Abbey The Wall Ferret,* we were all in that.

King Dinosaur: Which is coming out soon as *Breakfast Of Aliens.*

Dukey: There's also *Cyclone* which an early version of the band was all in. I wrote the script for *Commando Squad* and *Blood Diner* which you mentioned and *People Of The Blood Feast* which has not been produced yet. I'm now writing a picture for Rudy Ray Moore and Lawanda Page which I'm calling *Nasty Nature Girls*.

Brut: Moore and Page, wow! Think it will get produced?

Dukey: Oh, absolutely, everyone's just waiting for me to finish writing.

Brut: Rudy Ray hasn't made a movie in ages. I thought he had retired. So I was surprised to see recently that he was starting to do stand-up comedy again.

Dukey: Well what else do you want to know besides the fact that I've got three nuts.

Brut: I think that's enough.

Dukey: . . . and the fact that I can pull my eyelids out three inches from my face . . . And I also want to talk about this remake of *Freaks* that they just did.

Brut: They remade *Freaks*?

Dukey: Yeah. It was called *Special People* and it starred Keanu Reeves (This gets an explosive laugh).

Brut: Dukey, I'll just keep serving 'em up and you can knock them right out of the park. What the hell.

Dukey: I just said that to . . . well, make . . . It just bugs me that you can't make a big movie today UNLESS it's politically correct on every level.

King Dinosaur: Maybe they should call the *Freaks* remake, *Shiny, Happy, People*.

Brut: So before we wrap this up, is there something that we can do to help get the word out on the East Coast. We're primarily distributed on the East Coast and . . .

King Dinosaur: Send us a 76 credit card (band chuckles in agreement).

Dukey: Tell every club in town that you want us to come and that we're real nice guys. But ask the other guys, I've been talking far too much.

Johnny Ho: How 'bout telling everyone that we're extremely well-hung.

Dukey: Don't give me a cue . . .

Brut: No, God no, please . . . Just tell us why for such a wild character you're about to settle down and get married.

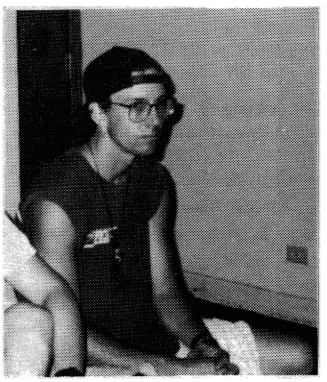
Dukey: (Trying to talk amidst much sarcastic jibing by his band) I've been involved in a very long term loving relationship (more hoots of derision from the boys) and they're laughing because we've been having fights like all normal couples do. But there's nothing wrong with monogamy.

Brut: So Stiff what about you? Anything you'd care to add?

Stiff: I think if you like rock-and-roll you'd WANT to see us. If you want to have fun and see a good, hard rocking band, that is.

Gaby: Write your Congressman and tell him to get us over to the East Coast.

Dukey: We use the format of B-movie horror rock as a base for what the band should do and within that we put everything that we like to do with a lot of aggression, some punk influences, a lot of white kids influences, Sabbath influences. And there's not too many bands with



Stiff Slug

our all-around creativity. Gabby, for instance has about thirty different outfits, they're insane and still so many people don't think he's a guy. Once we got a review in a magazine - they hated us - but they said, "But they do have the ugliest girl guitarist in the world and that counts for something." And a lot of people think we're irresponsible but we're just trying things out. I remember one time I set myself on fire on stage and then I've been pierced on stage. When *Hellraiser* came out we did a thing on Pinhead and I ripped my girlfriend's skin off on stage and made love to her. We just like things on the edge and that's what this band is about. But it's also about high quality because the band spends a lot of time rehearsing. The show, again, really precedes itself, cause I guess I'm insane and in control of the show.

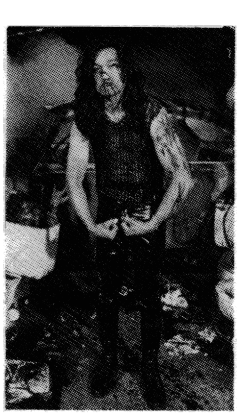
Haunted Garage: You guess?

Dukey: We do work really hard on the music though. And it sounds great. I remember when I was a kid and I saw Hendrix and the Doors at The Hollywood Bowl. They had these great light shows, and the music was great too. Of course William Castle was a great influence: good shows with gimmicks. I like the unexpected because it forces people to think. You can manipulate people, make them think they're enjoying themselves but in the end it doesn't do much for you, the performer. Which is one of the reasons when we're on tour we don't just do the same set every night. That would drive us crazy.

Gaby: That's what I like about this band. We'll be sitting around fifteen minutes before the show and asking each other, "Hmmm, what do you want to do tonight?"

Brut: What about your fans?

Haunted Garage: Well, the mail that we get is fantastic. We've gotten amazing things from strange people. We've been sent shit in



Johnny Ho

Gaby Godhead

the mail, 3D porno pictures, you know, a picture of some guy's fourteen year old girlfriend in 3D.

Brut: Great, did the guy send you her phone number too?

Haunted Garage: (Laughing). Even the address on that one was fake.

Brut: Gaby, tell us how you came up with the idea of this demented, porcelain doll look.

Gaby: I just get ideas that I like and I try to incorporate a hard-being, like Baby Jane into it. I draw the pictures and my mom does them for me.

Brut: But you didn't one day just wake up and say, "I'm gonna look like Baby Jane?"

Gaby: The first time I did it was like the second time I played a gig with this band. I think I was really influenced subconsciously by Kiss but I don't recall ever consciously saying to myself, "I'm gonna wear make-up." It was just that one day I put on a dress and make-up and it worked.

Johnny Ho: Remember though, we'd just done a show and I turned to Gaby and I said, "We need something." And you said, "Oh, I've got something," but you wouldn't tell me. I kept asking, "What is it? What is it?" but you wouldn't say. And so we're supposed to go on at midnight at this club called The Cave and we're backstage, it's 11:59 and everyone is muttering, "Where's Gaby? Where's Gaby?"

Dukey: And then he appears. And the funniest thing was the looks on these guys faces (band begins to snort in derision).

Johnny Ho: So we're in the dressing room, asking ourselves (disgusted tone): "Who IS that?" And then: "OH MY GOD!!!"

Brut: Did any of you say, "Oh, this guy has gone too far. This is where we draw the line!"

Haunted Garage: No. Oh, no.

Dukey: We LOVE surprising each other. In fact, when we get new band members. We don't tell them that I'm going to get my head chopped off with a chainsaw during a performance.

Stiff: We just want that person to feel the horror that we feel with Dukey.

Brut: Do you audition players first? Or do you go for the look and worry about ability later.

Dukey: No, well, we had a guitar player and he quit, but before he left he told us he had a cousin who could play and we all thought, (puts on an old Yiddish man's voice) "So, I'm a lawyer do you need a lawyer? You can get a better one wholesale. So do you need a suit?" But Gaby came in and did these grungy, Keith Richard-style guitar licks and . . .

Gaby: I actually wanted to be Keith Richard at that time and look what happened to me.

Dukey: In fact, we actually had a big feud going on after awhile. I was screaming, "Enough with the Stones' influences, no more Stones influences."

Gaby: But my mom thought my costumes were a little weird at first but she doesn't have a problem with it now.

Dukey: The only time my mom got upset with anything was when we had our signing party. I didn't tell her I was going to be pierced and this professional dominatrix came and took me and one of our dancers and duct-taped us together and put insulin needles through our breasts. It didn't hurt because I do these meditation exercises so it was no big deal but well . . . I calmed her down.

Brut: Now you've toured with The Cramps. Have they ever gotten upset with you upstaging them, as I'm sure you were able to do at times?

Dukey: No, they're nice people. Just after the first show of our tour of Europe with them, they asked us to put a curb on the blood.

Brut: Why, are they squeamish about blood? The Cramps?

Johnny Ho: It was just too messy and causing problems.

King Dinosaur: They were afraid they were going to slip.

Dukey: But that was cool. We just ended up making the show more sexual and more intense. I've always liked The Cramps. Seeing The Cramps gave me the impetus . . . when I first saw someone else that over the top, they gave me great courage to do something in concert. It was also great to play with Screaming Jay Hawkins. I've always liked him but the King, King Dinosaur, I've always admired him. Did you know he was in *Endless Summer*?

King Dinosaur: Yeah, I was body surfing. Had three scenes.

Dukey: And do you remember, the movie *Woodstock*? Remember Alvin Lee? Remember at the end of that number, "Going Home," when this guy hands Lee a watermelon?

Brut: That was the King?

Dukey: No, and that wasn't a watermelon either, that was the King's left nut . . . Anyway, let's talk about you. What type of women do you like?

Brut: What type of women do I like? Well, that woman that's peeking out from the corner of the kitchen, that's the kind. I married her.

Dukey: So what the fuck? You guys do like a twisto-fucked-up magazine. So what's with (snide voice), "Oh, Dukey, you're going to get married. Oooh wow!" (Band breaks out in insane cackles).

Sandy (from the kitchen): Well you've seen what its done to him and he obviously just doesn't want it to happen to you.

Dukey: I mean the King is a wild man and he's married.

Sandy: Oh, fuck marriage. Sex with one person get's old after awhile (Laughs and catcalls from the band) . . . Oh, but except with my husband, I mean.

Dukey: I thought I saw skid marks on that electrically-air-cooled pony harness when I came in. But Sandy, you're definitely the operator. You've got the reins and he's got the bit in his mouth.

Brut: Yeah, but I'm doing the interview. Tell me something about your appearance on the *Montel Williams Show*. He's nationally syndicated so you got to reach a couple of million people in one fell swoop. How did you feel about that?

Dukey: I was surprised how far they let me go. They let me put rat traps on my eyes and they showed [film clips] of us chain-sawing people. And they had the Gore Gore-Girls (Haunted Garage's ghoulish girl dancers) on even though they had snakes coming out of their breasts.

Brut: And you were also on that Nazi, Wally George's show, weren't you?

Dukey: They tried to crucify us and they weren't successful. I think they were really surprised that we could talk.

King Dinosaur: That we were actually . . . intelligent.

Johnny Ho: But that Mr. Beaver. He was so incredibly stupid. He was antagonistic from the very beginning. Actually it was Mr. Beamer, I think. He represented the Young Americans for Freedom. It's an old organization, actually, a splinter group from the John Birch Society.

Brut: So they had Birchers on with you? Interesting concept. So you didn't punch the Beamer guy out, huh?

Dukey: Almost.

King Dinosaur: Yeah, Dukey was up in his chair.

Johnny Ho: Well, the first thing Beamer said was basically, "You guys are stupid, you look gay and you suck."

King Dinosaur: No-talent was the big one. The whole crowd went "OOOH" like it was a challenge.

Brut: But Dukey maintained his composure?

Gaby: The guy was such an idiot. Why bother?

Brut: Just because idiots like that need a spanking.

King Dinosaur: Well, he pays more for his spankings than we do. In fact we get ours free. Beamer has to pay through the nose.

Dukey: Maybe we could've gotten more attention coming on as a Christian punk band. Can you imagine that: I LOVE JESUS, JESUS LOVES ME, I LOVE JESUS, JESUS LOVES ME, ONETWOTHREE-FOUR.

Brut: Why don't you do it? You can open for yourselves. A doppelganger kind of thing.

Dukey: READ YOUR BIBLE, LOVE YOUR PARENTS, READ YOUR BIBLE, LOVE YOUR PARENTS, DUDUHDUDUHDUDUHDU . . .

Brut: I wonder what you could call yourselves?

Dukey: DON'T GET FUCKED BEFORE YOU'RE MARRIED, DON'T GET FUCKED BEFORE YOU'RE MARRIED, ONETWOTHREEFOUR, ONETWOTHREEFOUR . . .

There was no stopping him. Dukey was off in his own little world and was oblivious to our entreaties. I frantically semaphored to the band that the interview was over and, chortling cacodemonically, the band picked Dukey up, placed him under their arms like he was a cardboard cut-out and carried him, shrieking, out the door into the night. As the band hit the stairs, we heard Dukey let out an insane howl and then all five of the boys took up with Lo Le Lo Lo Uh once again. I turned to the Pope who just shook his head and handed me a bottle of Black Bush while Sandy sat at the kitchen table with her head in her hands, a dreamy look on her face.

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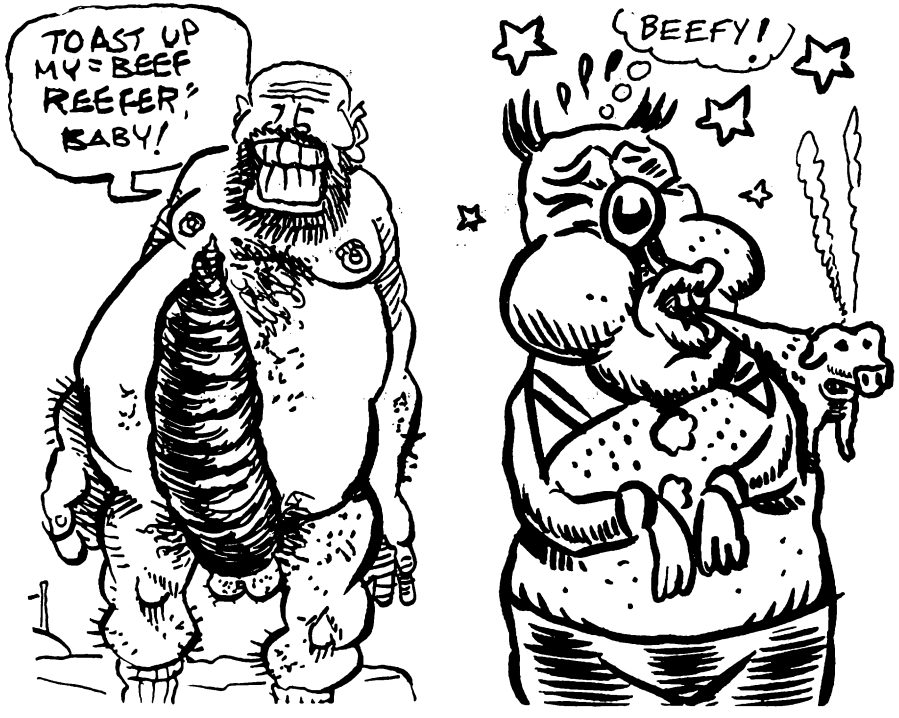

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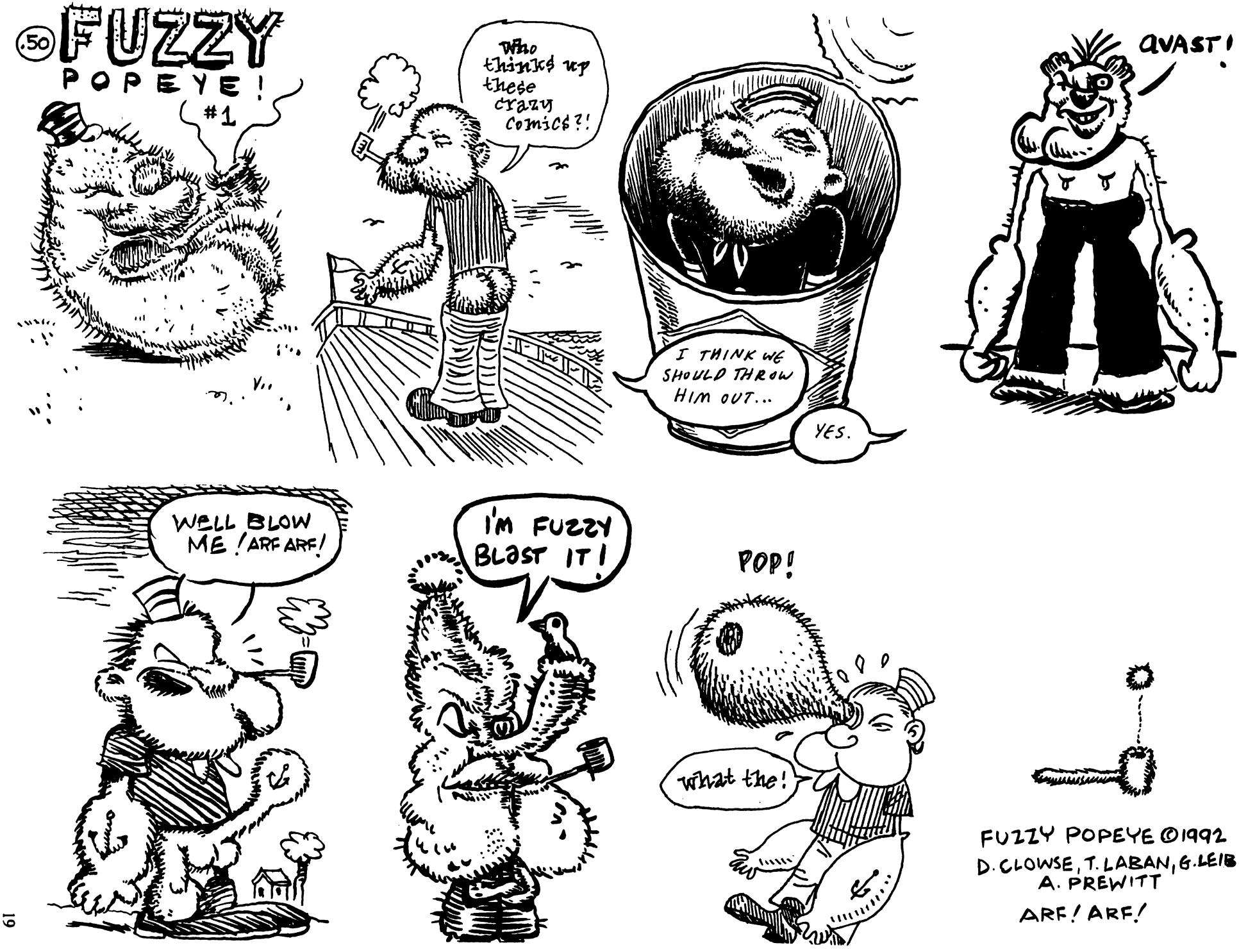
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ARF! ARF!

THE CASE OF

by Cole Gagne

The publication of Rudolph Grey's biography, *Nightmare Of Ecstasy: The Life And Art Of Edward D. Wood, Jr.* (Feral House, 1992), will greatly accelerate the burgeoning interest in Wood's films. As part of that appreciation, "The Case of Ed Wood" offers a new context for evaluating his cinema, along with an examination of Wood's long-unseen sex comedy Take It Out In Trade (1970).

ED WOOD

If American cinema is to be defined solely by the narrative features produced by Hollywood studios, then the films of Edward D. Wood, Jr., will always be regarded, at best, as misfires from the no-budget, Grade-Z lunatic fringe. At worst, *Glen Or Glenda*, *Bride Of The Monster*, and *Plan 9 From Outer Space* get consigned to an aesthetic Alcatraz as the epitome of awful movie-making, good only for the occasional campy yuk. But if your interest in film stretches beyond the commercial industry, Wood's place shifts radically. Step back far enough to take in the full spectrum of American filmmaking, and Ed Wood winds up not at the margin but at the center. His films exist right at the nexus, the crossroads where Hollywood's collapsing studios intersect the cinema of independents, experimentalists, and exploitationers.

Thanks in large part to interest and enthusiasm from Europe, American critics have learned to recognize just how much style could surface from low-budget studios and have come to appreciate quick and resilient filmmakers such as Edgar G. Ulmer, Joseph H. Lewis and Roger Corman. Ed Wood, who existed beyond Poverty Row, has proven more difficult to trace. (Even from abroad: The revival of interest in his films has been mostly an American phenomenon.) From the late forties to the late seventies, Wood labors during a period where Hollywood's flow of cash dries to a trickle and the industry yields to its mavericks - Orson Welles, Samuel Fuller, John Cassavetes - splintering into a multitude of parallel universes. Here, Hollywood reinvents itself as tiny-budget enterprises with targeted circuits and audiences: everything from minority filmmaking, such as the all-black films of Oscar Micheaux, to the various exploitation networks, including Dwain Esper's "adult-themed" efforts, Herschell Gordon Lewis' gore films, and the sex and violence confections of Russ Meyer.

Residing beneath these lower depths is Hollywood's ultimate parallel universe: the underground of Kenneth Anger, Andy Warhol, Jack Smith, the Kuchar Brothers, Nick Zedd and their peers. Only a select few, most notably Paul Morrissey and John Waters, have emerged from these nether regions into the klieg light of day. The rest have remained where everything must be done by the filmmaker himself and hence nothing can be taken for granted, where roles of power and sexuality are overthrown, and standards of glamour, ugliness, coherence and continuity are redefined. Deeds illegal and indecent, acts despised and depraved, manifestos anarchic and apocalyptic, all are welcomed here. In this context, Ed Wood comes off not as a distant cousin but a blood brother,with family ties that stretch from *Glen Or Glenda's* transvestite pride to *Necromania's* blow job in a coffin.

That particular oral outrage points to yet another facet of American cinema, one that exists layered between all this above and below ground activity (overlapping them too, judging from court cases in the United States): the sex-film industry. Freed commercially by the establishment of the X-rating at the end of the sixties, American porn has grown into a large, variegated and provocative body of work. Ed Wood, with his last three features - a softcore nudie released in 1970, *Take It Out In Trade* and two hardcore films, *Necromania* and *The Only House* - was one of the first filmmakers to enter the swelling porn industry and twist it to accommodate his own personal concerns. Unfortunately, as of this writing, both of Wood's "triple-X" films remain lost. However, after twenty years of oblivion, *Take It Out In Trade* has finally resurfaced and the film is quite simply a revelation: fast, funny and subversive to the bone.

GLEN OR GLENDA

I've been fortunate enough to view *Take It Out In Trade* and will cover it in detail in the second part of this article. For now, I just want to say that, having seen the weird wonders of what is still Wood's last surviving film, the recovery of his later efforts seems all the more urgent. (I also feel more keenly the tragedy of his final, inactive years - an almost universal syndrome for American filmmakers.) *Take It Out In Trade* is as self-conscious and deliberate in its outrageousness as the late films of Samuel Fuller or Russ Meyer and adds fuel to the argument that Wood was not simply a naif, unaware of how radical his own work was. If anything, Wood's films can be seen anticipating other innovative forms of experimentalist filmmaking. The notion of essay - as distinct from documentary - filmmaking is perhaps most familiar these days from Welles (*F For Fake, Filming Othello*), Syberberg (*Ludwig: Requiem For A Virgin King, Karl May, Hitler: A Film From Germany*) and Fellini (*The Clowns, Roma*). Forty years ago, when Wood made *Glen Or Glenda*, the concept was virtually unknown - but it's there in his film nonetheless. By the same token, Wood also deserves recognition as a precursor of postmodern cinema's fondness for found footage. After the groundbreaking films of Bruce Conner, this approach has been taken up by numerous filmmakers, from Ken Jacobs (*Tom, Tom, The Piper's Son*) to Ken Russell (*The Planets*). Ed Wood may have employed stock footage because, financially, he had to, but his peculiar use of it creates yet another level of discourse in his pictures - neither the look of the footage itself nor the context into which he inserts it offers any comfortable similarities to the hamburger-helper methods typical of other fifties movies.

Yet despite his originality, stylishness and humor, discussion of Ed Wood is still considered suspect unless it adheres to the "world's worst director" moniker attached to him by a handful of low-brow writers. Granted, these critics could then cash in on the growing interest in his films without actually having to think about them, but there's more to that posture than just the search for an easy buck. Certain mentalities require the existence of a "worst" filmmaker - they can't tell if something's good without something "ungood" to hold up against it. Thus, Wood's films get dismissed for not conforming to habitual, cliched standards of Hollywood technique and what actually happens in them is never really considered. But by excluding new and different methodologies in art, critics constrict the paths through which information can enter their minds; and when that closing down really takes over, the unfamiliar becomes not just unacceptable but unrecognizable.

Thus, one reporter who interviewed Wood's biographer, Rudolph Grey, wound up asking of the films, "Yeah, but do they, you know, suck?" The very fact that the questioner wasn't sure anymore, that his definitions of quality could be sent into a tailspin, immediately indicates just how valuable Wood's cinema is. Obscuring that value for the interviewer may well have been the anxiety that underlies a lot of audience hostility toward modern and postmodern art: the fear of being conned. "Gee, what a great painting." "It was made by a chimpanzee! Sucker!" You pay your hard-earned money and the artist who pockets the cash has no real talent, knows it, and is now having a horselaugh at your expense. That fear has been around for a long time and has always been completely justified, as long as you regard art as something to buy. If you're involved with art as an opportunity to change the way you think, then it's impossible for anyone to swindle you.

Most critics prefer entertainment to deconditioning and so they've had a rough time sorting out Ed Wood's films. Certain apologists may even suggest that, if Wood had had bigger budgets or more time or better actors, if someone had made him hip to certain gaucheries of dialogue, blocking, or editing, then he could have been, if not a major director, certainly an acceptably competent one - another, say, Jack Smight or Buzz Kulik; who knows, maybe even someday a George Roy Hill or Arthur Hiller. Which is like saying a camel would make a good plow horse if you sawed off its humps. The one thing that's instantly apparent from any Ed Wood film is that this man could never have been just another Hollywood hack.

Children tend not to be so blinkered by conditioned expectations, and not surprisingly most of Wood's admirers can vividly recall their childhood encounters with his films on TV. I certainly remember watching *Plan 9 From Outer Space* repeatedly when I was a kid and always being awed by it. For me, that was one scary film. Not so much for its images of horror - I expected to see Tor Johnson, Vampira and Bela Lugosi prowling through graveyards. No, what unnerved me was the film's constant, unpredictable weirdness: abrupt changes from location shots to studio sets; disregard for continuities of day and night; the same chunks of blistering music repeated over and over, intently stitched together visual material that didn't so much cohere as collide; the Lugosi footage, completely different in look and sound from anything else in the film; and then the doubling of Lugosi's character by a completely different actor.

Other monster movies might have shock images but the films themselves were also reassuring simply by being models of coherence and control. *Plan 9 From Outer Space* was genuinely disorienting and its trippiness would creep me out - I'd get this funny feeling I wasn't in Kansas anymore . . . The only other film that got to me in the same way was *Bride Of The Monster*. This was in the early sixties when I was barely old enough to catch the Lugosi connection between the two films; perception of Ed Wood would take many more years. But I was always disconcerted by *Bride's* bizarre finale, where dark, non-matching, displaced shots of Lugosi's zapped and scarified Dr. Vornoff, alternately grimacing with ogre rage and gnawing his knuckle in elderly desperation, were sutured into the action footage of the hero taking on the oversized and monsterized mad scientist. What do those close shots have to do with the combat in the far shots? How big is Vornoff now? Just what the hell is going on here anyway?

At that age, I didn't really have the idea of receiving information that could be imperfect - whatever I was seeing had to be what I was supposed to see. Thirty years later, I feel pretty much the same way. A film can't be evaluated against an archetypal correct movie that's floating around somewhere in the universe; there's only the different things being projected onto the screen and whatever art object they add up to. And Ed Wood mixed together a lot of very different things into his films.

So many different things, in fact, that it becomes pointless to dismiss the crazy-quilt results as the seams left visible by an inept tailor. These films are so consistently over the top that they obviously spring from a very special sensibility concerning the range of activity permissible within a single film. Just look at his first feature, *Glen Or Glenda*, where Wood's willingness to split and neutralize his narrative is the most extreme. Individual scenes may be paced normally or even leisurely, but the film takes on a quick tempo through the intercutting of the boy and girl love story with Timothy Farrell's socio-psychological analyses and Bela Lugosi's poetic, mystical commentary - and those alternate voices are just as likely to include footage of steel mills, highway traffic, bison stampedes and lightning bolts as close-ups of talking heads. But then, all the different currents in the film are open to taking their own sharp turns: Lugosi at certain moments shares the screen with some of the story's characters; Farrell talks to cop Lyle Talbot, to the boy and girl lovers, even to us; and the love story itself, ordinarily the most familiar narrative terrain, includes the film's most bizarre footage in Glen's devil-plagued nightmare.

Ironically, certain prints of *Glen Or Glenda* take the include-me-in approach to its logical extreme: Producer George Weiss wanted to goose the film's running time over seventy minutes and so he stuck into Glen's nightmare some bondage footage that Wood neither shot nor intended to use in his film. Thanks to Weiss' interference (as if its subject matter wouldn't have been enough!) *Glen Or Glenda's* distribution and recognition was long restricted to the sexploitation market - the arena to which Ed Wood was drawn again and again in his career and where he would eventually finish that career.

"Pornography - a nasty word for a dirty business," growls police lieutenant Kenne Duncan in Wood's 1960 melodrama *The Sinister Urge*. This film, a depiction of the porn racket as a cesspool of crooks and psychos, would be Wood's only directorial effort in the sixties. He would support himself for most of the decade by writing pornography - which brings a weird, retrospective sarcasm to his film's square-jawed arguments for decency. By the seventies, Wood would be filming pornography, probably starting with *Take It Out In Trade*. Wood is rumored to have made the film in two versions, with and without hardcore footage. The print that has been recovered is strictly softcore - although it still falls well within the domain of an X-rating - and seems far too fast-paced and humorous to readily accommodate extended sex scenes. Of course, knowing Wood, he wouldn't have hesitated to disrupt *Trade's* overall shape with extraneous or contradictory sequences. But as it stands now, the film lacks for nothing - except an audience.

Marking the end of a ten-year hiatus from directing, *Take It Out In Trade* was to have been Ed Wood's comeback film. But part of his problem was that nobody had noticed that he'd been away. (In fact, his death would go unreported; there are no obituaries of his passing.) The film

disappeared back in 1970, after only a few screenings on the SoCal softcore circuit, and became one more question mark in Wood's career. Now, with its rediscovery and the inevitable appearances at revival houses, there's going to be a bittersweet irony: *Take It Out In Trade* really will be Ed Wood's comeback film.

Apparently inspired by Ernie Kovacs and Rowan & Martin's *Laugh-In*, Wood uses blackout gags throughout *Take It Out In Trade*, giving his film a comic-strip feel, as though the sex cartoons from *Playboy* had sprung to life. Wood clearly shared Russ Meyer's sense of humor, fun and sexual enthusiasm and the film readily embraces the rapid-fire editing and free-wheeling zooms and pans typical of Meyer. But if the Meyer canon can be regarded as an ice cream sundae, then *Take It Out In Trade* is a green cherry plopped atop the whipped cream, because Wood pushes Meyer's vision of unrepressed sexuality out into queer fringes unknown to Meyer (except when he and Roger Ebert could script gory demises for their pervs). All the verboten thrills of *Take It Out In Trade* - and there are plenty, including lots of lovingly filmed lesbian action, Wood himself performing in drag and a guy on female hormones getting frisky with his boyfriend (who's played, to the eyes and ears of this reporter, by a woman in male drag) - are offered for the audience's delectation not so much as forbidden fruits, but rather as delicacies just as tasty and available as any of the film's more-familiar hetero-hijinx.

Two women comprise the first lovemaking couple seen in *Trade*, as a result of Wood briefly inserting some hot lesbian nuzzling into the voiceover intro of his detective hero. The cutaway serves to deflate the man's machoid posturing, in a subversive thrust that characterizes almost all the sexuality shown in the film. All-female eroticism, long a favorite byway in the porn of heterosexual males, was the transgression Wood could most easily introduce and being a het male himself, he uses it constantly in the picture. But Wood was a transgendered het male, and so he brings a different spin to his gal-on-gal antics, emphasizing the strength and self-sufficiency of the women who staff Madame Penny's Thrill Establishment. These superior beings easily dismantle the detective, stripping him to his jockey shorts, tossing away his toupee and hog-tying him with a bullwhip. "You've got better gumshoe tactics than I do, " he confesses to one prostitute after she pulls a strip of tape away from his mouth - yanking off his fancy moustache in the process!

That woman's triumph really sticks it to the debilitated and depilated he-man; she's been his quarry throughout the film (Private dick Mac McGregor has been trying to track down this very wayward daughter of a wealthy family). But the young lady can take care of herself - and any man too. (Her father, incidentally, is played by Duke Moore, Wood's reliable cop-type from *Plan 9*, *Night of The Ghouls* and *The Sinister Urge*. Moore is his old smooth self in all the exposition and straight-line scenes and so manages to throw into relief the limitations of the blank-eyed, leaden-voiced actress who attempts to play his wife. However, when she chokes out "But - but - but - " and Duke retorts, "Stop sputtering, Emily!," that exchange alone is worth the price of admission.)

Trade plays on the notion that sex, buried beneath the surface, is constantly at a boil and threatening to disrupt everyday life. When the parents first discuss the case with McGregor, Wood slips in shots of their daughter merrily plying her trade (and always to the relentless beat of the

soundtrack). McGregor himself, as soon as he secures a hefty expense account, blows his wad on a globe-trotting fuckfest, constantly espying and sometimes joining in the action. "Sex! That's where I come in!" says McGregor, but usually he comes in just to peep at the escapades of others, parting ferns to leer lasciviously, Wood adding voyeurism to his film's panoply of kinks. Not surprisingly, we don't see McGregor get laid until he pays a visit to two gay guys. (Their female houseguest takes a shine to the shamus.) Otherwise, McGregor's luck picks up mostly when he's offscreen: " 'Working on a hot tip,' " reads Duke Moore off the back of yet-another postcard from McGregor. "I wonder what he means by that?" We see he means he's happily tonguing a woman's breast.

Such lip service not withstanding, the most potent expression of *Trade's* adoration of female sexuality must be Wood's appearance as "Alecia," resplendent in blonde wig, green dress and white high-heel boots. He has some very funny moments camping around with the detective but reserves for himself the classic moment of transvestite humiliation when his wig is yanked off and the man beneath is exposed. Unlike *Glen Or Glenda* where the dewigging came at his own hand (with Glen goading himself while gazing in the mirror), here it's McGregor who provides the insult - which director Wood milks in grotesque close-ups of actor Wood. This dark conclusion to an otherwise lighthearted sequence suggests that Wood may have suspected the comeuppance awaiting him for having stepped so far out of line in what should have been just another heteronudie film in the Russ Meyer tradition.

Wood wrote appreciatively of Russ Meyer in *A Study In The Motivation Of Censorship, Sex, And The Movies, Book 2*, commenting on Meyer's "place in the industry, which seems to strengthen year by year." He made that observation in 1973, by which time his own place in the industry had become virtually non-existent. Two more Wood scripts would be filmed by others; he himself would only go on to shoot some short porno loops in super-8. In December of 1978, a few days after he and his wife were evicted from their apartment, Wood died of a heart attack in a friend's home. He was 54 years old. That same month also marked the revival of his career with the first midnight screenings of *Glen Or Glenda* in New York City. Had death not claimed Wood then, his celebrity in the eighties would certainly have enabled him to resume directing. (If the man was able to promote financing when he was an unknown, imagine what he could have done as the focus of all that publicity!) Such a re-emergence would perhaps have been the most striking demonstration of Ed Wood's success as a filmmaker, especially when you consider that the previous decade never opened its purselips very widely for Orson Welles or John Cassavetes or Samuel Fuller or Russ Meyer or John Waters or Kenneth Anger or Jack Smith or Nick Zedd.

ON MANOR'S MIND

by Stately Wayne Manor

We TV owners have had no choice but to see the beautifully photographed "switch back to AT&T" ad airing every few minutes. One guy who really deserves to be bodyslammed on a bed of nails is the slob leaning on what appears to be a tavern doorway whose rationale for switching is because it's too much of "a hassle" to pay two separate bills.

Oh, what a challenging life he must lead. We wouldn't want Orca to be burdened with writing a whole extra check and then straining himself to lick an additional stamp. Shame on you, MCI and Sprint. That would deduct a good forty-five seconds from Mr. Sloth's daily routine of guzzling a couple kegs of beer before zigzagging home to fall asleep on top of his frustrated wife while the naked Domino's boy hides under the bed plotting his escape . . .

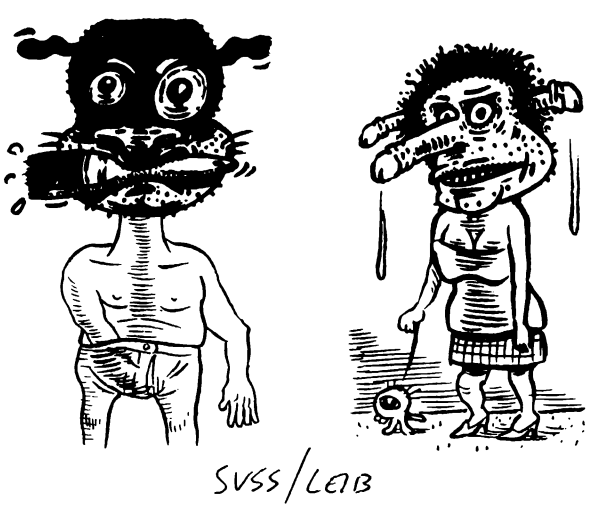
I love hearing filthy celebrity rumors - the more incredibly preposterous, the better - especially when they're passed by saps who are willing/eager to accept ANYTHING negative and slanderous as the truth. The logical question is: "Where do these rumors start?" From now on I want to be proud to answer: "Right here, in the pages of *Brutarian*."

Here's my proposal. This zine is read by thousands of fellow troublemakers and wiseguys all over the globe. Because of our number and geographical spread we can be the source of all sorts of ridiculous gossip - maybe even corner the market - If we coordinate our efforts to dish the same dirt at the same time.

First off, let's pick on those deserving Deadheads. Beginning Halloween, pass the word that Jerry Garcia is in intensive care after being knifed by Phil Lesh during a rehearsal argument. Feigning concern, phone the local rock music stations at different hours (to reach a variety of deejays), asking for "confirmation" of the tragic news.

Thanksgiving provides a wonderful opportunity to tell pigskin fanatics you heard O. J. Simpson is having an affair with one of the ABC Monday Night Football broadcasters. This time, phone the "sports talk" shows. You may get bleeped off the air, but the hosts - all jealous of the network hotshots - will be thrilled to privately badmouth their associates.

Vampira's birthday is December 11th. Let's celebrate it by scaring the snot out of computer nerds with the tale of the "Lucifer program," a computer virus that will erase all information dated "1992" when it kicks in the second the Times Square ball drops on New Year's Eve.



Sure, these rumors are far (but not TOO far) fetched and a cinch to see through. Then again, look at how many suckers believed Alice Cooper played Eddie Haskell even though the singer was many years younger, grew up in Arizona and had black hair.

(There is no law against gossiping (yet); but, for legal reasons it should be noted that none of the above rumors are based on a single grain of truth. We're simply experimenting with a prank to test the gullibility threshold of the average dimwit.)

EXTRAORDINARY INSIGHT: As my road schedule increases and I spend many long nights in strange hotel rooms, I find myself reaching for The Bible more and more often. It's great for squashing roaches . . . In answer to numerous queries, yes, I would enjoy slapping the color out of that Sting-fan-looking, probably-studies-French, U2-CD-owning, overpays-for-imported-crap, thinkshe'sbetterthanus, watches Saturday-Night-Live, future-frat-member on those Encyclopedia Britannica ads . . . Attention fellow celebrities. It's time to gauge whether you - Russ M., Timothy L., John W. G. et al. - actually read this rag or merely thumb through it for the flesh pics. I'm asking all you reknowned readers to send me a critique of my column. Mail your platitude-drenched letters care of the publisher (because I like to make him jealous). Speaking of pics . . . Psst, Princess Di. Want to REALLY fry the royal family and pick up some scratch in the process? I am willing to give you five bucks to pose nude for the *Brutarian* centerfold plus a twenty dollar bonus if you'll appear in a film entitled *Di Does Detroit* . . . Would you cry if someone slipped Gallagher a watermelon packed with nitro glycerine? . . . Fine reflection on the development of mankind when the pop expression of the year is "uh-huh." . . . Using a qualifier at the end of a sentence to negate its sincerity is both original and clever - NOT . . . If a Satanist cops an attitude towards another, is he accused of acting unholier-than-thou? And is there any sense in swearing one in at the start of a ritual murder trial? Somehow, I doubt the defendant thinks, "Although I cut out a baby's heart as an offering to Lucifer whom I can't wait to meet when I go to hell, I will not lie because I'm under an oath to a god I don't believe in." . . . For those who asked, karaoke is Hawaiian for "pathetic delusions of grandeur." . . . It really annoys me how some in the zine community write intentionally inflammatory stories for the sole purpose of landing a spot on a sensationalism-based TV show. That's why I refuse to grant *Brutarian* the right to publish my manuscripts: "Kiddie Porn: Better Than Communion," "Three Cheers For Tay-Sachs," and "Let's Replace The Rain Forests With Nuclear Reactors." . . . How come I never see one of those braggart bumper stickers that reads: "My kid is a reform school dropout?"

HUBBA HUBBA HONEYS: This issue's Triple H is the magnificent Mary Woronov. Long and leggy with cheekbones up to her eyebrows, multi-talented Mary is probably best known to Brutamaniacs as Principal Togar in *R'N'R High School* and for her torrid turn as misnamed Mrs. Bland in *Eating Raoul*.

The painter and former Warhol crowd member has also appeared in a number of lesser-known-but-equally-fun films such as *Death Race 2000*, *Sugar Cookies*, *Hollywood Boulevard* and *Terrorvision*, often working with actor/director Paul Bartel and cameo king Dick Miller. Possessor of a Cheshire cat smile, Mary lends a steamy presence to every role, be it a wealthy nympho, lustful lesbian or an icy dominatrix.If you have yet to become a Woronov worshipper, do so at once. **THAT'S AN ORDER!**

Tom Corlette (1991)

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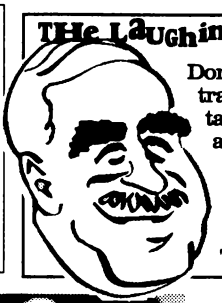

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Twisted Sex

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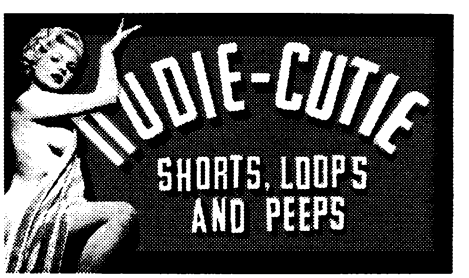

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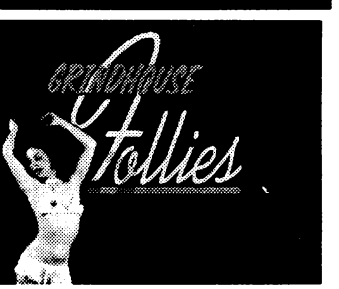

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RANCOR

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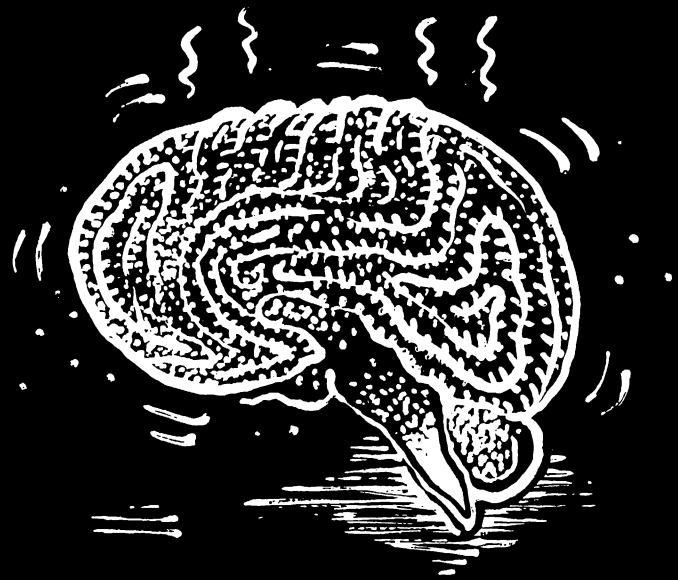
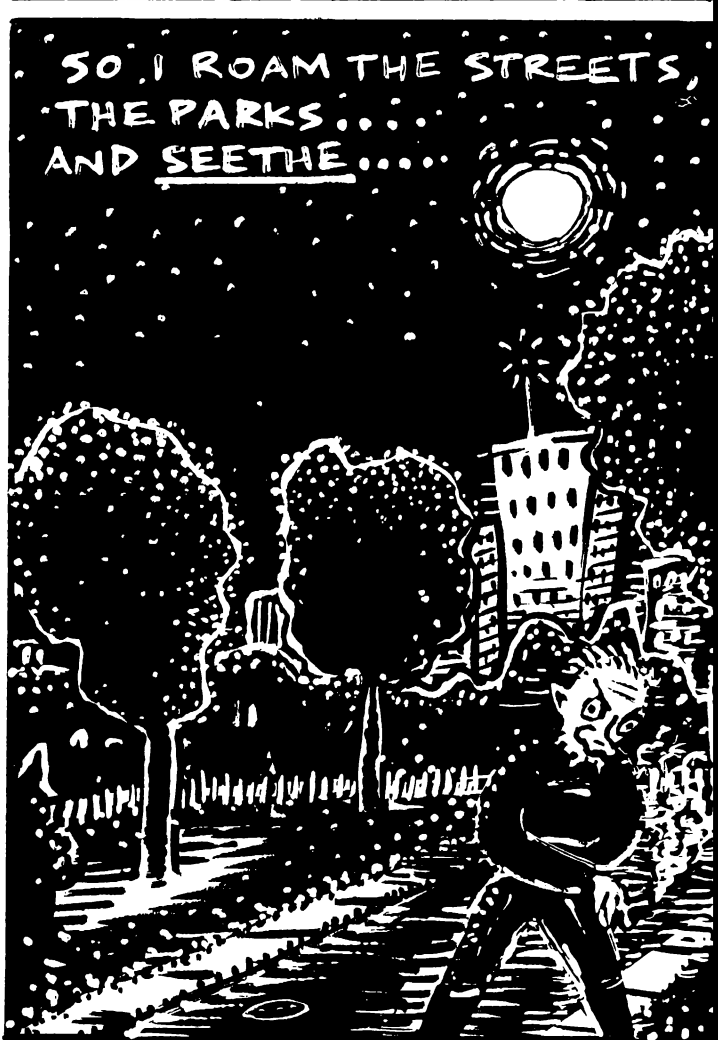


G. SUSS

..THIS IS THE VIEW FROM MY FETID FLOP HOUSE ROOM....

... I WHILE AWAY THE HOURS WATCHING THE GLITTER N' GLAMOUR UNFOLD OUTSIDE MY WINDOW. YOU SEE...

... I FEEL THAT LIFE IS A GIANT, FUN FILLED PARTY, TO WHICH I WASNT INVITED!

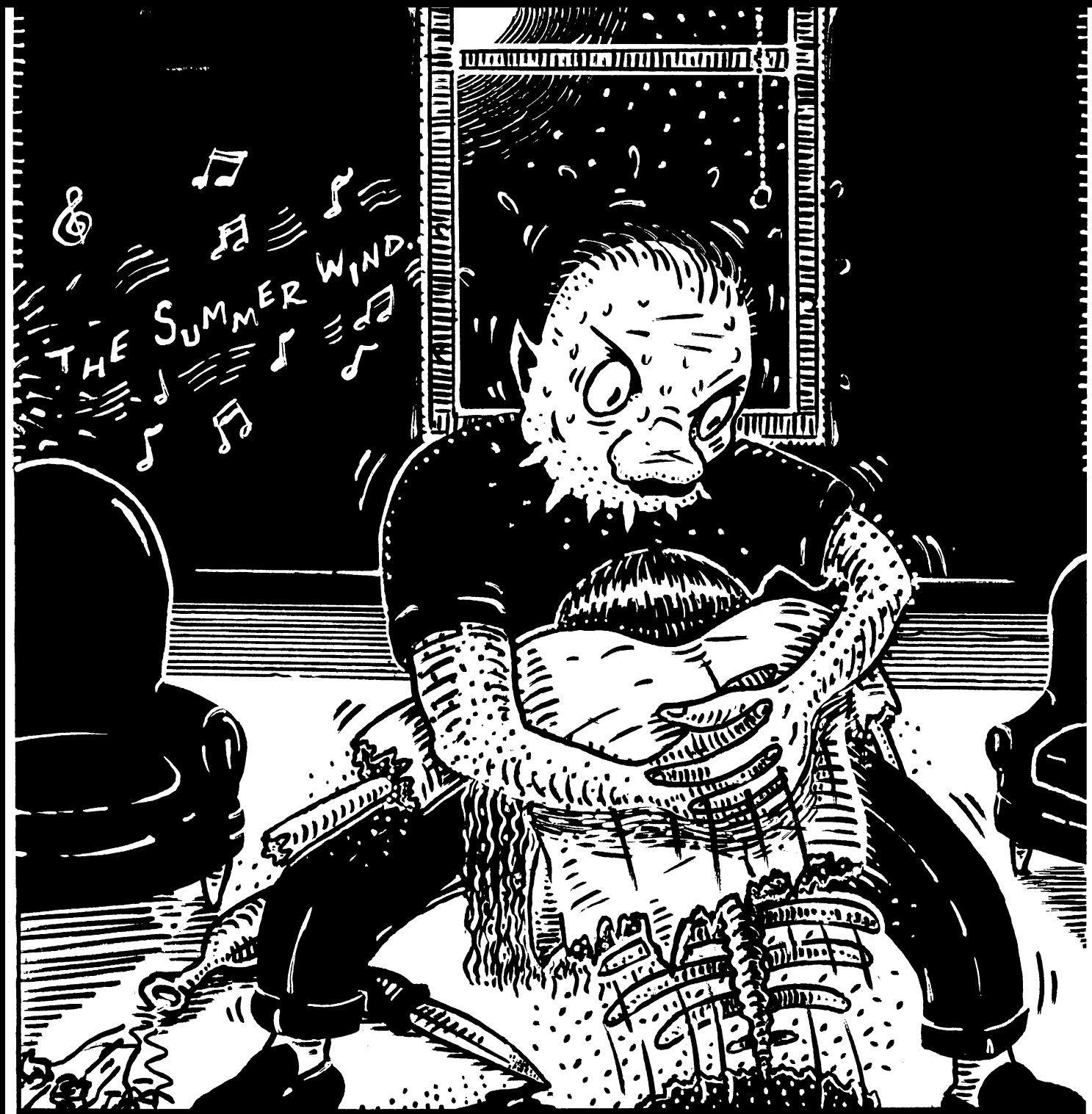

SO I ROAM THE STREETS, THE PARKS..... AND SEETHE.....

DROPSY
DO-NUTS
N'
SUCH
...I EAT AT THE SAME PLACE EVERY DAY. I LIKE ROUTINE, I LIKE DO-NUTS, SO WHAT THE FUCK?....

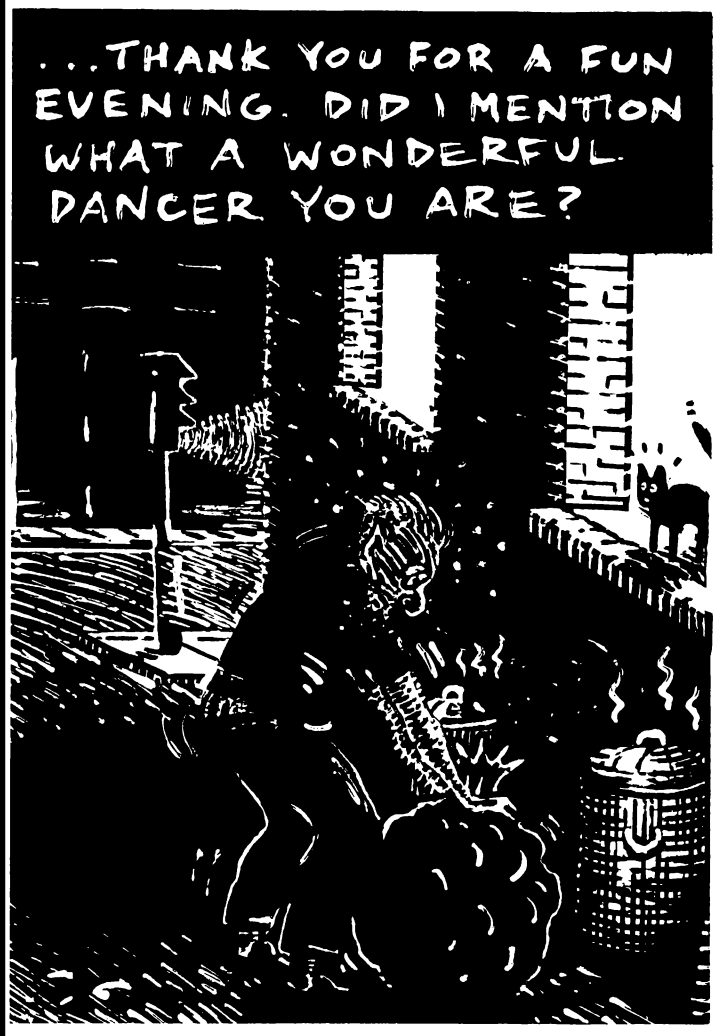
...AND THEN, SOMETIMES, I PICK A SERIES OF WINDOWS... HMMM... EENEY, MEENEY, MINEY MOE.....

ONE LITTLE TWIST,
12
AND HERE WE GO!

IS THAT YOU, DEAR?



MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE? I MAY? THANK YOU, SO VERY MUCH. WHAT A LOVELY EVENING, WOULDN'T YOU SAY? YOU'RE SUCH A WONDERFUL DANCER, YOU MUST HAVE TAKEN LESSONS. NO?, THEN I GUESS YOU'RE JUST A NATURAL. WHAT A PRETTY MELODY, WOULDN'T YOU AGREE? . . . . . .


...THANK YOU FOR A FUN EVENING. DID I MENTION WHAT A WONDERFUL DANCER YOU ARE?

THE SUMMER WIND CAME B..LOWIN' IN...

HOW YA DOIN'?!
HOURLY RATES
BITE IT, TURD....

HOTEL
MIDWEST
...HOME SWEET HOME. WHERE'S THAT T.V. GUIDE? WHERE THE HELL....?

Celluloid Void

THE BELL FROM HELL

(d) Claudio Guerin Hill (1973)

The question is not whether young Juan is mad, but how mad? When we first espy him, he is sitting alone in a room in an asylum risking suffocation by surreptitiously fabricating his own death mask. Despite antics such as this, Juan is released from the booby hatch and allowed to return to his ancestral home. However, a scheming wheelchair bound Aunt (Viveca Lindfors), who originally had Juan locked away to gain control of his inheritance, refuses to give up her dream of acquiring her nephew's fortune. The Aunt, who lives with her three beautiful daughters - one of whom is Juan's lover - believes Juan is insane but harmless. This turns out to be an idiotic delusion. Juan invites his relatives to his manse for a cockeyed party and offers to give up all his riches in exchange for his passport. When his aunt refuses, Juan blithely wheels her into his garden, smears her face with honey and lets loose about two million bees. Juan then returns to the mansion to beat, rape and dismember his three cousins in a slaughterhouse he has rigged up in his basement.

Atmospherically directed and artfully shot, *La Campana (The Bell From Hell)* is an effective mix of mordant humor (one sequence is purloined from Saki's "The Open Window") and baleful horror. Director Hill keeps us guessing, never tipping his hand as to the depth of his protagonist's derangement. Sure, we're given clues - Juan pretends to pull out his eyes in front of a sensitive middle-aged matron who has designs on him and he quits his job at a slaughterhouse after cryptically informing his employers that he has "learned enough" - but they are counterbalanced by scenes which show us his sensitive and vulnerable side. Unfortunately, the video company has chosen to delete almost nine minutes of footage, effectively excising almost all the carnage and nudity, a travesty which the director can do nothing about, inasmuch as he fell from a bell tower on the final day of shooting.

The Bell From Hell

JABBERWALK

(d) Romando Vanderbes (1973)

by Brian Johnson

Mondo! American Style! After countless mondo flicks centering on "under-developed" countries, *Jabberwalk* (aka *Mondo America* aka *This Is America*) takes us on a trip to view bizarre American lifestyles. No skinning of live snakes as in *Mondo Cane*, but plenty of scenes of demolition derbies, mud wrestling and bizarre sexual rituals.

Most Mondo movies rely on two subjects to provide lurid appeal and *Jabberwalk* continues this fine tradition using scenes of sex and death in their most ridiculous extreme. The sex sequences include a "torture dungeon" where willing participants are tied, whipped and tormented by an unusually hideous "master."

Obviously staged, these scenes, coupled with a visit to a dildo factory, are standard "mondo-fare," standard in the sense that simple facts are distorted in order to produce shocks and giggles.

After our tour of the dildo factory, we are set up for a hilarious romp involving a "sex-toy boutique," where the proprietor (who resembles a perverse Walt Disney) extols the virtues of "Pretty lil penis pencil erasers" and various marital aids. "Why not make a douche funny?" he asks as he "demonstrates" a penis-shaped douche. What a guy! What a huckster! Watch appalled as he shows the technique needed to successfully utilize vibrators or to succeed at penis ring toss games.

Death in America also comes in for scrutinization with scenes of drive-in funerals, suicides from the Golden Gate Bridge (described as one of San Fran's main attractions!) and cryonics.

Other high points include a great punked out version of "America The Beautiful" by the Dictators which opens the film and which, in a way, can be said to sum up the perverse appeal of our culture to the uninitiated. Our fears concerning the actual contents of hot dogs is confirmed in one stomach churning sequence as the narrator informs us that weenies do indeed contain "eyes, snouts, intestines, etc., etc." The "Food-Aversion Clinic" sequence in which an obese woman is rigged up to electro-shock devices and tempted with burgers, fries and shakes is a classic. Every time this poor woman attempts to take a bite, she gets a jolt and screams, "I got a shock!" Geez, what a surprise lady, you're hooked up to electrodes aren't ya? Perhaps, the most painful segment in *Jabberwalk* is the scene in which we witness a man getting his privates tattooed while he tells us, nonchalantly, "I believe every man, boy, child should have his cock tattooed. The feeling is exquisite!"

Jabberwalk indeed has a lot to offer, even though, as already mentioned, some of the sequences are obviously staged. For most viewers, this should make the film even more amusing. Don't look for animal slaughter or *Faces Of Death*-style grue however. *Jabberwalk*, by comparison, is a light-hearted stroll through the American lifestyle that is at once intriguing and hilarious.

HEARTS OF DARKNESS

[d] Fax Bahr & George Hickenlooper [1991]

Francis Ford Coppola knew what he was doing when he gave his wife a camera before beginning to shoot *Apocalypse Now* in the Filipino jungle. By asking the missus to create a documentary centered around the making of a film he wasn't sure he could finish, Coppola was nipping a potential source of trouble before it could grow to monstrous proportions. Better to have someone making a film of their own at your side in a steamy, bug-infested wilderness than a homemaker who has nothing better to do all day than make sure the kids don't go swimming in crocodile-infested bogs.

Francis, moreover, needed all the empathy he could get as he was attempting what many people (including John Milius, one of the screenwriters) believed to be impossible: a cinematic recreation - not recounting - of Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness." A better man than Coppola - Orson Welles - had a go at it and gave up, having to settle for *Citizen Kane*. Welles may have concluded that it was impossible to film an allegorical story about the darkness of the human soul but Coppola was undaunted. Like Goethe, he believed that dreams can become realities if you simply attack the problem, forcing it to yield to your perseverance.

There is a kind of madness in this approach. Then who but a madman would hock everything he owns to fly across the world to a half-civilized country in which a revolution was taking place to film a movie from a half-finished script much of which he knew he couldn't use?

Bahr and Hickenlooper don't romanticize any of this, skillfully juxtaposing outtakes, Eleanor Coppola's documentary footage, scenes from the completed film, unedited, private conversations between Francis and his wife, Eleanor's own reminiscences, as well as snippets of narration from Orson Welles' radio play of Conrad's novella, a wondrous and insanely comic tale of an artist's persistence of vision has been fashioned. "Comic" in the classic sense of the term (many scenes such as Sheen's drunken dark night of the soul are quite difficult to watch) because Coppola, after two hundred and eighty-three days of principal photography, a typhoon which destroyed many of his sets and shut down production for three months, the heart attack of leading man, Martin Sheen, and a thousand and one other obstacles, was able not only to complete the picture, but to construct a fantastic and original work of art, the merits of which still provoke much lively debate. "Comic" also because so many of the scenes in *Darkness* are so "terribly" funny: Coppola patiently explaining to an obviously stoned Hopper who cannot remember his lines, that you first have to know those lines before you can say you're purposely forgetting them; an immense Marlon Brando ponderously walking off the set murmuring, "I can't remember any more dialogue today;" actors Sheen, Bottoms and Forrest recounting how getting fucked up on drugs enhanced their improvisational abilities, talents they were often called upon to use in lieu of a script. But in the end, what you remember most is Francis Ford Coppola - genius, madman, poet - wrestling with the twin demons, fear and self-loathing: "I'm gonna get an F. This film is a twenty million dollar disaster. Why won't anyone believe me? I'm thinking of shooting myself." Wrestling too with megalomania: "Marty, had a heart-attack? What the fuck is that?"; and disturbing visions: "In Francis' dream . . . on a Saigon hotel room set," Eleanor tells us, "he had Marty go to the mirror and admire his mouth and when he turned around Francis could see that Marty had suddenly turned into Willard."

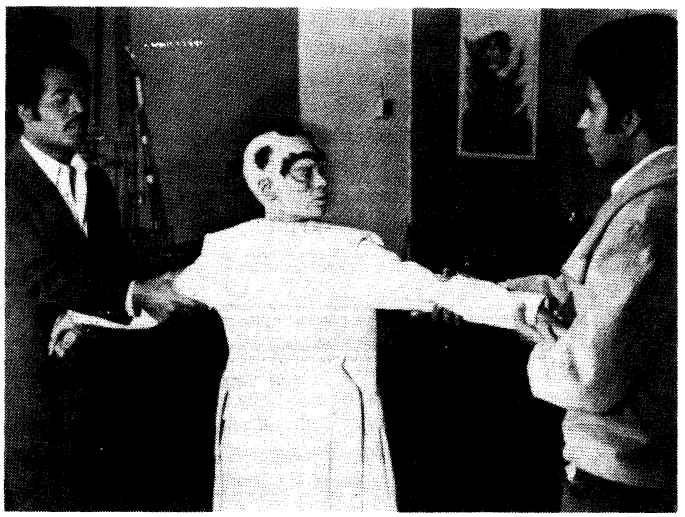
"The way we made [*Apocalypse Now*]," Coppola explains at the beginning of the documentary, "was very much like Vietnam. We were in the jungle, there were too many of us, we had access to too much money, too much equipment and little by little we went insane." What *Hearts of Darkness* shows however, is that for Francis Ford Coppola, his descent into insanity was more akin to a systematic derangement of the senses than a complete and total breakdown of mental and emotional faculties. There's not much difference between a madman and a genius when you stop and think about it. For Eleanor Coppola, Bahr and Hickenlooper, the genius is one who makes constructive use of his madness; the madman, on the other hand, makes destructive use of his. An interesting question: if Francis had been unable to complete *Apocalypse Now*, would we be forced to conclude he was mad?

POISON

[d] Todd Haynes [1991]

Poison, the first feature from Todd Haynes, the director of the forty-three minute cult featurette, *Superstar, The Karen Carpenter Story*, can be viewed, I suppose, as a celebration of the beauty, poetry, mystery and tragic otherness of male homosexuality. Or, if you're rather an unpretentious sort like me, as a highly watchable but nevertheless loosely structured and unintelligible mess. Taking three stories which have little to do with each other save for their homoerotic subtexts and constantly cutting from one narrative to the other for no apparent reason, Haynes succeeds only in creating confusion. Todd has gone on record stating that if the viewer was patient and was able to make it to the end of the film everything would become perfectly clear. Well I've seen *Poison* a couple of times now and I've been thinking about it for months and I still haven't been able to figure out what a pseudo-documentary about a young boy's disappearance, an elegiac meditation on a Genet prison story and a parody of Fifties sci-fi movies have to do with one another. Granted, the Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde spoof is an obvious AIDS metaphor, the Genet bit's major theme is the love that dare not speak its name, and the documentary thing contains hints that the little kid may have been molested by his father, but Haynes simply fails to pull any of this together. Nothing, in fact, connects; the three scenarios simply fail to inform or comment on one another in any meaningful way and in the final analysis, they remain resolutely separate and isolated entities. And it doesn't help that the look and tone of each segment differs so markedly; it only serves to complicate matters. The undermining of smartly paced and beautifully shot passages (such as the lyrically absurdist take on haute couture photo shoots in the flashback sequences of the Genet tale) by pointless intercutting is ultimately alienating. But I think that is essentially the problem with *Poison*: Haynes has confused style with substance and in the process produced a handsome but insubstantial work.

A grand prize winner at Robert Redford's Sundance Film Festival, *Poison* is likely to be remembered only for the controversy it engendered. The film's release resulted in a heated debate between right wing political fascists and First Amendment proponents when it became a bone of contention for Reverend Donald Wildmon's American Family Association (AFA) of Tupelo, Mississippi. In a harebrained effort to discredit the NEA which had granted Haynes a $25,000 grant to complete the picture, the AFA histrionically lobbied Capitol Hill, protesting over the use of government money to fund art which contained "explicit porno scenes of homosexuals involved in anal sex." That *Poison* contained nothing of the sort hardly mattered to the good Reverend, but in a surprising show of support that shocked combatants on both sides, NEA chairman John Frohmayer issued a statement strongly backing Haynes and his film. In his press release Frohmayer described Haynes' work as "neither prurient or obscene . . . [but] the work of a serious artist dealing with a serious issue in our society." Less than one month later, Frohmeyer was fired by President Bush.



Abby

SHAKES THE CLOWN

[d] Bobcat Goldthwait [1991]

What a great idea: a comedy about a vile, misogynistic, alcoholic, kiddie clown; something that I'm sure people will be lining up for blocks to see, eh Bob? So what's your next project going to be, Santa Claus as serial killer? Oh wait, that's been done. Here, I've got a great idea for you: Jesus Christ as leader of a murderous cult. No, no, you're right, Charles Manson already copped that role. Okay, I've got it: Elvis as an evil wrestler. Presley's an American icon; this shtick is sure to irritate people. What do you mean The Honky Tonk Man's been doing that bit for years? Is nothing sacred? Is there nothing left to trash?

Obviously, Goldthwait felt there wasn't, so he made this commercial disaster which happens to be, despite its silly, vaudevillian storyline (Shakes loses out at a shot at hosting a children's show to the evil Binky who later frames him for murder) and fractured plot, surprisingly funny, albeit in a warped, sophomoric way. The central conceit here that everyone is a clown but some are just better at it than others, is not terribly profound, yet Goldthwait cleverly uses it as a springboard for some hilarious sequences and several genuinely inspired moments. There are also some wonderful, fully realized ideas here: The Twisted Balloon clown bar where the baggy pants set go to let down their hair; an established hierarchy of clowning based on the relative danger involved in the performances; the ingenuousness and honesty of children making them the most demanding of audiences and therefore, the children's clown job the most stressful; mimes as attenuated soulless comics. It also helps that Bobcat plays the eponymous role of Shakes relatively straight and not in the insanely frenetic style he normally employs in his stand-up work. When you've written a script that is already as hysterically over the top as this one, acting like an escapee from a mental institution would only be overkill. Equally spirited performances are given by an inspired cast, many of whom - Florence Henderson, Robin Williams - have chosen not to take screen credit. Williams, playing the part of an unbelievably hostile mime is devastatingly brilliant. The only false note is struck by vomitus MTV personality Julie Brown who broadly overplays her part as Goldthwait's girlfriend. Word to Julie: cretinous mugging is not the equivalent of comic acting.

ABBY

[d] William Girdler [1974]

Universally reviled by most horror buffs as a shameless reworking of William Friedkin's *Exorcist*, *Abby* is shameful, but it is also hilarious and, I must add, bears little resemblance to the aforementioned film with which it is so often compared. What makes *Abby* such an embarrassment is its shameless racism. This is a flick written, directed and produced by whites who apparently don't know or don't care about Afro-American culture. Thus we are given a story concerning a devoutly religious inner city minister and his possessed wife that could easily pass for an episode of *Amos and Andy*. Jive is consistently spoken, Kentucky Fried Chicken is eaten on the front porch, dress is loud and colorful, dancing is accompanied by a kind of ersatz funk that would make K.C. and his Sunshine Band wince, and no one, absolutely no one, is allowed to talk for any appreciable length of time unless they first poke somebody in the side and break into hysterical laughter.

Oh, and the titular heroine of the film? Well, once the African demon enters poor little Abby's body, we find ourselves with an entity who not only sounds like Moms Mabley on a bender but seems to have stolen most of her routines. That's right, instead of a frightening homicidal demon, we are presented with a woman forcibly inhabited by the soul of a frustrated comedian, a comedian whose uninspired bits primarily involve the humiliation of her far-from-captive audience. To witness Abby kick her husband in the crotch and gurgle, "Shit, you ain't got enough to satisfy me, you impotent bitch!" or rip her dress open in front of a couple she's supposed to be counseling and screech, "I'm gonna take old Long George upstairs and fuck the shit out of him," is to experience low-brow comedy at its most ingenuous. And speaking of low brow comedy, William "*Blacula*" Marshall's turn as the scholarly exorcist is so far beyond hammy that it inhabits a world of its own. Solemnly intoning his lines as if he were performing *Othello* at the Old Vic, Marshall seems gleefully unaware that he's performing in a blaxploitation horror film.

Director Girdler has made a career out of ineptly crafting atrocious imitations of successful horror films remaking *Jaws* (1975) as *Grizzly* (1976) and Hitchcock's *The Birds* (1963) as Day Of The Animals (1977). With *Abby*, Girdler found himself forced to withdraw the film from circulation as a result of a threatened copyright infringement action brought by Warner Brothers, the producers of the *Exorcist*. Emboldened by their success, Warner subsequently filed suit against the makers of *Beyond The Door* (1975) and succeeded only in getting the posters and some of the advertising copy changed. (Cinefear Video, available through Video Vault).

Something Weird Video is a mailorder outfit specializing in public domain and obscure bad-film. Within the last year or so, the company has acquired the rights to dozens of sixties sleaze flicks, primarily of the nudie-cutie and nudie-roughie variety. Most film fans (*Brutarian* readers excluded) will find little to enjoy in these sixties relics since the majority of them are cinematic swill made primarily for the enjoyment of addle-pated grindhouse patrons and desperate southern drive-in owners who needed something, anything, to fill out the bottom of their triple bills. Narrative incoherence, shaky camera work, absurd plotting, inane dialogue and wretched acting characterize all of these flicks, as does the almost palpable stench of sweat and semen. For these were motion pictures made by short, stumpy, hairy men at the end of their rope; men willing to do anything, exploit anybody, in a last desperate attempt to wrench success from the jaws of failure. Toward that end, these "filmmakers" have stuffed their films with misogyny, gratuitous female nudity, idiot violence and a contempt for their putative audience so profound that at times it borders on genius. What this all means of course is that the only way to watch these works of naif hatefulness is in a condition of almost total inebriation. But if for some reason you feel you must watch these things in a sober state, I strongly advise you to invite a friend with a well-developed sense of humor to join you so that the two of you can improvise dialogue during the dead spots which most of these pictures possess in abundance. Whatever you do, do not, I repeat, do not watch too many of these things at one time as they can cause irreparable brain damage. I had a buddy who screened a number of these videos one weekend and when I tried talking to him the following Monday all I could get out of him, before he walked away babbling to himself, was that David Friedman was God and that *A Taste Of Honey, A Swallow Of Brine* was the greatest film ever made. With that in mind, let us turn and marvel at the sordid wonders of Something Weird's latest releases. I haven't bothered to list the directors; in fact, no one's name will appear in any of my short reviews. Why heap indignity on top of indignity? These people know who they are. They're the ones who have to live with themselves. Oh, my friend? He now resides quite comfortably in a home for the clinically insane.

PASSION IN THE SUN

This is the story of a geek, a "poor twisted mind running wild in a body that has slipped from the lowest rung of the ladder." Actually it isn't, as the geek only shows up in the final reel. Our "story" concerns the kidnapping of an aspiring Las Vegas stripper named Josette and her attempts to escape from her inept abductors. How inept are her kidnappers? Well, they abduct her in front of the main terminal of a heavily traveled airport and drive off with her in a convertible! Then, in what must be the longest fight scene in film history, Josette gets into a tussle in the back seat with one of her abductors while the partner nonchalantly drives from the airport through the city, then through the city into the country, then onto a deserted dirt road, all the while impervious to the horrified stares and startled screams of his fellow motorists. Josette escapes, but while on the run she manages to sneak in a couple of nude baths in a stream and a muddy pond. When the filmmakers get tired of Josette, they cut to a strip club which looks suspiciously like an elementary school auditorium, and we are treated to some ecdysial activity performed by pathetically unattractive matrons. Although the film opens with some loopy narration by a poetic type obviously frustrated at having to seek inspiration for his muse in the township of Galveston, Texas, it is quickly dropped and amazingly, the remainder of the picture contains virtually no dialogue or human sounds of any kind. Occasionally, the camera will zoom in on a two-way police radio and you'll hear a few inaudible squawks, but that's about it. One of the worst films it will ever be your privilege to view. Two thumbs up your ass.

ALL OF MY MEN

All Of My Men is the story of an aging prostitute who believes in nothing, and knows nothing, save that "everybody is a whore," and that to make money a woman has to fuck men, lots of men, as often and as quickly as possible. Not wishing to keep this profound understanding of the human condition to herself, our heroine summons her sister from the country in order to give her a quick schooling on the nature of reality. No, the two don't end up discussing Sartre or Heidigger; they don't really end up discussing much at all. Instead, we and the sister are given the confessions of a jaded and cynical libertine, a revelation laced with sado-masochism, lesbianism and the inevitable orgy, narrated in a style that combines equal parts Rod McKuen and Jacqueline Suzanne. Sound unendurable? It isn't. I'll wager a weeks pay that after hearing a few lines like, "The world exploded inside me," or "I felt I was a prisoner of my body but I wanted to make him a prisoner of that body too. I wanted him to be as powerless as I was," you'll have difficulty keeping a straight face. And I'll lay you even money that another thing you will have little trouble keeping straight is your johnson, for the women in this film are lusciously sleazy, particularly our narrator, a vapid Liz Taylor look alike who has pert, firm breasts and the hot, wide ass of a jungle animal. Have lots of sex before you see this one; otherwise you'll never make it all the way through. I know. I tried. Several times.

HOT SKIN COLD CASH

Hot Skin Cold Cash is supposed to be a portrait of a typical day in the life of a prostitute. But there is nothing "typical" about either her experiences or the people she encounters. We are asked to believe that in a single day a New York streetwalker can bed her jailbird husband's lawyer, allow herself to get picked up by a dope-smoking beatnik who buys one hour of her time as a birthday present for his bisexual wife, have a Catholic priest weasel his way into her apartment in order to give a lecture on morality, introduce a virginal frat boy to sex, pose for candid snapshots with a wealthy Japanese businessman and, before calling it quits, attend an orgy. Even more amazing are the characters the filmmakers present as New York archetypes. The sleazy lawyer is heavily tattooed, the hairdressers are straight and wear black suits and skinny ties, the college frat students sport ill-fitting corduroy suits, look about forty and speak with British accents, and the beatniks do tap dances, play flamenco guitars and flush their still-lit joints down the toilet. So yes, the film is inadvertently hilarious but it also boasts a wonderfully seedy atmosphere. Of course almost anything is going to look seedy when it's three in the morning and you're bombed on bourbon.

THE PRIME TIME

If you're a connoisseur of sleaze, you're supposed to have little choice but to enjoy this. That's because David Friedman, H. G. Lewis and Karen Black were all involved in this production and, as any marginally well-versed sleaze-hound knows, these people are all exploitation icons. Well, forget about that; this is probably the worst film in the entire Something Weird catalogue. Moreover, Friedman had little to do with this film (he was only the unit publicist, whatever that is); Lewis didn't direct and Black appears for about two minutes remaining fully dressed during her brief stay. What little humor can be found in this bomb consists in watching the "star," a forty-something crone, attempting to play the part of seventeen year old girl. Friedman has gone on record as saying it was a mistake to cast a woman whose child-bearing days were clearly behind her. What I'd like to ask David is whether anybody even remotely connected with *Prime Time* knew for certain that this antediluvian fossil *was* a woman. Maybe it was all those double scotches but this so called "gal" looked suspiciously like H. G. Lewis in drag to me.

EVIL TOONS

(d) Fred Olen Ray (1990)

by Ernie Santilli

How's this for a Best Of The B's cast: David Carradine, Dick Miller, pornstresses Madison and Barbara Dare, Arte Johnson and, in a topless cameo, Michelle Bauer?

Evil Toons contains all the ingredients of the Fred Olen Ray Success Salad. There are the likable actors who seem to enjoy working in low budget projects, inside jokes, intentionally silly situations played straight to spoof mainstream movies and hit-or-miss humor. The mix is seasoned with a healthy portion of Nubile Babe (un)Dressing.

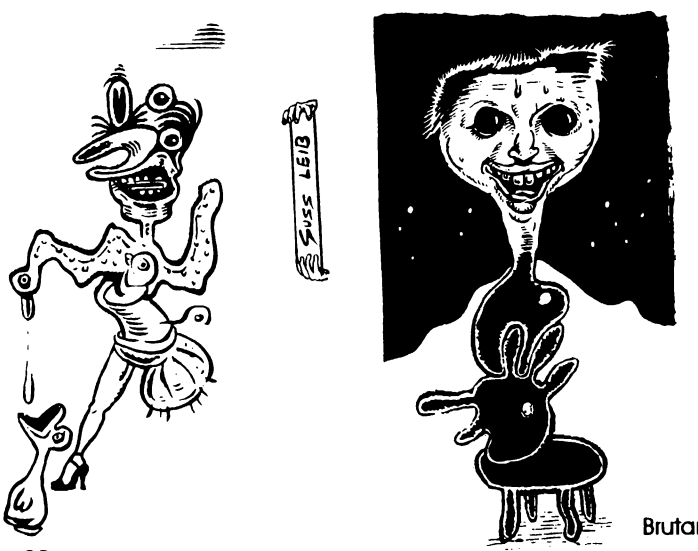
Ray's nude shots are so blatantly gratuitous you almost expect a subtitle reading"Hey, guys, here comes the skin" to appear shortly before the dolls doff their duds. But it's Fred's "boobs for boobs' sake" er, upfront approach that lends to the good-natured feel of his flicks. In *Toons* EVERY woman eventually bares her breasts for our voyeuristic pleasure (lending credence to the adage "you can't get enough of a good thing").

Unlike most active porn princesses who appear in non-hardcore films, Madison (billed as "Madison Stone") is featured in a pivotal role. In fact, if credits were based on screen time, she would receive top billing. Here the Betty Boop of blue movies portrays Roxannne, the free-spirited member of a collegiate femme foursome who cleans houses for spending cash.

Okay, so none of the stacked starlets appear to be in the late teens/early twenties bracket. Terry's (Suzanne Ager) age is probably closer to her chest measurement. And if Jan is around 20 that means Barbara Dare (listed here as "Stacy Nix") started making skin pics when she was a high school freshwoman. But why quibble? Maybe they're grad students!

Amply filling out the quartet is Megan (mammiferous Monique Gabrielle), the modest "brain" of the group who, in that fine cinematic tradition, houses a torrid torso behind her braids, glasses and unflattering clothing. Megan translates a demonic passage from a spooky book left behind by Gideon Fink (Carradine) after his suicide centuries earlier. The incantation animates a sketch of a creature resembling a cross between the Tasmanian and the original devils, i.e., an "evil toon."

It's not long before the titular terror possesses Roxanne, turning the tart into a vampiress. Fans of Madison's oral activities will note she plays a BLOODsucker rather than a . . . (See one of her other movies if you don't quite *comprendes*. And be prepared to gripe if it's a recent release as the cutie has joined the alarming number of her sisters in smut with pumped-up plastic pecs - usually unnatural, always unnecessary.)



Dick Miller devotees will get a guffaw out of one particular scene. Burt (Miller), who runs the cleaning agency, is home on a Friday night eyeballing The Late Show to avoid satisfying his horny wife (Bauer). Summoned to the cleaning site by a lecherous neighbor (Johnson), Burt turns off the tube, muttering, "I wonder how come that guy never got an Academy Award." The kicker is: he was watching *Bucket Of Blood*!

Evil Toons may not measure up to Ray's classic *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers*; nonetheless, it's an amusing tape to pop in on one of those lazy, sippin'-a-beer Sundays.

SHOGUN ASSASIN

(d) Kenji Misumi, Robert Houston (1980)

by Ernie-san Tilli

A pair of Americans, impressed by an ultraviolent Japanese samurai series, pare two of the films into a single feature and dub in new dialogue altering the original concept in the process. The finished product is narrated by the title character's three-year-old son. Although the story takes place in the seventeenth century, the soundtrack features synthesizer music produced by Mark Lindsay, former lead singer of Paul Revere And The Raiders.

Granted, on paper it sounds like a cinematic mess. Nonetheless, the improbable combination gels, providing eighty-five minutes of tensity and intensity.

Based on the immensely popular Kozure Ogami (*Lone Wolf And Cub*) comic book characters, *Shogun Assassin* tells the story of swordsman Itto Ogami, his boy and their travels. Ogami was once a noble warrior, with one hundred and thirty one kills in the service of his shogun. As the unstable shogun evolved into a bloodthirsty tyrant, the blademaster grew disenchanted, eventually denouncing the ruler.

Ninjas, acting on orders from the despot, are dispatched to kill Ogami but instead murder his wife. (He was in the temple at the time of the attack.) Placing his son in a weapon-laden baby cart, Ogami becomes an oriental Josey Wales of sorts, seeking vengeance against the shogun and the overlord's family.

Ogami is a fascinating study in contrasts. One moment, he is an affectionate father tending to his child, the next, a cold-blooded death machine. He slices flesh with the detachment of a surgeon, yet shows sympathy for a dishonored adversary who must commit hara-kiri.

The samurai's "road to Hades," as he calls it, is paved with treachery. Because the ninjas are so adept at disguising themselves as commoners, every stranger must be eyed with suspicion. This plot device creates an atmosphere of suspense and anticipation which heightens as the distance between Ogami and passersby dwindles.

Unlike the tots in modern American productions - invariably nauseating in their abundance of precociousness - Masahiro Tomikawa as the son is a natural and is genuinely cute. The uncontested star of the film, however, is Tomisaburo Wakayama (Ogami), equally gifted as an actor and sword wielder. His expertise at the latter is even acknowledged by his penultimate victim who cries, "Your technique is magnificent!" while succumbing to a wound.

Rather than sanitize the film's myriad deaths, the killings are presented in a manner that is so graphic they take on a near-cartoon like quality bordering on beauty. Blood doesn't merely flow, it gushes fast and far, like a leaky fire hose. In a split second, Ogami draws his sword and

consecutively disembowels three men. The slashed trio freeze for several beats then simultaneously crumble to the ground. Later, Ogami lands a downward blow to an opponent's skull which, in slow motion, splits right down the center.

Eastern films of this type generally contain their share of surreal moments, and *Shogun Assassin* is no exception. In one scene, Ogami battles the "supreme ninja" of a female clan. The voice of this woman warrior is dubbed in by comedian Sandra Bernhard. To affect an escape, the woman vertically leaps straight out of her kimono and scurries across a field - running in reverse!

Some readers may shy away from martial arts-themed movies due to the genre's (in some cases deserved) reputation for roach-leg-thin plotlines and shallow characters. On the other hand, action film fans might limit their selection to domestic releases, assuming the imports lack the kinetic energy and mayhem of traditional Western offerings.

Shogun Assassin is atypical enough to entertain those not usually drawn to this type of pic as well as those who are. Despite the title being discontinued on video, it shouldn't be too difficult to locate in an established rental outlet. However difficult it may be to track down, your efforts will be more than amply rewarded, for the film is a classic of the genre. (And yes, I will resist including a "please quote me in the ad copy" exclamation - such as "A cut above!" - used by groveling mainstream hacks). (Available at Video Search of Miami, Box 16-1917, Miami, FL, 33116.)

Shogun Assassin

THE EYES SCREAM

[d] John Sanborn & The Residents [1991]

by Cole Gagne

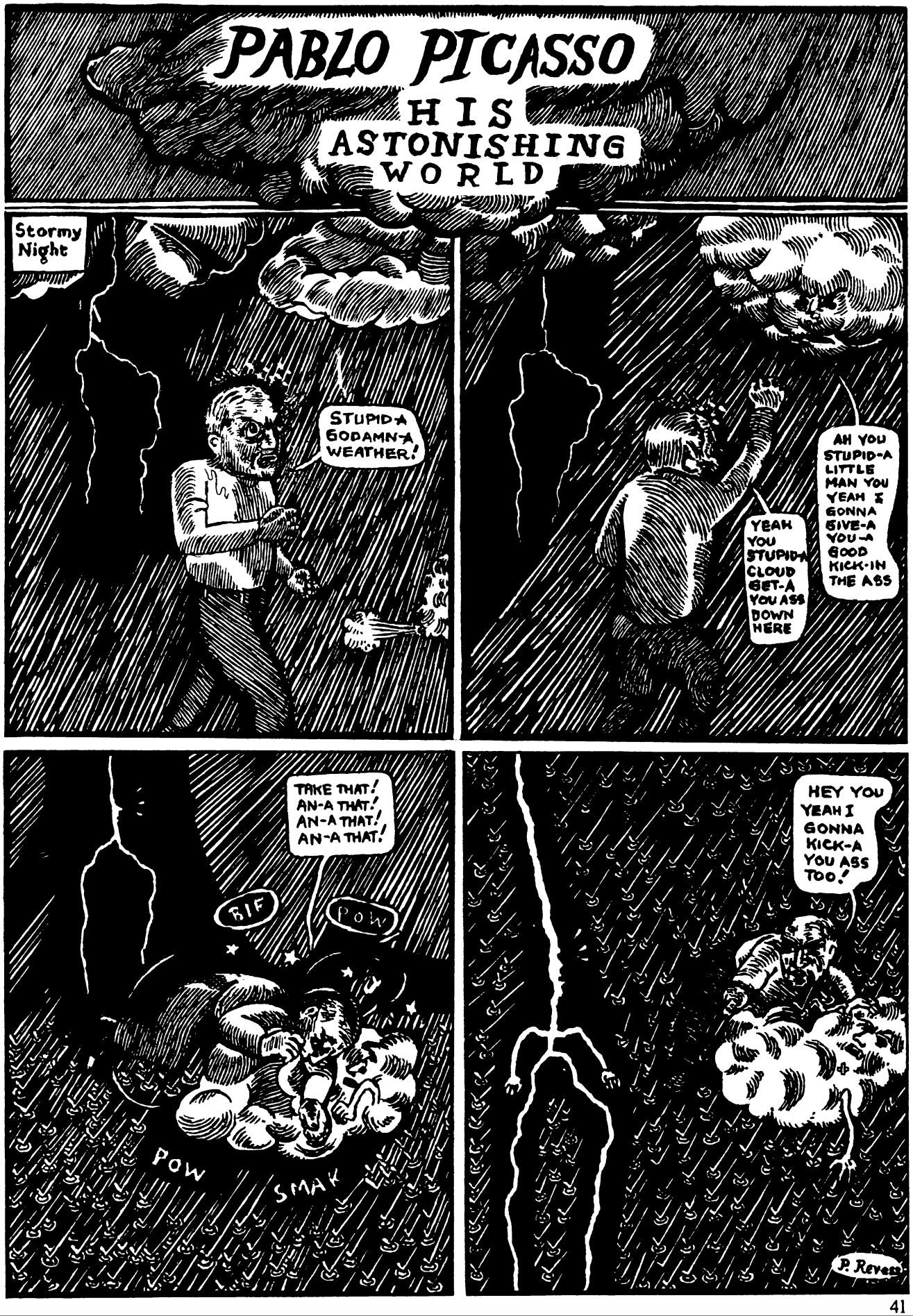
For the last twenty years, some of the most exquisitely twisted music heard on this planet has been made by a California based group called The Residents. They've produced a series of landmark recordings for an ever-widening audience, most notably their phantasmagoric debut, Meet The Residents (1973); a crazed dissection of sixties pop, The Third Reich 'N Roll (1976); an almost-wordless reinvention of arctic life, Eskimo (1980); portraits of two imaginary societies, done through alternating examples of their music, The Tunes Of Two Cities (1982) and a saga of Siamese-twin faith healers who seduce their business manager, God In Three Persons (1988). The Residents have also made plenty of highly original and innovative video, and most of their best work is now available on a single cassette, *The Eyes Scream*. Among its gems are the stunning "Hello Skinny" (1980), a blend of film and still photography which is as creepy as it is funny; "Don't Be Cruel" (1990), with swirling, animated Elvis icons; a super-colorized, three-minute distillation of the fifties sci-fi classic *Earth Vs. The Flying Saucers* (1986); and a healthy chunk of *Vileness Fats*, The Residents' black-and-white video project from the seventies which they finally cut together and released in 1984 as *Whatever Happened To Vileness Fats?* It has some of their wildest, most forward-looking stuff, from dazzling stop-motion footage to live-action sequences set in a Caligari-like world populated chiefly by one-armed dwarves.

The Eyes Scream is also a brief history of The Residents and features some rare media clips in which the group generates as much confusion in Japan as in San Francisco, their hometown. (Especially funny is some 1982 footage in which The Residents are seen before the start of a European tour, lounging in a pub and playing snooker with eyeball balls.) Also shown is their already-legendary 1990 appearance on NBC's short-lived series *Night Music*, where they performed bizarro excerpts from their live show, *Cube-E*: the old cowboy song "From The Plains To Mexico" and Elvis' "Teddy Bear."

Disgusted by the hype and manipulation of the American music scene, The Residents refuse interviews and have never revealed their names or faces. Instead, they prefer to employ a variety of disguises of which the most familiar is their appearance in top hat and tails with their heads hidden inside huge eyeball masks. The Residents also prefer to employ Homer Flynn and Hardy Fox, officials of the group's Cryptic Corporation, as their business managers and official liaisons with reality ("more babysitters than anything else," Flynn insists), and the pair provide some behind-the-scenes insights into the band's attempts at "creating their own reality." The rest of The Residents' history is sketched in by Penn Jillette and his silent partner Teller through a very funny skewering of this and the documentary genre in general. Two marvelous running gags find Penn having to put up with an unpredictable teleprompter and Teller's widely swiveling chalkboard. By the film's conclusion, Penn breaks and is unable to deliver the worshipful closing remarks prepared for him. As he and Teller leave, The Residents are seen as having been behind the camera all along. Once alone, they start removing their masks, just as the tape freezes and the credits begin to roll.

The Eyes Scream is one of those rare anthologies that will satisfy demanding devotees as well as newcomers who want to know what all the shouting's about. It's also an essential document of one of the few plums still to be found in today's musical pie. Ignore it at your own peril.

PABLO PICASSO
HIS ASTONISHING WORLD
P. Reyes
LOOK, MONSEWER PICASSO, I, KING CHAMPIGNON, KNOW NOTHING OF ART! BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU ARE A FOOL AND A FRAUD- AHUMPH
!
COME BACK HERE YOU STUPID-A LEETLE MUSHROOM MAN! I GONNA CHOP YOU INTO LEETLE CUBES!
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME! HE MEANS TO HARM ME!
HELP
HELP HELP
HUFF PUFF
WILL NOBODY HELP POOR KING CHAMPIGNON!
STUPID-A MUSHROOM SON-OF-A-BITCH! COME-A BACK HERE AND TAKE IT LIKE A MAN!
LEETLE MUSHROOM MAN! PICASSO IS GOING TO TURN YOU INTO LEETLE CUBES!
MOTHER OF GOD... IS THIS THE END OF KING CHAMPIGNON?


PABLO PICASSO
HIS ASTONISHING WORLD
Stormy Night
STUPID-A GODAMN-A WEATHER!
YEAH YOU STUPID-A CLOUD GET-A YOU ASS DOWN HERE
AH YOU STUPID-A LITTLE MAN YOU YEAH I GONNA GIVE-A YOU-A GOOD KICK-IN THE ASS
TAKE THAT! AN-A THAT! AN-A THAT! AN-A THAT!
BIF
POW
POW
SMAK
HEY YOU YEAH I GONNA KICK-A YOU ASS TOO!
P. Revere

THE VOLUPTUOUS HORROR OF KAREN BLACK

[d] Kembra Pfahler [1991]

by Vic Stanley

This video tape consists primarily of concert footage of multi-media performance artist Kembra Pfahler's current project, the shock/metal band she calls The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black. In accordance with Pfahler's concept of "Availabism," the band employs an array of resourceful, albeit rudimentary props and staging. Wardrobe, other than the occasional feather boa, is almost non-existent, since they all perform in various stages of undress. The voluptuous Pfahler herself seems more comfortable in body paint and g-string than she is in clothing anyway. Although the band is more than metal competent, Pfahler is in no way a trained singer, but after all, this is a visually oriented act, an act with an artistic license to kill.

After an intro by insane genius, Joe Coleman, who warms up the crowd by snuffing out a lit cigarette on his face and pounding a jagged spike into his head until it gushes blood, the band emerges from the fog and bright lights in all their erect-nippled, body-painted splendor. Bands such as Alice Cooper, The Tubes, and (Salemi's fave) GWAR have staged elaborately choreographed, theatrical shows, but never this sexually graphic. Even Madonna's pseudo-masturbatory gyrations seem quite tame and decidedly mainstream by comparison. Most of the lyrics are indecipherable, but during a truly depraved version of Melanie's "Lay Down - Candles in the Rain," the fairly lucid line "We all had caught the same disease" takes on a whole new nineties type of meaning.

The highlight of the show is the Mike Kuchar inspired tune, "Oh Diane," wherein Pfahler, clad only in white wig and skirt, stands on her head and spreads her legs, revealing her pantyless pudenda. As the throbbing music continues, a naked, female Easter Bunny enters and proceeds to break about a dozen raw and paint filled eggs on Pfahler's exposed crotch in a stylized, ritualistic manner. A symbolic desecration of the traditional precepts of female fertility and subjugation in favor of feminist, celebratory abortion? The enthusiastic crowd, which is obviously not scrutinizing the show with a philosophical, Freudian eye, goes wild. Now THAT'S entertainment! Overall, the presentation projects a Sodom and Gomorrah feel: lost souls doomed to eternal damnation or perhaps already residing there. While this track was supposedly filmed at Carnegie Hall, there is no truth to the rumor that the band was sharing the bill with Victor Borge.

The concert footage is interspersed with almost subliminally brief "interview" segments with Pfahler which are somewhat odd inasmuch as there is no interviewer present. At times, Pfahler appears to be very distracted by the sights and sounds of her own barren, hovel-like apartment. She also has a strange habit of clapping her hands abruptly for no apparent reason, as if to startle demons seen only by her. It was refreshing to see, however, this beautiful artist sans face paint and blackened teeth for once. Between her stage performances here and her role in Nick Zedd's recent *War is Menstrual Envy*, Pfahler seems to spend an inordinate amount of time heavily bedizened in hideous and grotesque make-up.

Kembra Pfahler is one of the most perverse and courageous multi-media performance artists working today. Reportedly, one of her current projects is a film directed by Richard Kern in which she sews up her vagina with a needle and thread. What couldn't Jesse Helms do with that - although he would make an amusing stage prop stripped naked and ensconced in a huge bird cage suspended over the drum riser. Quick! Somebody alert the NEA!

HARD-BOILED

[d] John Woo [1991]

Let us not mince words, shall we? Honk Kong director John Woo is simply without peer in the action film genre. His narratives often contain implausibilites and absurd coincidence, but Woo more than makes up for them with witty dialogue, marvelous camera work and visceral, kinesthetic scenes of highly stylized violence. I can't think of anyone other than Peckinpah who makes carnage so poetic, so rapturously involving, so transcendent, so moving. Thousands of bullets tear into flesh, wood, and metal, blood spatters and splays in explosive, twisted arcs, dead bodies spastically dance as dozens of rounds of ammo rip through them and yet, and yet . . . it's beautiful somehow.

Hard-Boiled is Woo's best film to date, eschewing the absurd melodramatics that marred so much of *Better Tomorrow I & II* and dispensing with the overt symbolism and somewhat pretentious tone of *The Killer*. Woo's alter-ego, the brilliant Chinese actor, Chow Yun-Fat, once again has been given the lead role. This time he's Tequila, a tough but sensitive detective attempting to ferret out an international gun running operation centered in Hong Kong. As he gets closer to cracking the case however, Tequila finds himself running afoul of Tony (Tony Leung in a superb performance) who happens to be an undercover cop.

Tony has more to worry about than Tequila blowing his cover. He's worked for a long time to gain the trust of powerful mob boss and gun-runner Mr. Hoi only to discover that a younger gangster, Johnny Wong, is planning on taking over. If he wants to bust up the smuggling operation and save his life, Tony knows he must ally himself with Wong.

And he knows the only way he can do this is to kill Hoi, an honorable man despite his profession, whom Tony has come to respect.

And that's one of the beauties of *Hard-Boiled*: its almost complete lack of sentimentality. Protagonists like Tony and Tequila are constantly asked to make choices that would normally turn an audience against them: Tequila blowing out the brains of a contract killer who has just killed his partner rather than arresting him; Tony cold-bloodedly gunning down his criminal mentor, the paternal Mr. Hoi and his men, many of whom had become his friends, rather than abandoning the undercover operation; both men deciding to take on Wong in a maternity ward knowing that dozens of innocent people will likely be killed.

Not that you're likely to root for the bad guys; Woo has made them almost the personification of evil. When people get in their way when they're trying to escape they don't push and shove, they shoot in the back. If they're cornered, they'll use men, women and even babies as shields. The world of Woo is tough, unforgiving. "Life is a thing you don't want to do. It's kill or be killed," Mr. Hoi tells Tony just before Tony shoots him through the heart.

But the principal beauty of *Hard-Boiled* is to be found in its action sequences: dynamic, masterfully composed and edited montages of exhilarating ferocity and brutality. Combining slow motion and stop action photography with incredible stunts and special effects, Woo fashions scenes that are simply unlike anything being done in film today. And the final twenty minute battle in the hospital is so breathtaking, so incredible that my poor pen is simply incapable of doing it justice. Let's just say that in the future, film students will be poring over it frame by frame the way they do with the merry-go-round scene from Hitchcock's *Strangers On A Train*.

PIRATE PSYCHIC TV

It has recently come to the *Brutarian* staff's attention that certain fashionably jaded counter-culture New York journalists (read Michael Weldon, the fantastically obese Harold Clarke and A-Bone and *Kicks* publisher Billy Miller) have taken us to task for reviewing films and videos which are readily available to the public. Well, our answer to those guys comes in four parts: (1) Miller and Weldon can't write, so anything they say or try to say is inherently worthless; (2) Clarke writes for *Screw* so he's obviously clinically insane and even if he isn't, we have it on good authority that he only enjoys watching Oriental videos which feature girls stuffing tadpoles and insects up their vaginas (while Clarke himself stuffs mass quantities of beer and cheap food down his gullet); (3) What's the sense of reviewing films that are impossible or exorbitantly expensive to get ahold of? and finally; (4) Being one of the few possessors of a copy of a film doesn't necessarily make that film interesting or entertaining.

However, just to show the aforementioned trio how COOL we can be when we make even a token effort, the *Brut* staff has decided to say a few words about this incredibly shocking, incredibly rare, and incredibly incredible video that we have obtained at great risks to our personal and financial well being. In fact, in even talking about this thing we're opening ourselves up to a possible federal indictment as it contains footage stolen from the files of the San Diego police. So maybe we should just dispense with the comments and leave you with a phone number and a secret password.

Oh, the hell with it. We have a lawyer, let him worry about it. Isn't that what we pay him for? Besides the sequences on this tape are probably staged anyway. But a lot of it looks real, and we should warn you that real or not, after seeing this stuff once none of our staff had the stomach or the nerve to watch it again. One gal did try but she had to be hospitalized after only twenty minutes of her second go-round.

So here's what happened. Some electronics geniuses intercepted a satellite downfeed intended for a French television station and substituted Psychic TV videos. So as millions of frogs settled into their chaise lounges with a bottle of vin expecting to watch *L'Isle du Gilligan* or some equally moronic nonsense, they were instead subjected to grainy videos featuring ritual scarification, Jim Jones lectures, blood enemas, neurophallic surgery (don't ask) and other bits of wholesome family entertainment. For four hours this insanity went on until the French government tracked the guys down in Denmark and stopped their nefarious broadcast. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on how you look at it, some quick-witted crapaud managed to tape most of the broadcast and then smuggle it out of the country. Where it eventually found its way into the citadel of COOL: *Brutarian* headquarters.

Now after reading all of this you're probably just itching to get your greasy little paws on a copy of this mind-boggling video aren't you? Aren't you? Alright, alright already, stop with the whining and gesticulating, drop us a line and we'll tell you how to get a copy. But not you Weldon, Clarke, Miller, or any of your pencil-necked friends (we know who they are); you guys don't get the sweat off our balls. That's right, you get bupkis. You'll just have to live with it, that's all. We have the most unbelievable "psychotronic" video of all time and you don't, and what's more you're never going to get it. Not unless you ask real nice and publish a retraction of all those mean things you said about us. That means ALL of you. And even then, we still might not send it to you. Because, we're cool people and let's face it, that's the kind of things cool people do.

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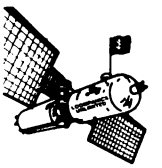

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PERFORMANCE ART VIDEOS

[d] People of Dubious Merit

Amoeba Records Compilation (with Glen Mead More, Vaginal Creme Davis, Fertile LaToyah, The Goddess Bunny and more); and *All The Be(a)st* (with Lisa Suckdog and friends)

by Greg Goodsell

Remarkable atrocities have been wrought in the name of performance art. Add to this fulsome stew the performances made primarily for the video camcorder and you have a foul, overflowing pot of egotistical, egocentric, eccentric concoctions constructed by talentless poseurs, some wielding little more than crayolas and cat feces. You get the picture.

The Amoeba Records Compilation showcases a closely-knit variety of drag and "queer" performances from Los Angeles, but don't get the idea that these shows involve squeezing into dated ball gowns and lip-synching Carol Channing show tunes; these people are ARTISTS, godammit. First up is Pedro, Muriel and Esther, a punk rock band composed of transvestites fronted by Ms. Vaginal Creme Davis. "Blactress" Davis is, in reality, a muscular six-foot plus ex-con (according to her autobiographical notes) given to wearing dominatrix gear. The "music" of PM&E is relentlessly boring and the accompanying video footage looks like the work of a palsied cameraman perched on a wobbly bicycle.

Glen Mead More is up next with a selection of techno-pop country ballads with gay lyrics - "Take me outside, take me outside, take me outside, and tan my hide." Ho hum. Nothing to hate, nothing to talk about. But don't give up just yet. Vaginal Davis teams with pal Fertile LaToyah for lengthy musical spoofs of Patty Hearst and Salome's Dance of the Seven Veils. These sequences have a Charles Ludlum Theatre of the Ridiculous vibrancy to them that more than compensates for the poor video quality. These bits are also finely written, quite funny and give the overall, impression of being polished works-in-progress.

The highlight of this two hour plus tape is the "appearance" of the Goddess Bunny. Bunny, a cerebral palsy victim in hasty drag (although the breasts are real) does an impromptu tap dance for the video camera and let me just say that even a student of Fellini or Jodorowsky would be left speechless by this performance. Resembling a human skeleton in tattered maribou remnants, Bunny does a graceless, bird-like dance that strikes just the right balance between the grotesque and the sublilme. Far removed from mere geek show spectacle, the Goddess Bunny is living proof that an individual can be fabulous no matter what circumstances the flesh has been made heir to.

Lisa Suckdog, on the other hand, is a fine example of how a reasonably attractive young woman can degrade herself merely for the sake of making a video. Most commonly associated with G. G. Allin, Suckdog nee Carver flails and shrieks in an alcoholic frenzy in *All the Be(a)st* while a few close friends stand by chuckling and shouting inanities like, "That crazy Lisa! Anything for a laugh!"

All the Be(a)st chronicles Miss Suckdog's various stage performances in varying degrees of inebriation and the impression generated is that of a cross between Sandra Bernhard and Darby Crash with neither of their talent. It's all bad, bad, bottom of the barrel stuff here with Suckdog screeching and ululating while her aides-de-camp douse her with urine and shit. Suckdog's abuse at the hands of hillbilly rednecks in latter non-performance sequences are even more banal; they play out like uninspired scenes from a Richard Kern movie.

Like every other performance artist these days, Miss Suckdog has developed an inexplicable cult following. If I seem more comfortable with Vaginal Creme Davis and associates, it's not just because they are less pretentious, but because I know that, unlike Miss Suckdog, they would never dream of applying for an NEA grant. *Amoeba Record Compilation* c/o Amoeba Records, 5337 La Cresta Court Los Angeles, CA 90038. *All The Be(a)st* c/o Lisa Carver, Box 1491, Dover, NH 03820.

THIRSTY GAL

by Greg Goodsell

A very hard-looking woman in her thirties with a bleached-blonde Farrah-Fawcett do and thick blue eye-shadow enters through a kitchen door. "Do your dance, " commands the off screen videographer. "I gotta go pee," whines the pouting woman. "Do your dance first, " repeats the gruff male voice. "But I gotta go pee," reiterates the woman. "Do your dance first," the cameraman demands for the third time. "But I gotta go pee real bad," says the woman once again and then with no warning spreads her gaucho-styled blue skirt, revealing a bare pudendum and suddenly lets go with a stream of bright yellow urine on a strategically placed towel on the kitchen floor.

This initial shock is the first of many as this plucky woman goes on to not just piss, but to lap urine up, swig it down in brandy goblets, and generally imbibe this noxious liquid in all manner of inventive ways during the next two hours. Welcome to the debut effort of the "Pee Lady," (as we fondly call her at our informal gatherings) in her home video entitled *Thirsty*. If you find the madam's use of waste water making you gag, best skip the video's *piece de resistance* which occurs an hour later. Squatting over a silver platter, the Thirsty Gal crams bananas up her rectum and vaginal passage while moaning, "Bananas - UP MY ASS! Bananas - IN MY CUNT!" and then squeezes the fruit out on the plate and hungrily eats it.

Emerging from the netherworld of amateur, shot-on-video porn, the provocative, highly illegal (Yes, community standards forbid you to record certain things utilizing your own bodily fluids!) *Thirsty* films never disappoint. This permanently parched gal has starred in a whole series of videos documenting her love for the yellow river. Her videos, *Sexstreams I & II* and *Tubes I, II and III* are consistently innovative and yes, perversely entertaining.

The only information to be found on these tapes are the titles which are typewritten on adhesive labels. The cheapest of these videos cost sixty dollars and can only be obtained by long-term mail order customers that adult film retailers decide are ready for that something different. My tapes were donated to me by a charitable gentleman who needed someone with which to share his interest in the grotesque. In certain catalogs, the lady in question is listed as "Scarlet" and the sometimes participating cameraman is referred to as "Mr. Scratch" (although we can hear the cameraman say at one point, "Come on, Veronica, do your tricks!"). The suburban tract home in which these whizz operas occur are festooned with framed photographs of the Thirsty Gal with her children (a child is heard coughing off screen during a prolonged piss session on one tape) giving rise to unhealthy notions as to what your neighbors do behind their firmly locked doors.

What raises the Thirsty Gal's tapes above most projects of this type lies in her bizarre monologues. On one tape, our Gal is sitting at a desk. "I'm bored," she says in her flat, Lily Tomlin-like drone, "Better bring out my toy. I've filed it under 'T' for 'Toys'" she continues while proceeding to roll a hair curler from a drawer. "Every girl has a toy like this at home. They can curl their hair or they can FUCK WITH IT!" Thirsty squeals while placing the machinery of joy in her obvious.

These tapes serve as the ultimate ice-breaker at parties; their brain-damaged nature cannot help but generate lively discussion and outraged exclamations. "My, their house must stink!" "Aaaah! Her white suede shoes have pee stains on them!" "Aaaaaa! She's, she's sticking her head down the toilet and look at what she's doing with that turkey baster! Aaaaaaaah!" Screening these films has resulted in the banishment of my friends and me from certain soirees, but it's these peoples' loss, not ours. To us, the Thirsty Gal will always be "Number One" in the sexual underworld, her infinitely grittier work being of far greater import and interest than that of cult bondage goddess Betty Page. And we can only hope that if someone like Andres Serrano can secure ten thousand dollars for sticking a crucifix in a bottle of piss,then this Thirsty Gal is at least recompensed with a warm meal for all her wet work.

HOWL OF THE DEVIL

[d] Paul Naschy [1988]

by Erik Sulev

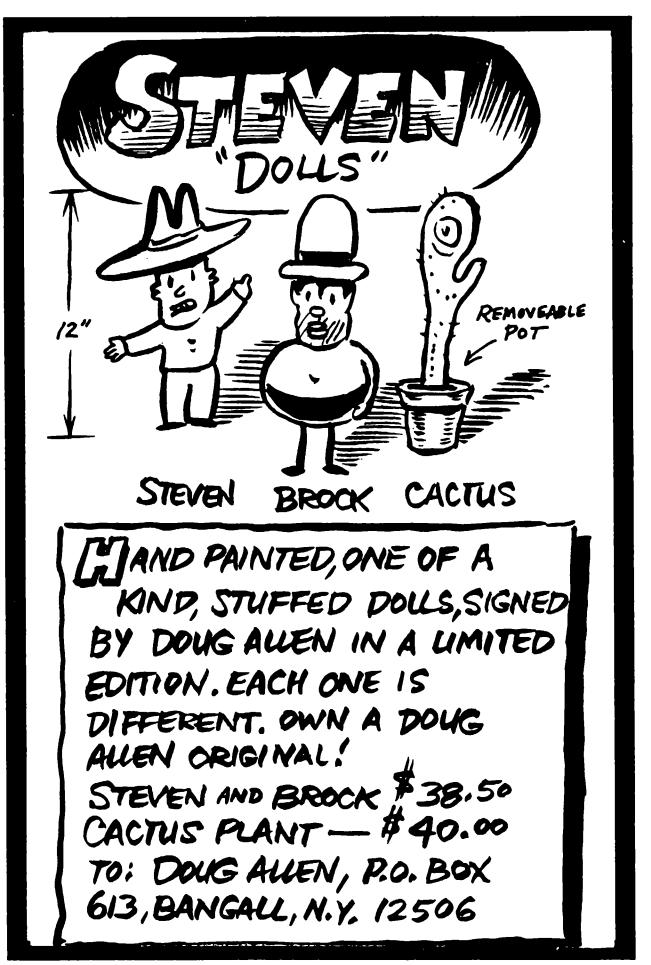
As fans of Spain's Paul Naschy know, the man has been having more than his fair share of health trouble lately. Several heart attacks and major surgery even led to a recent (false) rumor that Naschy had died, finally succumbing to a massive cardiac arrest. After seeing Naschy's last horror opus and possible swan song to the cinematic field, I've discovered the source of his heart problems: all the nubiles that the old guy fucks throughout the film! Clearly exerting both his directorial power and heart to the fullest, Naschy has every woman in *Howl* tied up, drugged and stripped to await his amorous ministrations while he dresses up as famous villains like Rasputin, Bluebeard and Fu Manchu. Even the still-lovely star, Caroline Munro, ends up in the sack with Hector Doriani, the devious character that Naschy plays. A word of advice, Paul: calm your libido down a touch and you may live to create another masterpiece.

Simply stated, *Howl of the Devil* is a must see for any horror fan. Video Search's new subtitled version of this film makes the very twisted and very funny plot coherent for all of us unilingual North Americans. As already mentioned, Naschy plays Hector Doriani (as well as a dozen villains and monsters), the washed up theatrical actor and brother of deceased horror-trash film superstar Alex. Jealous of his brother's huge popular success, Hector vents his fury on his nephew Adrian who is often able to escape by retreating to a fantasy world where horror's most famous monsters come to visit him. In the real world, Adrian and former necrophilliac and faithful, black-magic practicing butler Erik (Euro-trash favorite Howard Vernon) are conspiring to bring Alex back from the dead so they can be reunited once again and destroy the treacherous Hector.

An incredible mixture of over-the-top black humor, gleeful depictions of gore, and inspired misogyny, *Howl of the Devil* (thankfully) never knows when to quit! Over flowing with sex, monsters, mysterious killings,

The director of Howl Of The Devil, Paul Naschy

lustful priests, numerous references to Naschy's own career and attacks on his hoity-toity critics as well as a grotesque nipple tearing and an appearance by the Devil himself and his son, the Anti-Christ (really!), *Howl* indescribably veers from one extreme to another. It could have been a complete and utter mess, but instead it is one of the more entertaining films I've seen recently. All I can say is see the thing and send Paul a get-well-soon card so he can churn out a worthy successor to this one! No disappointments here folks: I've been left speechless. (Available at Video Search of Miami).



BEYOND THE DOORS

(d) Larry Buchanan (1970)

by Stately Wayne Manor

A charlatan, a fraud, a know-nothing: I am all of these things. As a former future rock star I used to arrogantly believe I was somewhat of an expert on the 1965-80 musical period. Now I hang my head in shame.

In my youth I idolized Jimi Hendrix, learned everything I could about the man and his band. When queried by musicians and journalists, I still single out Hendrix's drummer, Mitch Mitchell, as the stick man who most influenced my playing style. Yet until I saw this movie, I was unaware that Mitch had a Moe Howard haircut and a thick mustache, wore disco suits on stage and looked remarkably like Janis Joplin's drummer, nor did I know that Experience bassist Noel Redding was so talented he could lay down the bottom without moving his fretting hand.

Here's another startling fact: with the exception of Jim Morrison the musicians on the Doors' album covers were stand-ins for the real band members. First off, percussionist John Densmore also could have passed for Mitchell (with a glued-on beard). Secondly, Ray Manzarek was not a clean-shaven bespectacled Farfisa organist but rather another mustachioed guy who fingered a Hammond. And, although his double was thin and wiry-haired, the authentic Robby Kreiger resembled Brian Wilson and occasionally picked an acoustic guitar in concert.

How did I acquire this knowledge? By watching *Beyond The Doors* which used to be known as *Down On Us* until the Doors revival made Morrison a more popular martyr than Joplin. (I guess it'll be retitled *I Don't Live Today* during the next Hendrix boom).

But wait, the above revelations are only the tip of the iceberg. Did you know the Nixon regime, fearing the influence of these rockers, had Jimi, Janis and Jimbo bumped off by FBI operatives . . . and they may have failed to fold the Lizard King?

Credit director/screenwriter Larry Buchanan as the courageous man responsible for going public with these startling disclosures. You simply can't doubt the auteur who gave us the near-documentary *Zontar, Thing From Venus.*

Victor Buono and Diane Sayer in The Strangler

(Author's note: Hmm, Larry made a movie with a Morrison character and one about the JFK assassination several years before a certain Mr. O. Stone did the same. *Brutarian* demands an explanation, Ollie.)

Sorry to break it to you this way, fans, but Jimi was induced to suffocation in the back of a Bureau ambulance (in England), Janis died from drinking a "screwdriver" made with a spiked orange, and Jim, feeling the bad vibes, actually faked his death in order to move into a Spanish monastery where he died of lung ailments in 1974. Hev-eee!

Granted, it's a bit tough to believe Sixties musicians indulged in drug abuse and promiscuity. And as far as government agencies acting outside the law - methinks Mr. Buchanan is pulling our middle legs.

Nonetheless, forgive Larry for taking a touch of artistic license. After all, he did hip us to heretofore unknown facts such as: Morrison never asked his wife her name; the Plastercastes were British chicks Hendrix first met after the 1970 Isle Of Wight concert; Joplin, crying how no one loved her ten weeks earlier, was about to be married the weekend of her OD; and, Spanish monks speak with a New Yawk accent.

So here I sit, a guy who once had the audacity to consider himself enlightened, exposed as a mere neophyte. I hang my head in shame.

THE STRANGLER

(d) Burt Topper (1964)

When you look at Victor Buono, you find it almost impossible not to think of anything other than how incredibly obese he is. But if you really watch him, you'll discover an actor of considerable grace and subtlety. Buono, who died in 1982 at the age of only forty-three, didn't appear in many films; most people remember him only for his buffoonish turns as King Tut in television's short-lived *Batman* series. When he did make one of his infrequent appearances however, he usually stole the show. Nominated in his initial big-screen appearance for a particularly mean spirited performance in *Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?* (1962), Buono went on to distinguish himself in pictures like *Hush Hush . . . Sweet Charlotte* (1965) and *Arnold* (1973) as well as trash on the order of *The Silencers* (1966) and *The Mad Butcher* (1974). *The Strangler* was the rotund actor's only headlining role and Buono, perhaps knowing that his physical appearance would not present him with similar opportunities, made the most of it. In lesser hands, the role of a homicidal psychopath whose subconscious hatred for his mother compels him to murder attractive women could easily have degenerated into cliche, but Buono invests his bravura performance with just the right measure of pathos and pomposity, creating in the process, an unforgettable character that manages to arouse both our sympathies as well as our disgust. Buono also does a remarkable job of miming in his murder scenes, contorting his sweaty, doughy face in such a marvelous way that the psychosexual passion underlining his dementia is clearly brought home. It's amazing that no one has noticed just how liberally Anthony Shaffer's screenplay for Hitchcock's *Frenzy* (1972) borrows from our overweight friend's performance.

Ellen (Grandma Walton) Corby is also quite effective as Buono's pathologically possessive mother. Talk about a harridan from hell, Corby's idea of maternal devotion is to coquettishly ask her son to lie with her on her hospital bed and then tenderly and earnestly implore him to forget about girls as only she could love a fat, homely "funny" little man like himself. Listening to Corby for even a moment, any moment, leaves little doubt to the genesis of her son's madness. Eventually, Buono, deciding he's had enough, kills her, although you'll wonder, as I did, just why the hell it took him thirty years to do it.

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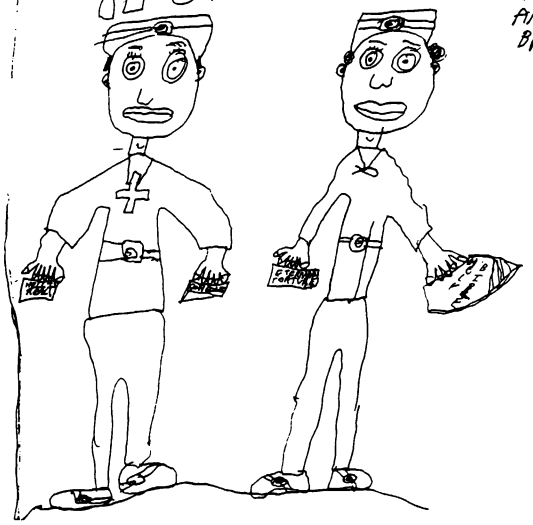
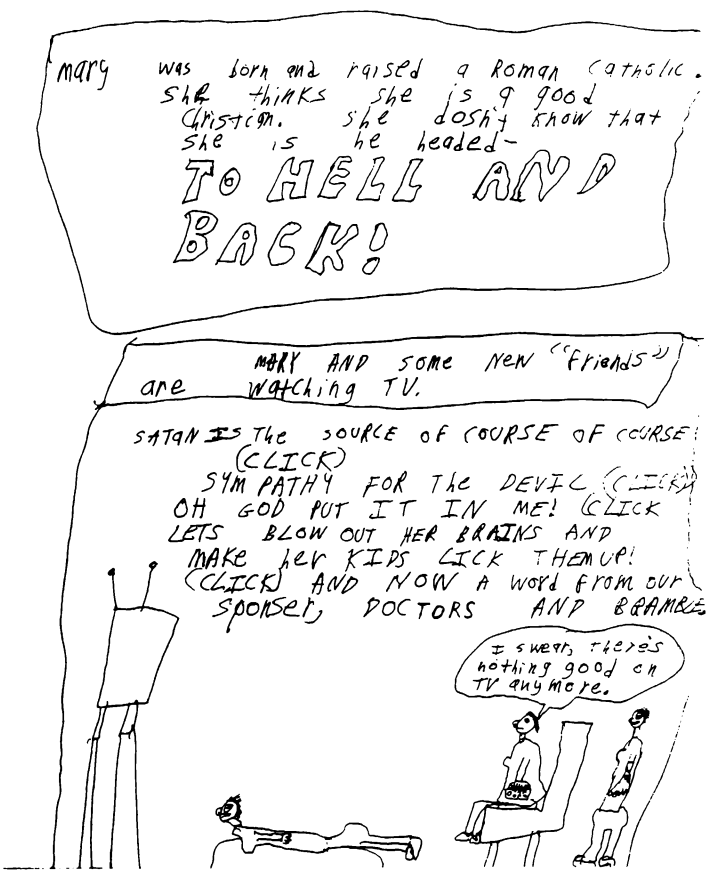
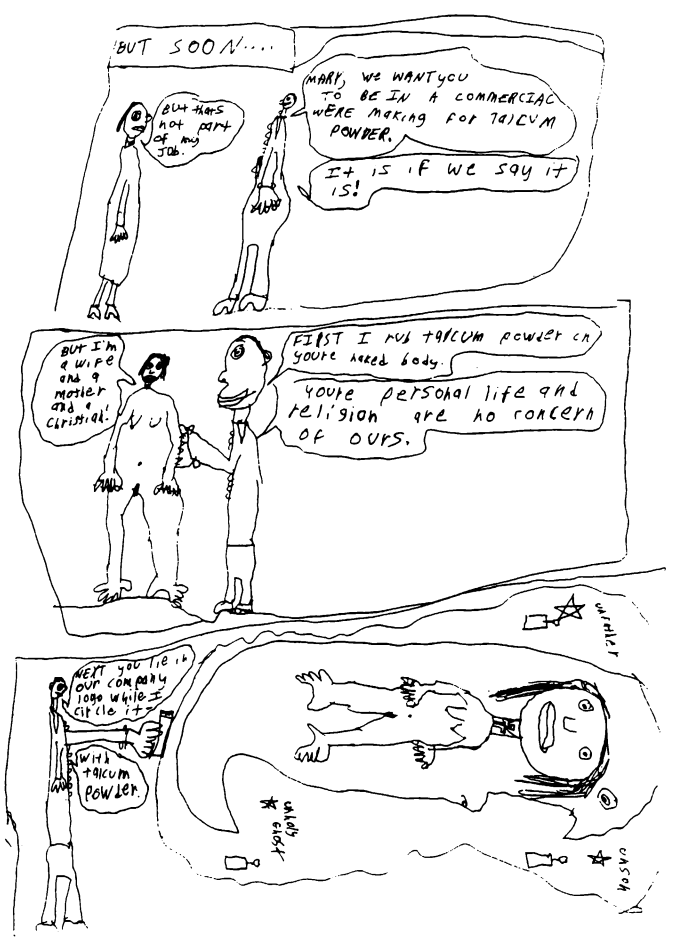
THE WITCH HUNTERS

IN: TO HELL AND BACK



OUR THANKS TO FORMER SATAN WORSHIPERS WHO PROVIDED US WITH THE COMPLETELY TRUE AND ACCURATE INFORMATION ON WHICH THIS WAS BASED.

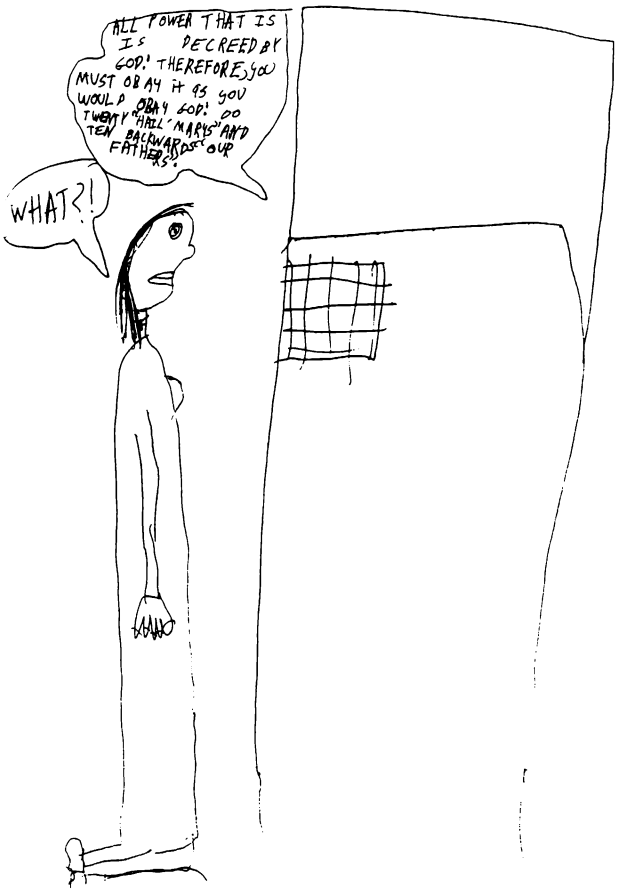



BUT SOON....
but that's not part of my job.
MARY, we WANT you TO BE IN A COMMERCIAL WE'RE making for TALCUM POWDER.
It is if we say it is!
BUT I'm a wife and a mother and a christian!
FIRST I rub talcum powder on your naked body.
your personal life and religion are no concern of ours.
UNFATHER
NEXT you tie it in our company logo while I circle it.
with talcum POWDER.
UNHOLY GHOST
UNSON

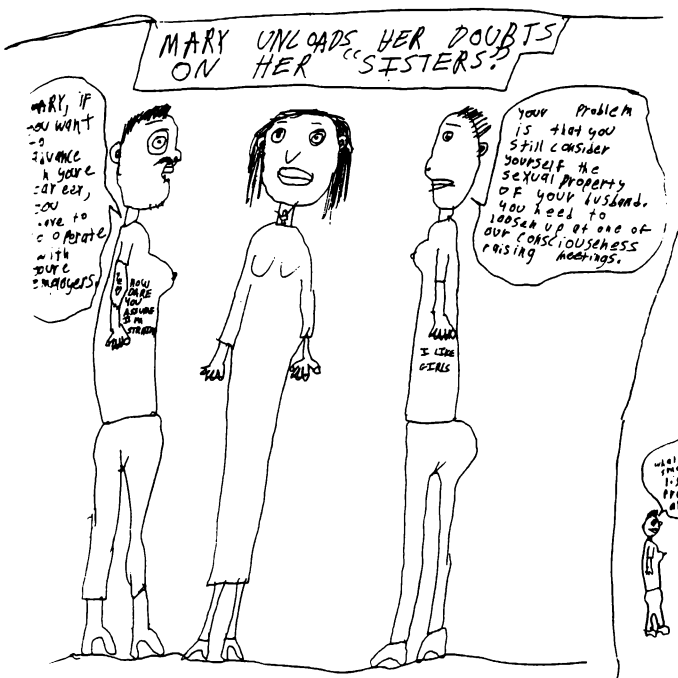
UNFATHER
(GASP) NO! DON'T!
UNSON
UNHOLY GHOST

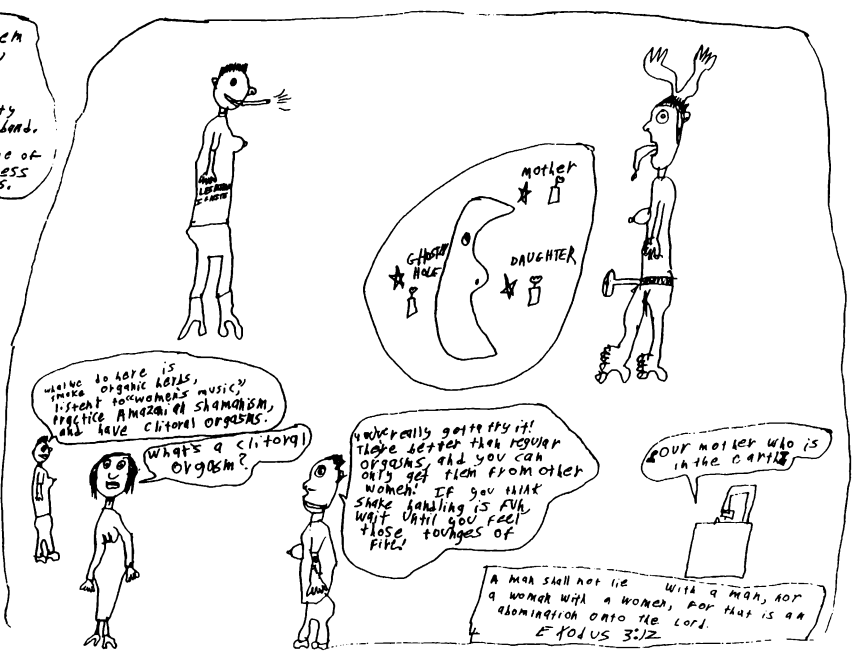
UNFATHER
PLEASE! STOP!
(GRUNT) OUR Father WHO Art in HELL,...
UNSON
UNHOLY GHOST

THAT SUNDAY, MARY HAS PLENTY TO CONFESS.
so father, have I sinned?
yes. your sin was in resisting your employers.


ALL POWER THAT IS IS DECREED BY GOD! THEREFORE, YOU MUST OBEY IT AS YOU WOULD OBEY GOD! DO TWENTY "HAIL MARYS" AND TEN BACKWARDS "OUR FATHERS."
WHAT?!

AMEN FOREVER GLORY THE AND POWER THE AND KINGDOM THE IS THINE FOR...
I'M SO CONFUSED!
MARY


MARY UNLOADS HER DOUBTS ON HER "SISTERS"
MARY, IF YOU WANT TO ADVANCE IN YOUR CAREER, YOU HAVE TO COOPERATE WITH YOUR MANAGERS.
YOUR PROBLEM IS THAT YOU STILL CONSIDER YOURSELF THE SEXUAL PROPERTY OF YOUR HUSBAND. YOU NEED TO LOOSEN UP AT ONE OF OUR CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING MEETINGS.
I LIKE GIRLS


WHAT'S A CLITORAL ORGASM?
MOTHER
GHOSTLY HOLE
DAUGHTER
A MAN SHALL NOT LIE WITH A MAN, NOR A WOMAN WITH A WOMEN, FOR THAT IS AN ABOMINATION UNTO THE LORD.
EXODUS 3:12

Wild Wives
Charles Willeford
Re/Search (1956/1987)

Charles Willeford's third novel, an insidious send-up of the hard-boiled school of fiction, asks the question: How dumb can a man get and still go on living? The answer, if you're private investigator Jacob C. Blake: maybe until your late thirties.

Blake asks the aforementioned question half-jestingly near the end of the book but by that time the reader has come to the conclusion that Willeford's protagonist is one of the most obtuse gumshoes ever to set foot on the mean streets of pulp noir. And no, I'm not exaggerating. Just listen to this. First, Blake gets involved with a client named Florence Weintraub, a hot dame, I grant you, but a client nevertheless and if you learn only one thing working as a PI, it's that you never ever get emotionally wrapped-up with your employer. If you do, it leads invariably to only one thing: trouble. Which leads us to point two: Blake getting into trouble. Turns out that Florence is not, as she originally let on, the daughter of one of the richest and most powerful men in the city but his wife, a wife of fairly long-standing as a matter of fact. And the husband trusts Flo about as far as he can throw her, which is why he has two goons following her every move, another fact Flo has misrepresented to our erstwhile hero.

Now about this time most people would cut their losses and run, but not Blake, not this dick; he decides to play it out. Nothing is going to make him leave, not the two goons roughing him up, not the danger posed by the very well-connected husband, not even the fact that Flo with her wild mood swings, her constant lying, her licentious behavior bordering on nymphomania, appears more than a little unstable.

I know, I know, you're probably wondering how a guy this hard-headed manages to make a living as a detective. Well, one of the fascinating things about *Wild Wives* is that Willeford invests his shamus with all the superficial attributes of the hard-boiled hero. Blake is a fast-talking, wise-cracking, tough guy who handles, guns, women and bruisers with equal aplomb. What Blake can't seem to get a handle on though is himself: he's vain, cocksure, possesses an inordinate weakness for women, and has a real mean streak. These defects of character make it almost impossible for him to make cool, reasoned decisions and because of this, Blake finds himself in one jam after another.

But, this is the reason Willeford's short, clever novel works. Because Blake is the "narrator," we subconsciously tag him as trustworthy. When you add to this the fact that Blake talks like the quintessential hard-boiled dick, it is almost impossible to see him as anything other than invulnerable. Willeford knows this and so he exploits it, allowing his gumshoe to make a series of decisions early in the novel that, although backfiring, seem only like bad luck. It is not until we are well into *Wild Wives* and Blake is in deep, deep trouble that we realize Willeford has tricked us, that this "bad luck" was, and will always be the inevitable consequence of disastrous choices made by a fatally-flawed character. Of course, the irony behind all of this is that Willeford's hero, or anti-hero if you will, must nevertheless continue to speak to us in relatively assured tones. Like many such narrators in more famous modern novels, Blake is a man who thinks he understands himself and what is going on around him but in reality hasn't a clue about either. This is the reason, I believe, Willeford originally titled this book *Until I Am Dead*, because when you're as big a sap as Blake, only death can bring about the understanding, the knowledge, of what a fool you really are.

Human Shrapnel
Bill Shields
2.13.61 Publications (1991)

There are no words for it really: travesty, outrage, injustice, crime. All are inadequate in describing the cowardly act of politicians sending young men off to fight wars. Some come back but something in them changes, usually for the worse, and some, like Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfred Owen and now Bill Shields, manage to shape their troubled dreams and dark thoughts into powerful and moving poetry.

Bill Shields was a Navy SEAL who fought on the front lines in the Vietnam war. Wounded too many times to count, watching both friend and enemy die too many times to count, decorated a number of times that weren't worth counting, he returned home to small town friends "smirking behind state college degrees" and strangers sticking their middle fingers in his face and calling him "asshole." Despite this, Bill let the "war lick [his] guts quietly" until the death of his six year old daughter from dioxin (Agent Orange) poisoning found him at a "typewriter pound[ing] pure fire."

With the editorial advice of Henry Rollins, Bill has ripped a few pages from what appears to be a chronicle of a never-ending season in hell by one of the damned:

A man alive unforgiven to himself
pounding down the years of his life
All those dead from the Nam have
eaten his stomach
beaten his children
and held a gun to his waiting mouth

But what is it that Bill cannot forgive himself for? The broken marriage, the alienated children, the impoverished life, the estrangement from sister and mother, the peacetime arrests, the thousand and one general fuck-ups? No, it is the fact "... that I could kill so many so easily ...The shame skins a man alive and hangs him in the sun."

There is some humor, grim humor, here, but there is mostly horror; horror, bitterness and anger . . . and the sanguinary images that haunt Shield's dreams and invade his thoughts. In the poems these images come at you from everywhere, and they often take you by surprise, like a flare suddenly shot off in the inky blackness of a tropical night. The language is simple, deceptively simple, every word ringing true and stamped with the imprimatur of sweaty, delirious struggle. Shield's themes - failure, fear of encroaching madness, self-loathing, the meaninglessness of civilian life versus the supercharged reality of the front lines - and the analogous feelings of loss, anger and betrayal they evoke, are likewise, fairly simple; nevertheless, they hit home like a sledgehammer to the head. Editor Rollins states that he has a difficult time reading more than a few of these poems at a time and after pouring through *Human Shrapnel* a few times, I have to reluctantly agree. These poems hurt, and its the kind of hurt that doesn't go away after closing a book.

Still, underneath the anger that suffuses so much of this work, there is a mournful, almost elegiac tone of resignation, a sense that a terrible trial has been undergone leaving the poet with nothing but a "bellyful of poison" and the notion of having outlived his time. And perhaps for a man who "understood dying at 19/but not the living after" and who trusts . . . "my dead teenage friends/more than a wife/or my children . . ." this might be true; but a man who felt only that would not have written *Human Shrapnel*. In all probability, he wouldn't have written anything at all. Things may never be "all clear" for Bill Shields, but ironically it's that quality that gives these poems their terrible beauty.

The M.D.
Thomas M. Disch
Berkley (1992)

The M.D. arrives in paperback as one of the most celebrated horror novels in recent memory, bearing encomiums from Stephen King, Dean R. Koontz and all the major news services. King flat out calls the book one of the best horror-fantasy novels he's ever read.

Not having read an inordinate number of horror-fantasy novels, I can only conclude after reading Mr. Disch's book, that this hybrid genre must contain few works of merit inasmuch as *The M.D.* is, in its best moments, never more than moderately entertaining. And the novel's last one-hundred and fifty pages, wherein Disch attempts to transmogrify what has been to that point a small-scale tale of terror, into a chiliastic epic, is a disaster: a poorly plotted, jumbled mess.

Disch's story concerns a young boy named Billy Michaels who has the misfortune to have the devil disguised as the God Mercury visit him in order to bestow a gift: a magic caduceus which will grant the wish of its owner every time it is picked up. There are several catches, however. The first is that all wishes or spells must be spoken aloud in rhymed couplets. Secondly, once cast, a spell can never be reversed or ameliorated. And finally, Mercury, tricky devil that he is, requires that the holder of the caduceus observe the fundamental law of physics in its use - every action requires an equal and opposite reaction. Or in laymen's terms, for every good deed Billy performs, he must perform one equally bad. If he doesn't, the caduceus, which acts something like a battery, will run down and become virtually useless.

Of course, should Billy decide to engage in nothing but acts of malfeasance, the caduceus will only grow in power. As a six year old boy, easily frustrated and annoyed like most children, Billy is only too happy to use his magic wand to punish anyone who displeases him. The first thing he does will surprise no one who has ever suffered under the hegemony of an older brother: Billy turns his into an immobile, drooling vegetable. The hatefulness of this act and the horrible repercussions it has for his parents, effect genuine remorse in Billy and so he begins to use the caduceus, which is now highly charged, for good. But we know beyond a shadow of a doubt that a boy who can so effortlessly and horribly punish his brother, will sooner or later let his anger get the better of him and make somebody pay.

While killing time between Billy's magical outrages, Disch does a decent job of charting the maturation of his anti-hero's heart and mind and building tension and anxiety in the reader; you're never really sure when the little beast is going to psychically implode. Moreover, Disch has a clever imagination, a decidedly wicked one in fact, and as Billy grows into adolescence, you'll find, in spite of the rather uninteresting characters that people the book, that your curiosity has gotten the better of you and so you've hung in there for about three hundred pages.

The real problem - even for the most indiscriminating horror fan - is the final section of *M.D.* in which Disch attempts to open things up with an end of the world scenario. I suppose if Disch had bothered to flesh out this section with a few more telling details in order to create a palpably dissolute atmosphere, it might have worked, but I doubt it. The strength, the heart of Disch's narrative resides in the character of Billy, in his interactions with his environment, in his thoughts and observations and not in the consequences of his actions. In shifting to the latter two thirds of the way into the novel, Disch dissipates the tension and disquiet he has worked so hard to build and so, loses the reader. You haven't come this far to read about an aids-like plague and the concomitant development of a police state; you want to stay inside the mind of Billy, to walk around a little, to see and feel what he's like as an adult. But you never really get the chance and you finish *The M.D.* feeling cheated.

England's Dreaming - Anarchy, Sex Pistols, Punk Rock, And Beyond

Jon Savage

St. Martins Press (1992)

To hear Jon Savage tell it in this revisionist chronicle, you'd think the English punk rock movement, as well as the Sex Pistols, sprang full blown from the head of Malcolm McLaren. Nonsense. No cultural revolution can ever be said to be the handiwork of a single man, and the youthful rebellion that came to full bloom in England in 1977 was no exception. There were a number of factors that led to punk's ascendancy in UK pop culture, chief among them the bankrupt economic system with its ruinous inflation and high unemployment particularly among working class youths under the age of twenty-five. And even those who could find work were doomed, thanks to a fairly rigid class structure, to "careers" that provided little opportunity for advancement and paid next to nothing (cf Mike Brake, *The Sociology Of Youth And Youth Subculture*).

So you had a large mass of bored, disaffected youth looking for kicks, for excitement, for something to stir up their otherwise dull, monochromatic lives. And with a pop culture dominated by the likes of aging rock dinosaurs like Yes and the Rolling Stones and the polyester couture of disco, there was simply nothing to engage the heart or the mind. But there was something going on in New York, something new and very different. There was the minimalist rock of the leather jacketed Ramones, the acidulous ravings of Richard Hell, the visionary, improvisational stylings of non-musician Patti Smith exhorting her audience to "seize the possibilities," and many others, all playing a decidedly non-commercial music, all dressing in unique, highly idiosyncratic styles.

Malcolm McLaren had nothing to do with any of this: he neither articulated the socio-economic problems confronting lower class British youth, nor did he introduce them to the sounds and styles of the rock revolution emanating from the other side of the Atlantic. As for the Sex Pistols, well, they may have not been calling themselves that before McLaren stumbled upon them, but half of what were to become the Pistols were already hard at work trying to fashion a sound as a four-piece band called The Strand (after the popular Roxy Music hit). There was Steve Jones - who eventually became the Pistols' lead guitarist - a talentless singer who founded the band in an effort to keep himself out of jail (Steve was an accomplished thief whose specialty was breaking and entering but not so accomplished that he hadn't earned a rap sheet as long as your arm). And there was Paul Cook, drummer and apprentice electrician who joined mainly because he was a friend of Jones. McLaren can properly be given credit for finding the band bassist Glen Matlock who would go on to compose most of the Pistols' music, and for pushing Johnny Rotten into the group and for hitting on the name but that was about it. The sound and fury Rotten and his mates were subsequently to make was all their own doing and the bands that sprang up in the Pistols' riotous wake owed nothing, contrary to what Savage contends, to the machinations of McLaren. The Pistols showed burgeoning groups like the Subway Sect and the Clash that even if you couldn't really play your instruments, if you wanted to make music badly enough, you could, and moreover, if you were pissed off enough, nobody could really stop you from making the kind of clamor you wanted anywhere you wanted. This wasn't a novel idea. Patti Smith and the Ramones to name just two of the habitues of CBGBs had, through their music, been saying this for quite some time. The Sex Pistols though, were the first ones in England to run with this idea. And in many ways, Johnny Rotten was the catalyst. "It wasn't to do with Malcom," Savage quotes filmmaker Julien Temple speaking about the Pistols, "the anger and the energy were totally his [Rotten's]. That was the best thing about the Pistols . . . [it] was a very strange, surreal time when people were excited beyond all expectation. That's what [he] was tapping into."

John Lydon, Steve Jones, Sid Vicious and Paul Cook

So where does McLaren fit into all this? Did British Punk, as Savage postulates, begin at 430 King's Road, the home of McLaren's little clothing shop he provocatively chose to call Sex? I suppose you could make an argument for that claim as McLaren did "discover" the members of the Pistols while they were hanging out at his boutique. Savage would have you believe though, that Rotten and company as well as the clothing sold in Sex (later Seditionaries) were all a part of a master plan that was designed to give birth to a revolution. Savage even goes so far as to give credit to McLaren and his girlfriend Vivenne Westwood for the lyrics to "Anarchy In the UK!"

This is simply nonsense. What McLaren actually did was appropriate the fashions and style associated with the New York punk underground - ripped clothing, t-shirts emblazoned with incendiary statements, safety-pinned shirts and jackets, leatherware, spiked hair, and neo-Nazi designs - and sell them to British kids as creations of his own devise. Certainly, many of the youths who frequented the shop were unaware of McLaren's pilferage, but many more were not. After all, the New York underground scene was already the hottest topic going in rock circles and the sartorial looks of the Ramones, Hell, Smith et al. were not unknown. McLaren may have been the only one selling the style and he may have given musicians and others attracted to the rebellious attitudes his fashions represented a chance to hang out in his shop but this does not "prove" that he "invented" punk. In fact, the booming and largely autonomous punk scenes in Glasgow, Liverpool and most noticeably, Manchester, as well as the British record sales for the New York underground bands suggest that a "punk" movement was already forming. McLaren may have inadvertently help speed things up a bit but the punk revolution was inevitable (cf Tricia Henry -

Break All The Rules: Punk Rock and The Making of a Style).

Of course, the strongest argument for McLaren's larger-than-life status in the British punk movement was his "management" of the Sex Pistols. If there would have been no British punk without the Pistols the argument goes, then certainly there would have been no punk without McLaren, the band's manager. But was he really a "manager" in the normal sense of the term? Was he a mover and shaker, along the lines of a Brian Epstein? A man who could not only seize the moment but create them? The facts, even as alleged by Savage, contradict this notion. Then there are the statements of the Pistols themselves which tend to show that McLaren was a "manager" in name only, and something less than an agent provocateur, or an aide de camp. If anything, these statements show McLaren to be a mismanager, a shameless opportunist who took all the credit for the Pistols' success and ran and hid when things got tough.

"It's fashionable to believe that Malcolm McLaren dictates to us but that's just not true." Savage quotes Johnny Rotten as saying. "What really amuses me about Malcom is the way they say he controls the press: Media manipulator. The point of it all is that he did nothing: he just sat back and let them garble out their own rubbish."

Readers of *England's Dreaming* will most likely find themselves, after being given innumerable accounts of McLaren's mystifying refusal to act in crisis situations or to take advantage of situations, in agreement with Rotten despite Savage's protestations to the contrary.

"He didn't instigate situations, that was our own doing." This is Paul Cook speaking. "There was never any blueprint, as people now believe, that Malcolm sat down and planned it in advance. He was more of a band breaker than a band manager."

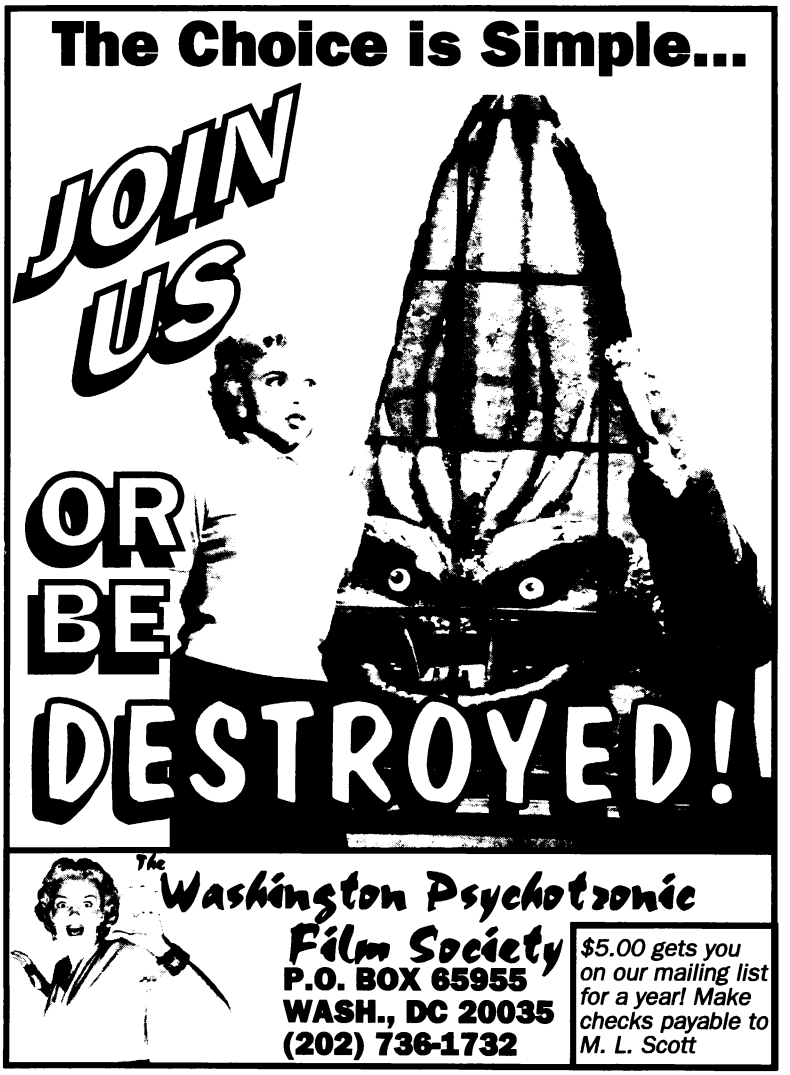
Here's the truth: Malcolm McLaren was and still is, a talentless poseur and a fool. If one needed evidence outside his tangential involvement with the Pistols and the punk movement, the briefest glance at his career since then would suffice. There was the wretched movie, *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle*, from which he first had the legendary Russ Meyer fired and then the talented Jonathan Kaplan (who turned the script he wrote for the movie into the magnificent *Over The Edge*) so he could take over artistic control. There were a few banal LPs which are primarily remembered today for their ludicrous pastiches of rap and musically incongruous styles such as square dance and opera (Remember "Buffalo Gals" and the LP Fans?). And that's it folks. That's all he has to show for over a decade of work.

And where is Malcolm today? Well, he's putting his genius to good use making commercials for tuna and orange juice manufacturers.

But if any one needed assurance that Johnny Rotten was the Sex Pistols and in many ways the embodiment of the British punk movement itself, one would only have to give a cursory listen to his hilariously incendiary work with the various incarnations of Public Image. Rotten, who has been using his paternal name, Lydon, ever since he left the Pistols, has promised a Christmas book on the subject of punk rock history absent "the same old tired lies." Even if Rotten nee Lydon chooses to write a hagiography concerning himself, it would be far closer to the truth than *England's Dreaming*.

Despite the wrongheadedness of so much of this, Savage often writes wittily and entertainingly; his analysis of the philosophical and sociological underpinnings of this aborted revolution is particularly trenchant and is often filled with flashes of brilliant insight. Savage is also blessed with a sharp eye for telling detail and a fine ear for the acerbic bon mot. It's just a shame that he didn't take the advice he gave to the reader early in the book when he warned: "The power of McLaren's account of events means that people are inclined to accept as facts events which he himself will admit are embellishments of the truth."

Had he done so, he might have given us the definitive story of punk rock in the United Kingdom.



Sex Work: Writings By Women In The Sex Industry

eds. Frederique Delacoste & Priscilla Alexander

Cleis Press (1987)

If you've ever entertained the notion that stripping or hooking is a glamorous profession, *Sex Work* will forever disabuse you of it. For what you will hear emerging from this chorus of women's voices is the sound of contempt and boredom; contempt for an industry that offers little in the way of respect or monetary compensation and boredom with the stultifying routine that characterizes most "sex" work. There are only a few exceptions. Delacoste and Alexander's purpose in choosing their articles was an attempt to show the "diversity in the work and experience of [these] working women." Toward that end, they have managed to find stable and successful individuals like porn actress Nina Hartley and professional dominatrix Lilith Lash who were willing to jot a few quick lines about their lives and loves. But all too often the words, like those of fifty-five-year old novice prostitute Phyllis Luman Metal, ring hollow or just simply resound with bitterness, despair and yes, shame. As a man, I could be accused of taking a prejudicial view, of being hidebound, of writing this short review on a basis of parti pris, but what am I supposed to make of this from published poet and ex-hooker Jean Johnston: "I am an alien/to the men a pussy, a cunt, a bitch a cocksucker/to the women a whore with lumps of semen still sticking to my tongue." Or this, from writer and "practitioner of Earth religions" Rosie Summers: "Maybe someday heterosexual sex won't be considered something that a woman does for a man in exchange for money, dinner and wine, or a lifetime job as a housewife. Maybe someday we'll all treat each other with respect and dignity."

Look, there are a lot of assholes out there, people who want to put you down and turn you around regardless of whether you are a man or a woman. If you act like a victim, you're going to be treated like one and no matter how much you bitch and moan about it, nothing in your life is going to change. And this is what makes *Sex Work* so uninteresting; it's just one long jeremiad over the evils of patriarchal society and the brute lusts of men, and after awhile it all becomes pretty tedious. The fact that the majority of the book (the "In The Life" section) is either poorly or uninspiredly written does not help matters any. Haven't the gals editing this book ever heard of poets being the unacknowledged legislators of the world? Haven't they learned that if you want to arouse people's passions, to inspire righteous indignation, that you have to do it with powerful and evocative prose, with transcendent prosody? Nothing turns a person off more quickly than a repetitive lecture, even if that lecture is noble in aim and truthful in content. *Sex Work* has a laudable goal - to end much of the pain, violence and abuse practiced by and directed at those working in the sex industry - and it tells many truths, but it is boring. This most likely was the cause for double printing thirty-two of the book's pages and the omission of a number of chapters: the numbing sameness of the writing put the editors to sleep.

On The Yard

Malcolm Braly

Penguin Books (1967)

Meet Chilly Willy, Nunn and Society Red, the group that runs the yard, the heavily guarded and enclosed, football-sized black-top serving as recreation area and hangout for the prisoners of San Quentin. Chilly is the brains of the outfit having made a fortune booking and selling amphetamine-soaked cotton cut from nasal inhalers. In prison, as in life, money buys influence, and Chilly uses his green to buy off a few guards and pay a number of inmates to do his dirty work for him. Nunn, a three time loser, is loosely speaking, Chilly's lieutenant and press agent; he gets the word out on the yard. Almost all of the inmates think of Society Red as little more than a clown and a go-fer, but for Chilly and the reader he's a touchstone, a holy fool and when Chilly ignores him, he does so at his own peril, as when he insists on taking out Juleson, an intellectual and one of the warden's favorites, over a delinquent debt involving a few boxes of cigarettes. Incensed, the warden places a beautiful, young homosexual stoolie in Chilly's cell hoping that the years of enforced celibacy will have weakened the devotedly heterosexual inmate's reserve to such an extent that he will succumb to his new cellmate's advances.

All of this, though, is merely the bare bones of Braly's book which is, at its heart, concerned with conveying the reality of prison life: the tedium, the banality, the violence hidden in its secret heart. *On The Yard* has been compared with the work of Solzhenitsyn, Genet and Dostoyevsky but none of those writers to my mind, were able to convey, the mindless indifference, the numbing vacuousness, the grim, almost idiot resignation - as opposed to the poetic quality of despair that suffuses the works of a Genet or Oscar Wilde - of Braly's prison. Which is not to imply that Braly is an unaccomplished writer, far from it, his novel possesses a fluid, understated poetic style, a sophisticated narrative that effectively employs flashbacks, interior monologue, prison jargon and rather complex plotting and a number of timeless yet ineffable themes that would, at first blush, seem to be hopelessly out of place in a work of this kind. It may seem cheap to say of a book written by an ex-con that it has the feel of lived reality but it would be a grave injustice to the writer of this marvelous and unsettling book to fail to mention this. Supposedly, prison officials discouraged Braly from working on this book, but then, how could they not? For while *On The Yard* tells us many things, profound and disturbing things, perhaps the most important of these is the revelation of brutality as the organizing principle behind a system the espoused intent of which is the "reform" of the brutal.

The devastating results of this approach are as inevitable as they are intentional. The escapist intellectual, Juleson, is destroyed by his own denial and misplaced heroism. Manning, the "child molester," is demoralized and nullified by pathetic hopes for absolution in a society where "good deeds" are of no relevence. Others fall victim to psychotic delusions, random violence and numbing boredom. And in the book's final irony and central thesis, Chilly Willy, cold and imperturbable, his organization a microcosm of ruling social and economic principles in the outside world, is undermined by that insidious cripler of fascist resolve, the feminine. Chilly's slow disintegration uder the influence of his lovely homosexual cellmate, culminates in exposure, disgrace and during a subsequent proctological exam, a startling revelation of new found psycho-sexual empathy for "the penetrated."

Power knows its enemies - love, sensuality, compassion - and is not above using them cynically (when brute force is either impractical or ineffective) to cripple and destroy those who would usurp its authority. Sound Familiar?

Growing Up Brady
Barry Williams
Harper (1992)

Bradymania!
Elizabeth Moran
Bob Adams (1992)

Will someone please explain to me why an atrocious sitcom known as *The Brady Bunch* continues to be so popular? You can't check into a motel or hotel in any burb in America without finding it playing on some channel during the course of the day. During the last two years, a stage show entitled *The Real Live Brady Bunch* has been knocking 'em dead in Chicago, Los Angeles and New York. There is even a fanzine called *Teenage Gang Debs* devoted to this cretinous family and supposedly, it sells thousands of copies. And now, here comes the clincher, the last straw even for a man like myself who could care less about American pop culture: Paramount Pictures has decided that it is going to make a full-length Brady Bunch motion picture!

Now I can understand why a lot of young white kids are so attracted to Charles Manson - he plays off their mistrust of blacks with his Helter-Skelter theory of racial Armageddon making himself look like a Biblical prophet in the process - but I can't understand why a lot of young white kids and, apparently a lot of middle aged white folks, are so enthralled with this banal band-of-boobs. It's not like the television show was funny but then nothing on TV is funny except for professional wrestling and McLaughlin. Sure there were a few laughs to be had watching that dyke maid trying to keep her hands off all those cute little girls and in watching the effeminate Robert Reed struggle heroically to make it look like he was really attracted to kewpie-doll-from-hell Florence Henderson. But not over the course of a half-hour. And certainly not week after week after week. Sherwood Schwartz, the show's creator (and also the genius behind *Gilligan's Island*) who is currently writing the script for Paramount, claims that the reason for the Brady's continuing popularity is that, "Secretly, every kid in America wants to be in the Brady family. They [the Brady children] could talk to their parents . . . Also, it was a better time in America."

Every kid in America, Sherwood? You mean black kids who listen to Ice Cube and Kriss Kross and idolize men like Michael Jordan and the members of En Vogue? They want to be like the Bradys? And what about all those white youngsters in the mosh pits thrashing around to Nirvana, Red Hot Chili Peppers and Fugazi? And do we even have to bring up the subject of Chicano youths in this context, Sherwood? No, I think not. So what I believe you really meant, Sher, was that every Republican kid, every born-again, every NERD in America secretly harbors a desire to be a Brady. Now that makes sense to me.

And another thing, Mr. Big-Shot-Brady screenwriter: the Brady Bunch ran from 1969 through 1974 (amazing isn't it?). How was that period a "better time in America?" These five years were one of the most turbulent periods in our nation's history. Or don't you remember, Sherwood? No, you probably don't. You were too busy writing epic teleplays like "Jan Gets Heat Rash," and "Bobby Loses His Bicycle." Well let me refresh your memory: Nixon was in power, the Vietnam war was escalating, Cambodia was being secretly bombed, the FBI and CIA were infiltrating and setting up members of leftist organizations (and in some cases, as with the Black Panthers, setting up the leaders to be blown away). We suffered the tragedy of Kent State, the massive arrests of individuals for possession of small amounts of marijuana, the enemies list, illegal wiretaps, and the discovery of J. Edgar Hoover's files all of which confirmed what most liberals had long suspected: that America was becoming a police state. Hardly a day went by without some large scale protest march taking place somewhere or some college dean's office being taken over by hundreds of irrate students. And hanging over all of this like a pall were the Kennedy and King assassinations of 1968. But don't worry Sher, when your movie opens sometime next year I'll be right in front of my local theater. Only I won't be holding a ticket; I'll be holding a placard reading "PARAMOUNT AND SCHWARTZ ARE FASCISTS" and I'll be screaming at the top of my lungs: "burn baby, burn."

A better time in America, a better time in America . . . God! How I hate television and cockroaches like Sherwood Schwartz who use it to deaden people's brains.

Disneyland of the Gods
John A. Keel
Amok Books (1988)

Sometime in the early seventies, horribly mutilated carcasses of thousands of cows, sheep, dogs and horses began to turn up on farms and ranges across the United States. All of the unfortunate animals were found drained of blood, and their sex organs, tongues and ears had been removed with a surgeon's precision. Not even a drop of blood was left behind and even more amazingly, there were no puncture marks of any kind. And you could walk for miles in any direction before you discovered a footprint or a tire track.

Forget about the "why" of such senseless carnage and ask yourself "how" this butchery could have occurred. You have the facts. Now give with the answer. Rustlers using helicopters? Somebody would have heard or seen them. Devil cults performing some absurd and unspeakable ritual? Where are the tracks? Where is the blood? But go ahead, keep on in this vein. Continue with your surmises until you have eliminated the probable and are left with the improbable, with the unbelievable, which you knew, in your secret heart, was the answer before you even finished reading the first paragraph of this review. Go on say it. Don't be afraid. SAY IT! Scream it from the top of your lungs: IT WAS VAMPIRES FROM OUTER SPACE UTILIZING SOME FORM OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY WHICH IMMOBILIZED THE ANIMALS' NERVOUS SYSTEM!

There now, feel better? Of course you do. And why? Because you know stuff like this is true. If it wasn't you'd only be reading about it in tabloids like *The National Enquirer* and *The Star*. But stories like this crop up all the time in reputable newspapers and on national television news programs. And then when people start to sit up and take notice, the stories disappear; they're not relegated to the back pages. Oh no, they just vanish. I'll give you an example of this more mundane phenomenon. Remember that Japanese airline UFO sighting that caused such a sensation a few years ago? It was on the front page of every major daily in the world the day after the story broke. A whole plane full of folks said they saw a flying saucer hovering next to them for several agonizing minutes. Three hundred people telling the world that they have incontrovertible proof

that life exists on other planets and what happens? That's right. Nothing happens. Nothing. Not one major news or scientific organization followed up on this incredible sighting (government organizations are another matter: they never tell the public anything, not even something everybody knows, like if you regularly smoke cigarettes you will die of lung cancer). It was as if everyone in the world had agreed to just forget about this UFO thing. In fact, you're probably shaking your head right now and thinking, "You know, this guy's right, I do remember it going down kind of like that."

John A. Keel, one of the world's foremost investigators of paranormal phenomena - Fortean to you - doesn't want you to forget. His *Disneyland of the Gods* is a collection of eighteen loosely structured essays on a whole host of unexplained and preternatural marvels: mothmen, snallygasters, interplanetary ambrosia, sky quakes and my favorite, DUNKS or Driving UNKnownS.

Now I'm obviously writing with tongue in cheek here, but so does Mr. Keel most of the time. When a story or hypothesis has little basis in fact or just seems patently ridiculous, we're told as much. Keel does believe though, that many of these unexplained phenomena have their origin in the psychic or extraterrestrial realm. I can hear you laughing but when you stop, you should listen to this: Keel is no sensation-seeking charlatan and he is no fool. When he makes assertions concerning UFO sightings and the aforementioned animal mutilations, he grounds them in solid research and even more solid reasoning, which, for me, makes some of this stuff hard to laugh off. Or to dismiss. I mean, intergalactic animal mutilators I can live with. I can sleep at night believing that to be true, but how am I supposed to live a normal life while seriously entertaining the notion that EARTH MAY BE A GIANT ABATTOIR FOR CANNIBALS FROM OUTER SPACE? Hopefully, Keel will provide the answer in his next book.

Sell Yourself To Science

Jim Hogshire

Loompanics (1992)

Hey, kids! Interested in making a little extra money? Or maybe you're just looking for early retirement, your present ten-year position as a wage slave having exhausted your patience and crushed your dreams of building a better life. Well, have you ever thought about selling parts of your self and/or your precious bodily fluids for large sums of cash? You should. In India, they'll give you four thousand dollars for one of your corneas. Of course, you'll wind up permanently disfigured and you'll have to wear either a patch or a glass eye but what the hell, we're talking four-thousand dollars here!

Alright, so maybe you're inordinately fond of your eyes. Maybe they're your best feature. What about cashing in on one of your lungs? You've got two of them and one is all you really need. Overseas doctors will pay you up to fifty thousand for the chance to rip one of your breathing apparatis out. Okay, you'll be left with an eighteen-inch scar running from your chest to your back and you'll be plagued by intense pain for about a year but that's a small price to pay for fifty thousand dollars, isn't it?

You might have noticed that I've only mentioned foreign rates up to this juncture. That's because in the good ole U S of A it's illegal to sell body parts and fluids (blood and semen are the exceptions) EVEN AFTER YOU'RE DEAD! Yes, you heard right. You may have a brother who was an absolute bum while he was alive, who chiseled and stole every penny he could from you and your family, but now that he is dead, there's absolutely no way you can get any of it back by selling pieces of his corpse. Somewhere down in the dark pits of hell, you know that good-for-nothing wretch is laughing himself sick.

You and your family can, if all of you consent, donate your sibling's body to science. And the doctors will ask you, for humanitarian reasons, to let them hack and saw through the recently deceased for a few precious parts. What the doctors or hospital administrators won't tell you is that they stand to make at least a half a million dollars from your donation. You see, once the doctors cut what they want from the body, the law allows them to make whatever they can off the parts. To the bereaved or not so bereaved relative, this may sound like highway robbery. The AMA calls it "surgery."

If all of this seems too morbid to you, take heart, there's always openings in the drug testing field for HUMAN GUINEA PIGS!

That's right, human guinea pigs. You don't think that the tens of thousands of drugs on the market (and the thousands that didn't make it to the market) were perfected merely by bombarding helpless animals with lethal doses of these mendicants, do you? Of course not. Ascertaining whether a drug is safe for human consumption also requires human subjects. So if you're willing to have potentially toxic levels of experimental drugs shoved down your throat, jammed up your rectum or shot into your veins, you should know that you can make up to one hundred dollars a day plus benefits if you qualify. The work is safe, however, there is always the chance of developing unpleasant side effects - nausea, dizziness, vomiting, cramps, diarrhea - and the working conditions aren't always the greatest, but if you get lucky or do your homework you might find yourself at a testing site for psychotropic drugs! Yes, those groovy buzz inducing drugs like valium, ritalin and halidol. Doctors are prepared to give you as much of this stuff as you want and PAY YOU FOR IT! Just imagine. For the first and maybe the only time in your life, you can get as fucked-up as you want and not worry about overdosing.

Hogshire's slim but entertaining book is more than just a how-to-guide for selling yourself; it is also a sobering look at the body parts industry. An industry fueled not, as only the most idealistic might still believe, by altruism, but by cupidity and hypocrisy. Tens of thousands of people die every year and thousands more continue to suffer because they are unable to procure the organ or fluids they need. By effectively lobbying to keep the sale of body parts illegal, the AMA and the pharmaceutical companies insure that supplies stay limited, prices remain artificially inflated and, most importantly, that profits continue to soar. *Sell Yourself to Science* doesn't provide any hope that these nefarious practices will change any time soon, but it does show you how you can use these charlatans to make some dough and in the process gain a small measure of satisfaction in knowing that you are, in a way, helping to benefit the lot of your brothers and sisters.

Cronenberg On Cronenberg

ed Chris Rodley

Faber & Faber (1992)

by Randy Palmer

David Cronenberg is probably the most eccentric film director working today. Eccentric not in his personal habits (and I'm assuming this since I must confess that I don't know the man), but in the visions he has conjured for motion pictures. A listing of Cronenberg's celluloid brainchildren elicits either "oohs" and "aahs" from the more liberal-minded aficionados of cinematic grotesqueries or loose-lipped squeaks, burps and retching sounds from that self-same audience. Those who are oblivious to Cronenberg the auteur will most likely just nod their heads at the mention of some of his more famous titles - *Shivers* (aka *They Came From Within* and *The Parasite Murders*), *Rabid, The Brood, Scanners, Videodrome, The Dead Zone, The Fly, Dead Ringers* and *Naked Lunch* - and either smile in ghoulish satisfaction or frown in disgust. (Nobody is likely to recall *Fast Company*, a film which seems like an aberration, or the director's early "underground" films *Stereo* and *Crimes Of The Future* which are were almost totally unseen outside of a few special Canadian showings a number of years ago.)

Shortly after the completion of *Videodrome* in 1982, a book on Cronenberg appeared, entitled *The Shape Of Rage* (also the title of the fictitious tome authored by psychoplasmics generator Dr. Hal Raglan (Oliver Reed) in *The Brood*). It was a great little book, full of insightful explorations of Cronenberg's work by a variety of writers. What this new volume offers that the earlier book didn't is the director's reminiscences, behind the scenes anecdotes, and personal re- and-deconstructions of his films.

Whatever you might want to know about the making of *Shivers*, or *The Fly*, or even *Naked Lunch*, is right here in this one hundred ninety-six page hardbound offering. Editor Chris Rodley has provided an interesting introduction, but he lets Cronenberg do most of the talking, guiding, in what amounts to a book length interview, his subject through almost three decades of work, beginning in 1966 with a little something called *Transfer*. Oh, you didn't know about *Transfer*? Neither did I.

There's an indispensable appendix which provides detailed info on the director's earliest works (*Transfer, From The Drain, Stereo*, etc.) right up to this year's neglected masterpiece, *Naked Lunch*. In between are synopses and filmfax about oddities like *Hydro* (a commercial), *The Italian Machine* (Canadian television) and other Canadian TV "docudramas" we'll never get to see such as *Regina v. Horvath* and *Regina v. Logan*.

In short, *Cronenberg On Cronenberg* is a vital addition to any genre fan's library of film reference books. And even those who don't generally care for David Cronenberg's work should be able to appreciate how meticulously this director's mind operates. If for nothing else, ya gotta give the guy high marks for originality!

Caught Looking: Feminism, Pornography And Censorship

Eds. Kate Ellis, Beth Jaker, et al.

The Real Comet Press (1991)

by Vic Stanley

Whoever claimed that all women, much less feminists, loathe pornography had preconceived notions about the issue when they began their research. The findings of these claimants were thus tainted with bias and prejudice, a case of Mr. Sogyny, if you will. There has always been a basic philosophical inconsistency however, in radical feminist support of freedom of expression and their condemnation of pornography. The same feminists who cry for the abolition of the sexual exploitation of women were the first to rise in defense of their brother in perversity, Robert Mapplethorpe, when he graphically depicted the sadomasochistic activities, subjugation and sexual enslavement of male homosexuals. Apparently, what's bad for the goose is good for the gander. This convoluted, confused and hypocritical stance plagues the feminist movement, and the refusal of its key leaders to acknowledge that their ranks are fractionalized over matters such as pornography and a woman's right to enjoy it has resulted in the mass acceptance they crave remaining as elusive as ever.

The self-proclaimed feminists who compiled this book have adopted a more enlightened and altruistic philosophy in regard to pornography. Unlike their more strident, man-hating sisters, they believe that the depiction of sexual activity is not necessarily akin to misogyny, and that women actually can and should enjoy pornography and erotica without feeling victimized, although it is clear to them that much victimization in this field has occured in the past. The book, a collection of essays, chronicles the evolution of pornography and provides an overview of its effect upon contemporary society, its attitude toward women, and the direction it should take in the future.

The accompanying photos, hand chosen by the female editors, range from subtle to lurid to grotesque. Those from the late 19th and early 20th centuries exhibit a perversely quaint, Toulouse-Lautrec-like charm, while the more contemporary photos would be considered patently offensive by just about everybody. As we turn the pages, the fine distinction between art and obscenity grows progressively hazy.

Many feminists-cum-pornographers (no pun intended) such as Candida Royale, Gloria Leonard, Annie Sprinkle, the managers of Alyson Publications and the publishers of *On Our Backs*, don't harp about wiping out heterosexual male-dominated pornography (or all males themselves for that matter). In fact, their main complaint concerns the lack of erotica depicting the type of activities that women, both lesbian and straight, are interested in reading or viewing. In reaction to this, they produce their own as an alternative. Ironically, these women are considered outcasts and traitors by the radical feminists because they don't express an overt, blanket hatred of men and because they believe that they can co-exist with males as sexual beings without exploiting or being exploited.

Regardless of what the more radical feminists claim, and what the male-chauvinist pornographers practice, it is refreshing to learn that men and women can now explore their sexual interests without the threat of mutual exploitation and intimidation hovering over them. It's about damn time.

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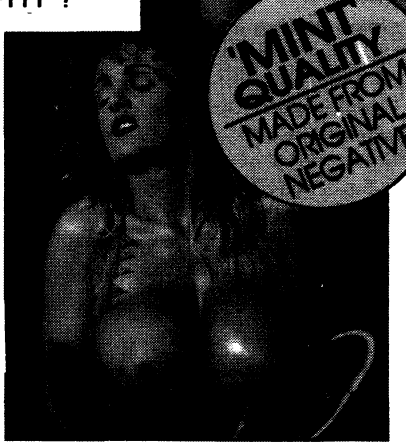

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Television Horror Movie Hosts - 68 Vampires, Mad Scientists and Other Denizens of the Late-Night Airwaves Examined and Interviewed

Elena M. Watson
McFarland (1992)

by Vic Stanley

In the baby boom fifties, the new found popularity of television far outweighed the availability of quality product. One of the rare fruits of the industry's continual search for marketable yet affordable programming was horror and sci-fi films. Once they were made available for syndication, a whole new generation of young, thrill seeking fans like me were introduced to the horrific on-screen antics of Dracula, the Wolfman, the Mummy and Frankenstein's monster, as well as a plethora of more contemporary nuclear age monstrosities.

Sensing the need for any eye-catching local vehicle through which to market these films, savvy TV executives across the country developed the concept of the horror host. Soon, there were a number of ghoulish characters whose television antics became the primary reason for tuning in on an otherwise dreary Friday or Saturday night. As a wide-eyed child, I was often more enthralled by the morbid antics of WBKB TV Chicago's Marvin, who resembled a young, whacked-out Elvis Costello, than the films themselves. Although my recollections are somewhat hazy, this well-researched book did much to restore my fond memories of pleading with my parents to let me stay up late and watch Marvin perform gruesome acts of torture and abuse upon his always screaming, never seen, bride, Joy. Being scared witless was a childhood rite of passage and I wore my stained pajamas as a badge of honor.

The first and most influential horror host to reach stardom was undoubtedly L.A-based Maila "Vampira" Nurmi whose act predated even the popular Universal Studios' *Shock!* package of classic horror film reissues. This exquisitely beautiful bohemian was also a charter member of Edward D. Wood's eccentric film ensemble, as well as a confidante of cult icon James Dean during his final most self-destructive phase as a tormented devotee of sado-masochistic practices. Alluringly attired in clinging gown, long flowing black hair, claw-like nails and proudly displaying bloody scratches across her ample breasts, Vampira was truly a sight to behold. Her visage transcended the oftentimes substandard films she hosted and many a red-blooded American boy (and red-blooded man) tuned in specifically to admire her pale pulchritude. With the possible exception of Dagmar, never before had a woman exhibited such an alluring combination of uninhibited humor and sex appeal on the small screen. Quickly, Vampira found herself a national star in her own right, appearing in magazines, movies and TV shows. The character, loosely based on Morticia Addams, has itself influenced others such as Elvira, whom Nurmi sued for copyright infringement. Most recently, Winona Ryder's character in *Beetlejuice* seemed to emulate a bit of Vampira's bloodless, otherworldly charm.

Meanwhile, in Philadelphia and later, New York City, an eerie apparition known originally as Roland, but today working as Zacherley, was creating quite a stir with his own version of *Shock Theater*. Making innovative use of Jello and chocolate syrup as grisly special effects, Zacherley enthusiastically performed his mad doctor vignettes to the delight of a growing legion of fans. Passing the test of time, Zacherley remains a hero to countless fans as well as countercultural luminaries like Dr. Demento and the Cramps. He has appeared on *SNL*, in Nick Zedd's early film *Geek Maggot Bingo*, and has made many other odd cameos in motion picture and television productions.

During the late fifties and into the early sixties, in an attempt to cash in on this profitable trend, every major market in the country introduced their own TV horror host with varying degrees of artistic success. Yet even the most mediocre characters attracted their own devout followings. For where else could young viewers get their fan letters read on the air, even if only to be utterly trashed by the likes of Milwaukee's ill-tempered Dr. Cadaverino? Kids and adults alike ate it up. Regardless of how lousy the movies were, they simply enjoyed being a part of the show.

Unfortunately, the popularity of the TV horror host has greatly diminished in recent years; it seems to be a phenomenon whose time has passed. If so, it's a shame because many of these colorful characters have provided substantial dividends on their station's low budget

VAMPIRA

entertainment dollar by providing laughs and chills on a fairly consistent basis. It's obvious that despite their grisly bag of tricks and irreverent banter these ghouls are too tame for today's hardened and cynical audience. Although they still appear sporadically here and there, the hosts simply have not been able to impact with the force of those who created and defined the genre.

Credit author Elena M. Watson with an admirable job of compiling comprehensive information from the dank, cobwebbed archives of this lost art form. What a pity that so many of these colorful characters came before the age of the VCR, otherwise we would have been able to capture their heroics for posterity. But then again, perhaps some things are meant to be remembered fondly, if not vaguely, and video might serve only to expose these ghouls low budget warts and passe shtick. So perhaps it is best that we leave the Vampiras, Zacherleys, Svengoolies and Gore de Vols resting comfortably in peace. (McFarland, Box 611, Jefferson, NC 28640).

UNCOMFORTABLE
SITUATION
ISSUE Nº ONE-FIFTY

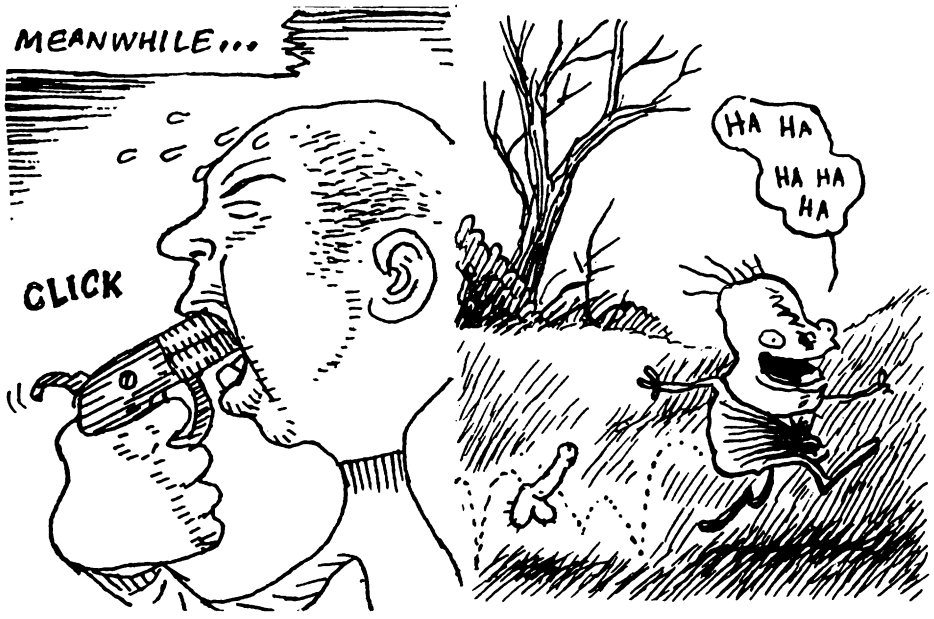
I DONT THINK SHE CAN SEE ME FROM HERE.

MEANWHILE...
OW!

IT'S OKAY, DAD, IT'S OKAY...

FUDGE

FUD


MEANWHILE...
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HA HA
HA HA
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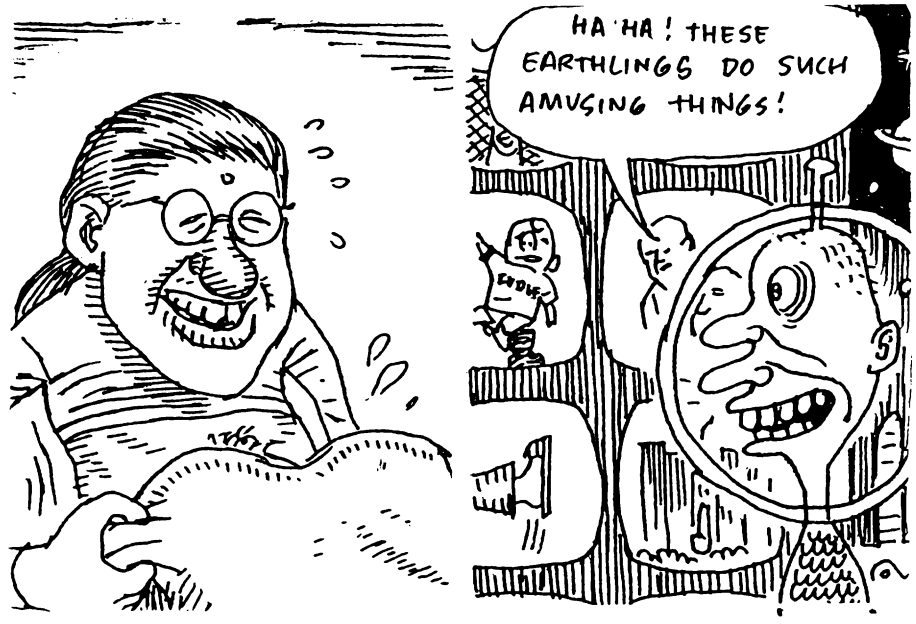
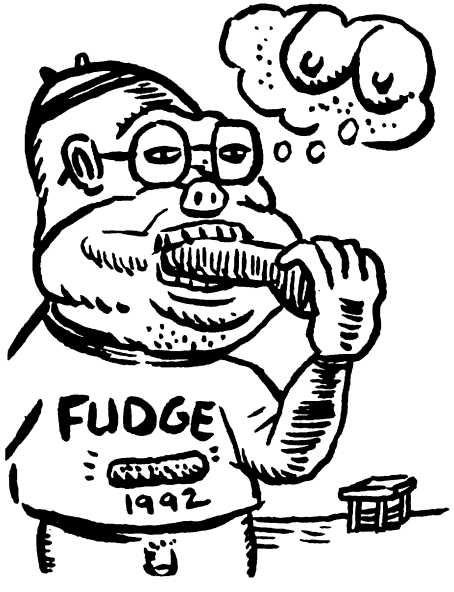

HA HA! THESE EARTHLINGS DO SUCH AMUSING THINGS!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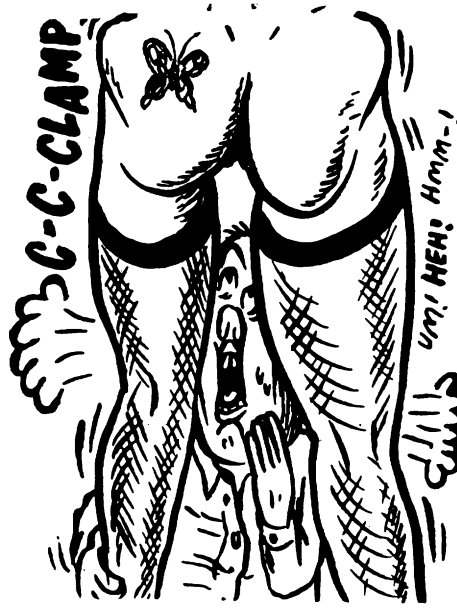
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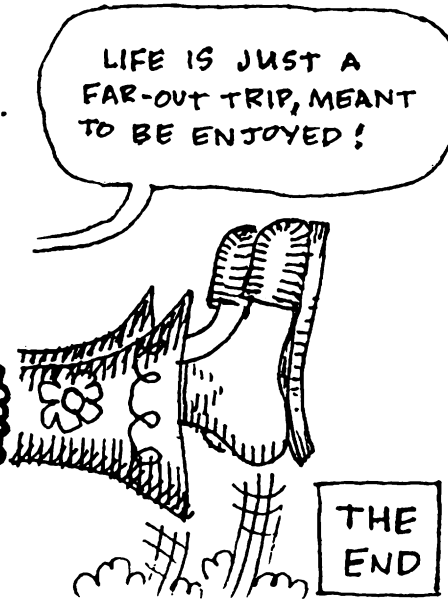
LIFE IS JUST A FAR-OUT TRIP, MEANT TO BE ENJOYED!
THE END

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AROMATIC
ARCHER·CHRIS·DAN·GARY!
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FOR 92

AUDIO DEPRAVATION

L7 - Bricks Are Heavy: It seemed like a recipe for disaster: four cute girls all of whom liked to sing and all of whom hailed from La La Land; a producer (Butch Vig) whose supreme triumph was the Nirvana "Teen Spirit" thing; and a name taken from a Flintstones' episode. But it just goes to show you that sometimes things don't always add up inasmuch as this collection of grungy hard rock is just tremendous. It's peppy (I love that with the bounding and the bouncing niceness), infectious, hook laden, at times genuinely witty, but perhaps more importantly, suffused with a cynical fuck you attitude. There isn't a bad cut on Bricks but my personal fave at the moment (it changes every time I give the disc a spin) is the girls double entendre paean to the penis, "Monster" (Slash/Virgin).

Skrew: Burning In Water, Drowning In Flame: This seemed like a recipe for success: two mangy guys and a drum machine; prior experience in a hardcore band which the duo disbanded because of the genre's inherent limitations; the record cut at Wax Trax studios with production by Phil (Revolting Cocks) Owen and creative input from Al Jourgensen and Paul Barker (Ministry); and a title taken from a Bukowski collection of poetry. And it just goes to show you that sometimes things do add up because this collection of hard tunes is a mind-fucking amalgamation of grindcore, metal and industrial dance. But wait, you're not dismissed until I tell you about Skrew's grungy, growly, gritty interpolation of "Sympathy for the Devil," and their metalloid hip-hop ditty "Poisonous," and . . . no, check that, don't wait, run, don't walk to your nearest record parlor and snatch this one right up (Metal Blade).

Pain Teens - Simulation Festival: Artsy noise band takes the sonic innovations of the last four or five years and makes them sound like their own invention. The Festival starts with an infectiously messy grunge rocker ("Shallow Hole") and flies through twelve striking clamorous experiments before concluding with an arresting industrial-techno collage ("Apartment 213"). Actually, this Sub Pop-goes-industrial thing is all rather arresting come to think about it. If you like combos like Meat Beat Manifesto and MC 900 Foot Jesus you'll flip your wig for this (Trance).

Elmore James - Greatest Hits: People - including my wife - are always coming up and asking me how I, a white, middle-class person, can listen to music played by drunken, old black men. "Dom," they say, "how can you possibly identify with the disenfranchised and downtrodden?" And I say, "Fuck you, white people can get the blues too." Up until the age of twenty or so I was a chubby, pimply faced geek who couldn't get the time of day from a girl black, white, red or yellow, fat or thin. Then when my face cleared up and I started working out and began to find myself. I discovered that my relatives hated me and that the average person was so full of self-loathing and fear that it was virtually impossible to communicate on any meaningful level with them. So, why am I telling you this stupid shit? Well, just to let you know, that . . . I am . . . the King of the Blues! And as the King, I just wanted to hip you to the sounds of my good, deceased buddy, Elmore James (Elmo' to his friends). Elmore was perhaps the greatest and most influential of the postwar, urban-blues guitarists. His slide guitar playing was the style adopted by such rock legends as Duane Allman, Johnny Winter, and Brian Jones and his spirit can be heard in the work of artists such as Eric Clapton, Jimi Hendrix, John Mayall and B.B. King to name just a few. Greatest Hits is an embarrassment of riches, a collection of thirty-four of Elmore's greatest sides that is marred only by the lack of liner notes or informative booklet of some sort (That's Blues/Roots and Rhtyhm).

Geko - Mary Loves The War Zone: Pandering to our darker nature is not necessarily a bad thing. Geko, a two-piece female Goth band proves this with an EP in which they paint foreboding, shadowy, miasmic landscapes where mournful vocals wrench bleak gravity from every shattered verse while the guitars (not so) gently weep. The band also has mini-comics, t-shirts and other wonderfully gloomy stuff for sale. Check all of it out (Gekomusic).

Joe Kolb

The Scepter Records Story: Scepter was one of the most successful independent record labels of the sixties and seventies. Founded by Florence Greenberg, a self-professed Jewish middle-aged housewife who was intrepid enough to work with, instead of exploit, black men and women, Florence was able to parlay the hits of her first signee, The Shirelles, into a pop empire. Along the way, this doyenne was able to enlist the aid of struggling song writing teams such as Bachrach & David, King & Goffin and Ashford & Simpson. The concomitant result was a little less funky and down home version of Stax with artists like Chuck Jackson and The Isleys and a little less grandiose but no less regal pop sound with the likes of Dionne Warwick and the aforementioned Shirelles. (How and why Scepter signed the demented Kingsmen, I have no idea). The first two CDs are just great but I could have done without the third which has nine cuts by the cretinous B. J. Thomas and The Buoys' "Timothy" which was written by the even more cretinous Rupert "Pina Colada" Holmes (Scepter/WEA).

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds - Henry's Dream: We could talk all night about why this is an infinitely superior work to last year's The Fortunate Son, but let's just say that Nick's written better songs this time out and leave it at that. In fact, some of these cuts, like the despairingly romantic "The Loom Of The Land," and the chilling histrionic "Papa Won't Leave You," are the finest things Cave's penned in quite a while. While the melodies are sparse, the arrangements relatively simple, the producers effectively fill in the empty spaces with Mick Harvey's spooky organ runs, Blixa Bargeld's demented guitar work and some genuinely haunting string arrangements (Elektra/WEA).

New York Dolls - Live In NYC: What a shame today's youth only knows David Johansen through his work as clownish lounge lizard Buster Poindexter. A tragedy really. Still you can rectify the situation by telling everyone under the age of eighteen to make this disc, rather than the new one by Nirvana or Pearl Jam, their next purchase. Their eyes will be opened, daddy, and they will see the light, the light that emanates from a band playing pure, unadulterated ROCK AND ROLL for the sheer fucking hell of it. Those over twenty-one - and if you profess to like rock AND are constitutionally entitled to purchase liquor then there's no way you DON'T own the two Dolls LPs - should grab a copy of Live because it's loud, sloppy, dumb and has six tracks that never made it to that great lost third album (Restless).

Scorn - Vae Solis: "Scorn" from the Old German meaning "to mock or trick," but these somber, sludgy, sonic speculators aren't mocking my ass. No sir! They want to bludgeon, bluster, grind and grimace about sucking and eating my wife and then disemboweling my dog while I'm tied up with razor wire and forced to watch. But none of it bothers me, I just think nice thoughts like, "Wouldn't it be swell if Lawrence Welk was in hell being forced to undergo the strappado while this stuff was playing overhead?" (Relativity).

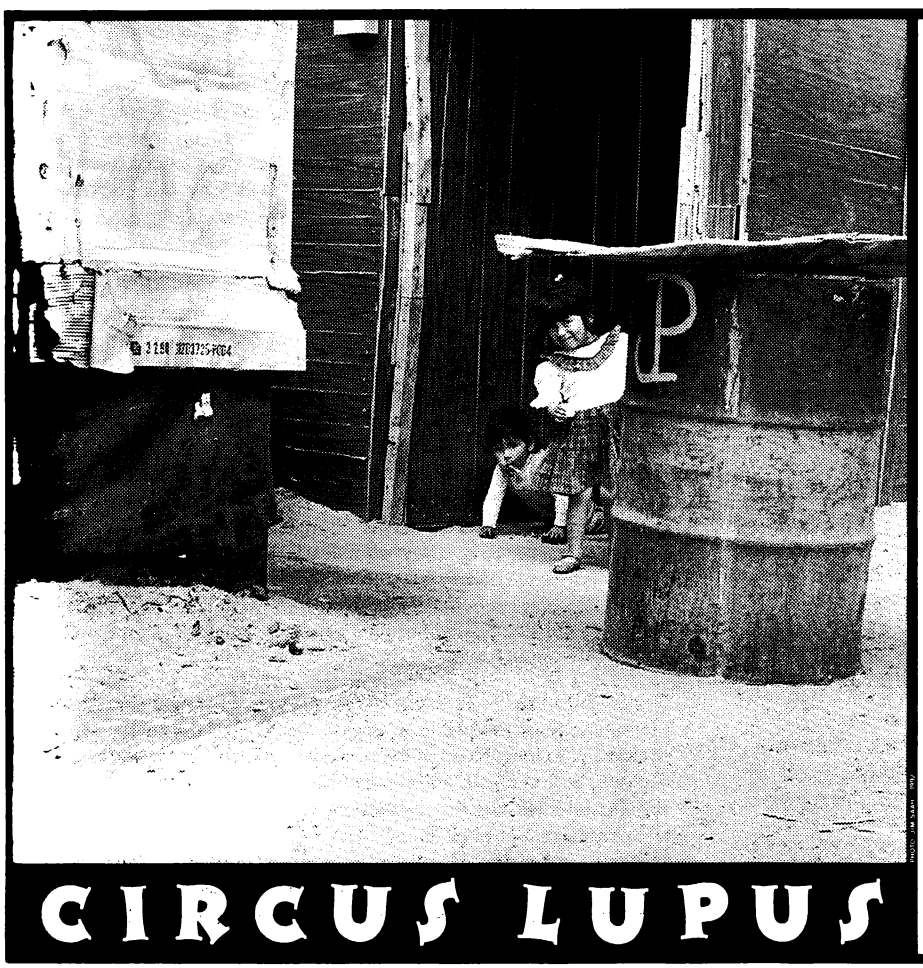
Tom Verlaine - Warm and Cool: Those anxiously awaiting the Television reunion release will have to settle for this for now. A collection of fourteen atmospheric instrumentals with minimal bass and drum accompaniment finds Tom assaying a number of variations on primarily a single moody theme. Favorites here at the Brute office include the twistin', turnin', twangin' Duane Eddy inspired kick off tracks "Those Harbor Lights" and "Sleepwalkin'" and noirish forays such as the three "Depot" cuts. A great soundtrack for alcohol or drug abuse. (Ryko).

AUDIO DEPRAVATION

Henry Vestine - Guitar Gangster: I remember when I was a kid I thought Canned Heat was the world's coolest band primarily because of their lead guitarist, Henry Vestine who, I thought, played bluesy-boogie better than anybody alive. I must have played "Parthenogenesis" and both parts of "Refried Hockey Boogie" about ten thousand times in my adolescence but after the Heat broke up sometime in the seventies I lost track of Mr. Vestine (he was working with Albert Ayler it turns out). Now he's resurfaced with Evan Johns - one of the finest rockabilly singers alive - and his incredible H-Bombs (along with Jimmy Carl Black and Marcia Ball) to produce one motherfucker of a bluesy-rootsy-rockin' LP. A number of the tracks are instrumentals which are obviously intended as a showcase for the mighty V but Henry, being a munificent guitar God, gives Johns plenty of chances to showcase his grandiloquent, gravely, growl on hot cuts like "Six O'Clock" and vintage chestnuts like "Lookin' Good," and "I Wish Your Picture Was You " (New Rose).

Thrill Kill Kult - Sexplosion: Who the fuck produced this record, Denny Terio? This piece of shit has to be one of the worst releases and one of the biggest disappointments of the year. Once upon a time, TKK used to churn out great industrial dance music. Their creative use of samples, relentless percussion and dark textures, placed them firmly at the cutting edge of progressive music. Sexplosion however, is total pop-disco designed to appeal to commercial radio. If this is a spoof, I, nor any of the Kult's angered and alienated fans are listening. Forget this thing and be wary of future Wax Trax releases unless you are into Dance Fever (Wax Trax).

Joe Kolb



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Spiritualized - Lazer Guided Melodies: We here at Brut hate pop, just hate it, especially the neo-psychedelic variety by bands prone to pretentious pronouncements like "sometimes [we] feel like the sky will peel away like a mask and reveal something more brilliant behind and how you sometimes feel like it will just plain cave in and how it sometimes just seems so good." Alright, so these guys haven't been exactly boning up on Keats and Pound. How many rock or pop bands write decent lyrics anyway? What surprised us and what you're gonna like about Melodies is the sound and feel of it. So take a few hits on your bong, turn the music way up and let the hushed, echoey vocals, the gently pulsing bass, the soothing synth washes and the fuzzy, insistently reverberating guitars put you in a boat on a river with tangerine trees and marmalade skies. Believe us, we wanted to hate this thing but we just couldn't. Maybe it means we're getting old. Oh well . . . (BMG).

Foetus - Male: This seminal industrial-art-noise-jazz-punkster seems to be releasing records on a weekly basis of late but that's okay because this hateful lunatic is absolutely without a doubt the coolest guy around. How cool? Well, the trendy English press who've been touting the likes of Ride and Teenage Fan Club hate this guy so you know that makes him aces in our book. He writes songs with titles like "Fudge Punch," "Free James Brown (So He Can Run Me Down)," and "English Faggot." And he hangs around with people named Lunch and Pig. If you're unfamiliar with this man's man's work this incredible two-disc sonic assault, recorded live at CBGB, is a good place to start, recreating as it does a number of cuts from previous releases and throwing in as a bonus, tunes by Alex Harvey and Tad. Oh, and don't sweat the fact that this is a live album, the arrangements, playing and sound, hard as it may be to believe, are remarkably clean (Big Cat by way of Cargo).

DANIEL JOHNSTON

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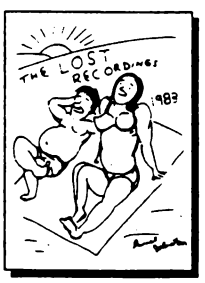
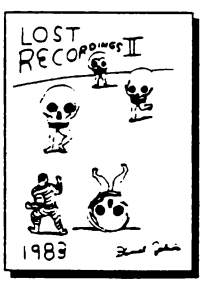


Lost Recordings I



Lost Recordings II

"His ability to draw poignant art from a personal hell is a rare gift... the search for sincerity in left-of-the-dial music knows no scoutmaster more honest than Daniel Johnston. In a culture where self-conscious attempts to mimic the openness of a free mind often pass for originality, this is the real thing." — ROLLING STONE 2/20/92

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Chuck Higgins - Pachuko Hop: Hey, this is the goods, baby: real down-home jive showcasing the hot, hellacious honking of tenor saxophonist Chuckie Higgins and the semi-sophisticated vocalizing of a man so rustic that he was nicknamed Geechie (a derogatory term coined by blacks to refer to inhabitants of the islands off the Carolinas). Higgins, never a big star even in his mid-fifties heyday, is remembered today, if at all, for the titular song which he composed in 1952. Hopefully, this insidiously infectious collection of choice cuts, many of which feature crack James Brown guitarist, Jimmy Nolen, will change all that . . . Probably not, but it sounds like the kind of thing a knowledgeable music critic would say (Speciality/WEA).

Monkeywrench - Clean As A Broke Dick Dog: Geez, this is amazing, the wigged out guitar work, the quasi-bluesy, quasi-caterwauling vocals . . . it all sounds like . . . Mudhoney! No, wait, isn't this guy Arm the singer and guitarist for that band? And wasn't guitarist Steve Turner originally a member of . . . Christ, who fucking cares, right? Look these guys, whoever they are, call this stuff blues punk which is as good a term as any to use when describing their sound (which is pretty goddamn terrific by the way) yet I also wouldn't say that "blues punk" is completely accurate as a couple of cuts are straight hard rocking numbers and at least two are heavily rockabilly flavored. But what do I know? I can't tell the difference between these Monkeys and Mudhoney (SubPop).

Various Artists - Gothic Rock: Late seventies/early eighties post punk in a distinctly minor key purveyed by the likes of The Cure, Bauhaus (whose "Bela Lugosi's Dead" was the movement's anthem), Siouxsie & Her Banshees, and the Sisters of Mercy before they grew up. (You think it's just a coincidence that of those four bands only Bauhaus is represented here?) Those who proceeded to take this burgeoning, childish scene seriously - Specimen, Christian Death - found themselves sepulchrally moaning and muttering their sophomoric morbidities before ever growing crowds of black-clad, white-pancake-and-mascara-bedizened, soporifically swaying adolescents. Those who never took any of it seriously but were attracted to the comic possibilities in morbid dance music and ghoulish rock and roll - Alien Sex Fiend, Sex Gang Children - ended up making quirky, gloriously goofy, monster music. Even the most pretentious Goth bands had one good song in 'em and that's why this compilation works, including as it does only one cut per band (Jungle).

Bongwater - The Big Sell Out: Bongwater couldn't sell out if their lives depended on it, they're having far too much fan poking fun at pop conventions. So they may dress Kramer in an Armani suit, put Ann Magnuson's glorious breasts all over the album and claim on the cover that the LP contains three hits (and in an ideal world the delirious dream song "Celebrity Compass" would be a hit) but you know that any band hooking up with J & H Productions (a running recording industry joke centering on a psychotic's attempts to start an entertainment agency) isn't really interested in commercial success except on their own terms. Bongwater are hip and funny and never condescending; they effortlessly parody pop styles but in clever, subtle ways; you have to really listen to "get it." And I don't know who plays those achingly beautiful, wailing leads (Hudson or Kramer?) but whoever he is, he's a helluva guitarist (Shimmy-Disc).

Daniel Johnston - Artistic Vice: An ungainly angel singing songs of love and hope in a plaintive, broken voice. And the songs, whether rockabilly, talking blues, simple spoken narratives or rudimentary rockers, at first blush, appear shabby and a little pathetic with their simple melodies, angular rhythms, abrupt stops and starts and sparse arrangements but after about twenty seconds or so things begin to coalesce and suddenly, you're in some other place: fantastic . . . ineffable . . . unreal . . . profoundly melancholic. Johnston has, reportedly, spent some time in mental institutions; that doesn't

surprise me and after listening to this, it won't surprise you. A man this gentle and idealistic is never going to find it easy going on the outside. The man we all wish we could be and, if we had the courage, would be (Shimmy Disc).

Willard - Steel Mill: Ask Seattle based Willard to describe this metal monstrosity and they'll tell you quite simply that it's nothing more than THE SOUND OF FUCK. Yes, ladies and gentlemen this is what you sound like when you fuck: like mastodons roaring and rutting in a gaseous, primeval swamp. Willard - yes, they're named after that creepy movie in which the loathsome Ernest Borgnine gets eaten alive by fifty gizillion rats - are nasty, nasty boys and they've dedicated this sludgefest to all those rock fans who've had it up to here with all the talk about Seattle music and Nirvana and Pearl Jam and Alice in Chains, and would like nothing better than to see a band from the Northwest show those poseurs how it's done. Toward that end they've dedicated themselves to creating and producing "the ugliest, heaviest LP ever to come out of Seattle" and goddamn it they've done just that. Willard's got the chops, baby, they've got the killer lubricous riffs, daddy, and best of all momma, they've got a ballsy banshee of a singer in Johnny Clit, er Clint (Roadracer).

James Chance & The Contortions - Soul Exorcism: James Chance? Chile, you don member James Chance? No wave, junkie, saxophone suckin' in yo face, honky, soul-funk singer king o' New York skronk an art shit in de late seventies an early eighties? You don member him? Ooh girl, put on this damn thin' anyways: Rottersdamn or some shit in 1980, ban hotter 'n a bucket o' Church's xtra hot fry chicken an doin' thins ta Michael Jay and James Brown . . . ooh whee, honey, well, you ain't nevuh hurd nothin' like dis. An de ovuh stuff, well, girlfren, dats pure cunt. It's like de debil hissef was leadin' dose damn men which probably why they's playin' shit like "Zombie" an "Voodoo Somethin'" an shit. But ya know, I played dis one fo Doronto, an ya know girl, he don move fo nothin', an I put dis on an he got his fat assed, vinegar an onion potata chip eathing, barclay loungin' sef up an started jumpin' his shit like Heavy D. Girl, I thought I wool bus out an die laughin'. Yeah, uh huh, dat boy, Chance, he white but his band black. It don matta, he soun black like all de res. (Roir).

Carsheila

Sonic Youth - Dirty: Less interesting than Goo which was less interesting than Daydream Nation which was . . . A mindless melange of patented moves from a once great experimental-noisy-guitar band that has clearly seen better days. You don't believe me, go ahead and buy this shit, you'll be hard pressed to find a decent cut on the entire LP. And don't tell me about the socially conscious, politically correct lyrics, lyrics were never this band's strong point anyway (Geffen/WEA).

Ministry - KE$ANH$$: Verily, I say unto you that those unfamiliar with this most righteous of industrial-experimental-metal-dance-assault combos will be sorely vexed and find themselves surrounded by the sounds of much weeping and gnashing of teeth should they have the misfortune to play this platter at a feast of friends. Jackhammer rhythms, brutal riffs, wayward sounds and desperate distorted vocals will cause their brethren's eyes to darken and their loins to continually shake. But blessed are those who would allow Ministry to pour out its indignation and let its wrathful anger take hold of them, for they shall be called great in the kingdom of Heaven (Sire/Warner Brothers/WEA).

Brotzmann - Last Home: Free form jazz at its most brutal, frightening and compelling, composed and played by a father and son duo. Front man and father, Peter, bleats and blats short staccato phrases while his son, Caspar, fighting to make himself heard above the din, chooses from a number of different strategies: brutally attacking his guitar in a hail of feedback one minute, ingenuously rephrasing simple loopy riffs in another or absent-mindedly banging on the strings to produce odd percussive effects. Occasionally, the melancholy strains of a clarinet are allowed to interrupt the proceedings but quiet moments are few and far between in this sonic maelstrom (Pathological).

The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion - The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion: Frenetic blues-punk noisemakers fronted by ex-Pussy Galore-Boss Hog frontman Jon Spencer. Loud, raunchy and simply dripping with hauteur, Explosion is light years beyond anything produced by the aforementioned bands. Producers Albini and Kramer have managed to fashion a spontaneous, propulsive sound without letting things get too sloppy or stupid. Not that a lot of this isn't sloppy and stupid - that's part of the disc's charm - it just never veers into the cretinous (Caroline).

Prong - Whose Fist Is This Anyway: Ice-T and Thirwell both like this lower (I'm guessing here) east side sound-of-the-nineties (I've been doing some reading) alternative but in a nice, clever way (I hate myself) band? Yeah, they do and so does Nitzer Ebb and a whole lot of other people so check out this mini-disc which has something for everyone: bellicose noise ("Irrelevant Noise"); blistering mid-tempo metal (Metal Machine's "Talk Talk"); grungy funk that makes the Chili Peppers look like the poseurs they are (both mixes of "Prove You Wrong"); and punky irreverence (the Strangler's "Get A Grip"). Oh, and don't get the idea you can or should play any of this at anything other than stun volume, this is music that begs to be played LOUD (Epic).

Various - Virus 100: First things first: if you don't own ALL the Dead Kennedy long-players then don't bother reading any further. No, wait stooge, keep reading you should know this: the Kennedys were one of the best bands this country ever vomited up and the closest thing we had to the Sex Pistols. And they practically invented hardcore which is pretty cool when you stop and think about it. Second things last: this D.K. tribute album has sixteen cuts in a variety of styles with some radical interpretations by some of today's hippest combos like L7 and Napalm Death. Most of this works for one reason or another but standouts include Evan Johns crazed, greasy take (and dig that swank, psychotic sax) on "Too Drunk to Fuck," Faith No More's zydeco reworking of "Let's Lynch The Landlord," and Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy's rap update of "California Uber Alles" (Alternative Tentacles).

Transfixion - Sonic Violence: Dolorous, Deutsche dancescapes drawn by a minimalist electronic band that utilizes bass guitars as its lead instrument. This stuff is dour man but it will nevertheless have you dreaming of goose-stepping your way to world domination. And Transfixion's got that all important *Ubermensch* beat, baby, the kind that black cats profess to hate but secretly embrace: it's the stroke you use when you take a woman from behind. So don't hesitate a minute more daddy, come celebrate the fulsome resurgence of the Aryan *Weltgeist* (Caroline).

Lone Wolves - Lone Wolves: Ah, its been a bad day: the boss asked where the hell I was between eleven and four; the old lady yelled at me for spending too much money on a frame for a friggin' picture; and when I got home there was no message from my parents, its been almost two years and they're still not talking to me. So now I want to go somewhere and forget about this, some little smokey bar with a pool table where the house band is a howling, hard rocking outfit that plays every bluesy neopsychedelic riff like its gonna be their last, the kind of band that attracts men that look like men and women that look like men want them to look. Oh sure, there are a lot of smokey pool parlors in Washington, D.C., BUT IF I WANT TO HEAR ANYTHING LIKE WHAT I JUST MENTIONED I HAVE TO FUCKING GO TO NOO YAWK BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY PLACE THE LONE WOLVES PLAY!! Hey guys (and gals), do me a favor and try to get a gig down here, I don't want to spend the rest of my life drinking boilermakers in my apartment (Lone Wolves).

Buckshot - Top Dead Center: The band sent us this profile and because we're too lazy to hammer it into a coherent paragraph we herewith present it exactly as written: Influences: Husker Du, Stooges & Patti Smith/Literary Idols: Primarily 20th Century Modern Prose Masters e.g. Camus, Nabakov/Style: Defiantly post-punk . . . or is that post-hardcore . . . well we play hard/What we sound like: Studied insouciance veering at times into the purely Dionysian . . . deliriously anarchic leads . . . guitar chords crashing into one another like runaway freight trains (it's cliched but truthful) . . . vocals straining for notes that don't even exist . . . cymbals ham-fistedly pounded so as to create a simulacrum of total chaos . . . bass rumbling throughout like a broken exhaust on a '57 Thunderbird/Outlook: Definitely a contender, should peak major label interest (Buckshot).

There's always one wise guy at the party who wants to show the girls how strong he is... at your expense, especially if you're a little fellow.

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(don't hold your breath)

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Lungfish - Talking Songs for Walking: Intelligent, literate four-piece throws down eleven arresting, mid-tempo quasi-hardcore (or is that emocore?) tunes on this sophomore effort. Lungfish's compositions are pegged to clever three or four note phrases melded to irritated, incessantly buzzing guitar work. None of this invigorating clamor is allowed to overwhelm the angry shards of verse which is alternately spat, declaimed, howled or snarled by a wonderfully theatrical "singer." But perhaps the most fascinating thing about Talking Songs is the way in which the tunes all seem to reflect or tangentially touch on the subject of communication: the ineffectiveness of language in conveying emotion; the fear of being misunderstood; the necessity of utilizing things other than words to express oneself, etc. The CD adds the eight track EP Necklace of Heads which, while not uninteresting, pales in comparison to the more assured and accomplished Songs (Dischord).

Unleashed - Shadows In The Deep: You know, I think I'm starting to fall (CRUSH THE SKULL - SACRIFICE/CRUSH THE SKULL - DIE CHRIST) for this death metal stuff. Although to be fair, Unleashed manipulates (UPLIFT A BROAD AXE/SPLIT OPEN WORM EATEN SKULL) the conventions of the genre better than most (WITH CRUSHING POWER FROM WITHIN/EVERY BATTLE THEY SHALL WIN). Of course, no matter what I say (I HATE YOU ALL, WHY CAN'T YOU FUCKIN' SEE?), this unrelentingly brutal music is, nevertheless, simply not for everybody (VOMIT IN THEIR EYES) so remem . . . (CRIES - I HEAR NOTHING BUT - CRIES/BLOOD - I SEE NOTHING BUT - BLOOD)(Century Media).

Embrace - Embrace: Somewhere between Minor Threat and Fugazi, Ian MacKaye put together this post hardcore outfit. Compared to either of the aforementioned combos, Embrace just doesn't measure up; the meandering tunes, for the most part, are anything but embraceable and the lyrics can be annoyingly *jejune* (I don't like parties/They avoid the truth/People lying/In search of a good time). But, and this is a big but, Ian, who has got to be of the most effective emoters in recent rock history, goes all out on every cut, transforming the mediocre into the listenable, the fitfully interesting into the transcendent (Dischord).

Pontiac Brothers - Doll Hut/Fiesta En La Biblioteca: Hot bar band showing off two recording approaches on this CD reissue of their second and third LPs. Doll Hut has takes a rougher, more primitive approach to the Brothers' hard edged, rootsy rock stylings. The band was criticized for slavishly imitating the Stones on this release but except for a few Jaggerisms on cuts like "While I Sleep" I have to say that that assessment is rather unfair Fiesta which has weaker songs and one less guitarist is decidedly more polished and for me while genuinely incendiary at times ("Doll Hut," Dylan's "If You've Got to Go") is not nearly as interesting as its predecessor. Still, if you think the Black Crowes are something else, you really need this. (Frontier).

Various Artists - Dangerhouse Vol 2 Give Me A Little More Pain: I'm supposed to tell you to steal this CD because every third dollar goes to this insidious neo-Nazi motherfucker who ran the Dangerhouse label and its bands right into the ground. Well, I can't tell you to steal because I'm a lawyer and I've sworn to uphold the law (ah hah hah hah hah) and besides I got my copy free so I'd be a hypocrite if I asked you to do something I didn't have to do myself. But, as your attorney I do advise you to get both volumes of this L.A. seventies punk compilation, it's got great cuts by the Alleycats, Weirdos, Avengers and the Dils, and several pretty good ones by bands I've never heard of (but you may have) like Black Randy and the Bags. Just don't tell anyone I told you to steal this, okay, I could lose my license (Frontier).

Godbullies - Dogshow: If I gave you these song titles - "Let's Go To Hell," "Monster Jesus," "Cemetery," "Shallow Grave" - and told you that there were lots of samples employed, would you get some idea of what Dogshow sounds like? Oh! Well what about if I asked you to imagine what it would sound like if Jim Mr. Foetus Thirwell were really into Sisters of Mercy? No? Okay, well what if I told you that when you tilt the CD cover photo of a golden cross a certain way an image of a dead baby in a silk lined coffin is almost magically superimposed? Ah, I thought so (Amphetamine Reptile).

Drip Tank - Slake: Yes, yes, yes, Drip Tank proves that melodies and a hardnosed approach can actually work. Slake is a striking collection of tuneful, succinct, hook-laden wonders propelled by a powerful rhythm section and the arresting vocalisms of a male-female duo. So what are we to call this music? Do we have to call it anything at all? Drip Tank suggests either popcore or hard pop. I say, it's nice to hear a post something band that isn't trying to emulate Husker Du or Minor Threat. These guys (and one gal) have effortlessly and artlessly absorbed all the more interestingly edgy and neurotic pop sounds of the last ten years and have produced something infinitely more interesting than the sum of its parts (Cargo).

Sugarshack - Charmer: Listening to this makes me proud to be a man; a stinky, sweaty, hairy man with a firm, muscular body, a huge pair of balls and a cock that swells to such immense size when erect that I am unable to make a fist around it (Cargo).

Vaselines - The Way Of: You know it's really amusing to read these complaints of burn out by punky young critics in mags like *Flipside* and *Maximum Rock N Roll*. Seems that if asked to write three or four short reviews like this one for a single issue they find their creative powers severely taxed. What a bunch of babies. I have to write thirty or forty of these succinct critiques every issue and you don't see me bitching. Hell, I'm not worried either. I'll never run out of ideas. You hear me? Never . And another thing I've noticed about these alternative scribes. Although they never seem to agree on anything, in every issue there is always one obscure band universally acclaimed as the next big cult thing. At the present time, The Vaselines is the name I'm seeing bandied about in all the hip music journals. Which is okay by me since this CD has the feel of a Velvets record. If the Velvets consisted solely of Lou Reed and Maureen Tucker and they had recorded everything in a garage when they were fifteen that is. Yeah, it would have sounded like this: punky pop with endearingly shabby melodies, wonderful off-kilter harmonizing, sloppy, fuzzy guitar and goofy off-the-cuff lyrics 'bout love and Jesus and crazy cats and H.P Lovecraft. Well, Reed probably wouldn't have written a song about Lovecraft but almost everything on The Way Of is better than anything Lou's done in the past five years (SubPop).

The Smugglers - Atlanta Whiskey Flats: Molested in a Portland, Oregon area Stuckey's restroom, Vancouver's smarting Smugglers bravely blink back their tears of silent shame and humiliation to record a set of peppy pubescent beer bash blow-outs that place them stylistically somewhere between The Undertones and Thee Mighty Caesers. Sexy Hollywood hairboy Alan Thicke has announced on The Sally Jessy show that he will be the next man to penetrate Canadian Monkee look-a-likes The Smugglers' "cute stuff." (Pop Llama).

S.J.

L7 - Smell The Magic: Did I read somewhere that these girls had been on the road for about seven years before they put this, their recently reissued first LP out? Yeah, well if it's true it doesn't surprise me; this thing is full of piss and vinegar. From the opening metal-punk

swagger of "Shove" where we are metaphorically admonished to spread our legs (buttocks if you are a man) or get the fuck out of the way, les girls snarl and sneer their way through nine nasty bits of business like rabid beavers. God what I wouldn't give to have one of these hoydens alone in a room with a double-headed dildo for five, uh, make that twenty minutes (SubPop).

Black Sabbath - Dehumanizer: With Black Sabbath the bottom line has always been riffs and this new album has 'em, plenty of 'em. From the monstrous opening track, "Computer God," to the skull-crushing "Buried Alive," Dehumanizer proves not only that Tony Iommi & company still write great metal riffs; but that they write the greatest riffs! There are no ballads here, no wimpy commercial tunes - just hard, heavy, funereal progressions in the blackest Sabbath tradition. Fans who have missed the gloom & doom of decades past will not be disappointed with this album. Sabbath's hellish roots are in evidence everywhere, most notably on "After All (the Dead)," "Too Late," and "Buried Alive," which are never far removed from the classic Black Sabbath heard on 1971's Master of Reality and the chart-topping Paranoid. The production can't be faulted. Every Iommi lick is recorded upfront with blistering lead tones and bottom-heavy chordal intonations, and Geezer Butler's bass has never sounded heavier. Original Sab drummer Bill Ward is still pursuing a solo career (check out his solo debut, Ward One), so skin-basher master Vinny Appice has stepped in to replace the ailing Cozy Powell (who played on Sabbath's last two LPs). He's just as good as Powell and better than Bill Ward ever was. Ronnie James Dio, who departed Sabbath after the release of Live Evil in 1983, has returned and is in fine form here, though he does seem to have some difficulty finding a melodic niche in a few of the odder musical moments in "Sins of the Father" and "Buried Alive" (which recalls both "Zero the Hero" and "Anno Mundi" from earlier albums). (Reprise/WEA).

Randy Palmer

NOVEMBER
1992

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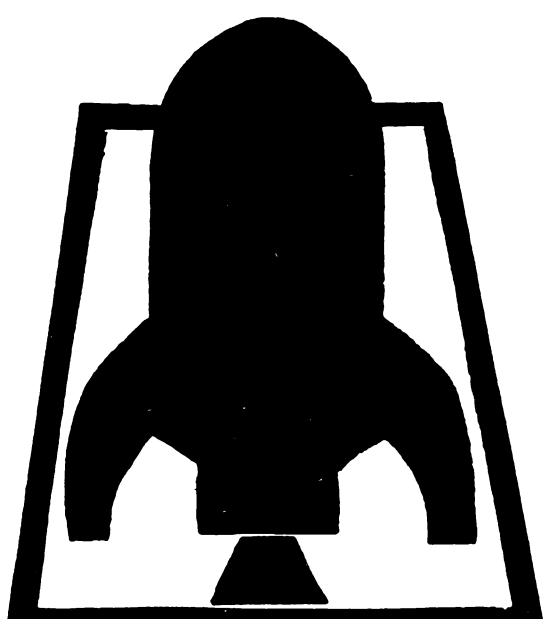

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SWINGIN' SINGLES

by Steve Jeffries, Jim Kirkland & dom salemi

Ubangis - Lovesick/Grandma Dynamite/Helter Skelter: Shocking picture sleeve features lingerie-clad whip girl with the wild, hot ass of a jungle animal probing the underfed, milk white and alarmingly hairy haunches of some emaciated spazzboy. A-side cuts, "Sick" and "Dynamite," fuzz hot like The Cramps meeting the A-Bones on a Certron cassette. B-side, "Helter-Skelter," establishes Ubangis crooner Brian Horrorwitz as the Henny Adkins of rockabilly. A real boss hoss. Real boss. (Deceased Records).

Sick and Wrong - Wesson Oil/Sick Dog/Johnny Abortion: Purple Cisco award first class for swingin' punk action! Sick and Wrong practice a headbanging brand of pogomania with a punch redolent of pre-Nazi '77 era Skrewdriver. It makes me want to get loaded and beat myself up. Attractive picture sleeve stars dildo wielding imp preparing to penetrate a parochial school pixie. Sick and Wrong sent us a record. The Devil Dogs did not. Sick and Wrong are now the best punk band in the U.S.A. See how this works? (SubPop).

The Fuckers - Block Party/A Goddamn Anthem About Man: Cleverly disguised in ski-masks, The Fuckers show class menacing an ATM machine with crowbars. They will probably work over a cringing teller customer after getting him to withdraw $347.48. The Fuckers' droogish punk-metal will be playing in the background. (SubPop).

The Muffs - I Need You/Beat Your Heart Out: We thought the A-side was a cover of the Kinks' "I Need You." It's not. We don't like being tricked. The A-side is pretty cool though. Penis envy power chords abound. The flipside sounds like Leslie Gore meets the Sex Pistols. Three chords, a whisper, and a thigh. There are two girls in this band. We bet they have nice muffs. (SubPop).

The Shitbirds - Theme from Shitbird/Flunky/I Want You: Beach blanket nubiles harmonize their way through three pop ditties. The B-side, "I Want You," wins an award for excellence in surf pop. The A-side is pretty hot too and so are the girls. We want them. (Pop Llama).

Black Market Baby - Drunk and Disorderly/Just Like All The Others: Hey, the Shirkers' 1978 D.C. buzzsaw punk classic "Drunk and Disorderly" is so fucking belligerent that all covers sound lame next to the God-inspired original. Gettin' loaded. Gettin' snotty. Gettin' arrested. The Shirkers got off! If you dig falling down and throwing up, find the Shirkers record (Limp 003). Y & T records has about eight million copies of it left. B.M.B.'s cover of "Drunk and Disorderly" is pretty rowdy and that's OK too. But we drink Cisco. (Y & T Records).

Southern Culture On The Skids - Santo Sings Ep (Viva Del Santo/Camel Walk/Mexi-melt/Wall Eyed): We also worship Santo. By day he drinks wine and cruises the streets in a low-slung black sedan seeking women. By night he wrestles the forces of evil as a super hero. Los S.C.O.T.S. de Carolina del Norte son el hillbilly surf conjunto supremo del mundo. That's Spanish. The Gods are among us.

Gaunt - Spine/Jim Motherfucker: We don't know which side "Jim Motherfucker" is on. We don't care. Steve placed his hands upon the record and felt that it was the A-side. Woody Hayes-worshipping Gaunt borrows joyously from the book of Stooge to whelp these monstrous fuckeye insta-classics (Data Panik).

New Bomb Turks - Cryin' Into The Beer Of A Drunk Man/just Head/let's Dress Up The Naked Truth/Do The Pop: Cellar-dwelling, distorto-punk for the hardcore-slam crowd. The hyper-galvanizing New Bomb Turks ail from Columbus, Ohio. Jim's mother is from Columbus, Ohio. She shops at 4th and Welch Carryout. We hope that lead singer and Joey Buttafuoco look alike, Eric Davidson, does not shop there. If he does, he might shoot Jim's mother in the back of the head. And if he knew how much she hated hard-core distorto-punk, he definitely would. Includes great covers of Nervous Eaters' 79 classic, "Just Head" and Radio Birdman's "Do The Pop" (Data Panik).

Ramones - Mondo Bizarro: As Joey Ramone grows older he continues to develop a more astoundingly womanly figure. This may be attributable to the fact that he's traded in his diet of pizza and beer for a more refined repast of celery sticks, mineral water and zwieback. Now far too sophisticated for their loyal legion of jacker-cramped, teen-boy, hardcore fans, Joey and his epicene cohorts have traded in their patent-punk prowess for power-fuzz, op-art and Doors' covers. Except for the last cut which sounds exactly like "Rockaway Beach" with Jan and Dean back-up vocals. How stimulating (Radioactive/MCA).

S. J.

Boneclub - Beautiful: This Blue Cheer hair thing means that this band will probably wind up on MTV's Headbangers' Ball soon. Not "louder than God" but not bad either (Rocket Sound Company, Box 40397, St. Paul, MN 55104)

S. J. - D. S.

Fudge Tunnel - Teeth: Almost as loud as God. And if God was this heavy he'd fall out of the sky impregnating us so that we might bring forth squalling, long-haired babies and songs of lumbering love and halting hate. Rightful heirs to the Blue Cheer legacy, F.T. are fucking superb (Mosh/Earache).

S.J. - D. S.

Supersuckers - The Smoke of Hell: 1-2-3-4 out the door. Fast, frenetic, samey-sounding songs, some unschooled ears might deaden. 4-5-6-7 all good three-chord wonders go to SubPop heaven. And I'd like to add this if you would allow, the LP cover is by famous comic artist, Danny Clowes (SubPop).

Billy Childish and the Black Hands - The Original Chatham Jack: Distinctly different from the other artists reviewed in this column, this New Orleans bayou stuff is for swamp rock and blues types only (a potentially large audience we grant you). Time-Life tv-music god, Joe Sasfy must be sent this cd. Highlights include Childish's affirmative-action versions of "Louie, Louie" and "Rumble" (SubPop).

J.K.

Coctails - The Early Hi-Ball Years: They do insouciant garage-art-school-frat rock, bohemian-hipster jazz, demented children's toons and wear dark suits with narrow lapels and skinny dark ties. In other words, they make music primarily to amuse themselves which, as we all know, is the secret of great art. Plus they listen to Martin Denny which is also cool. Cool and fabulous (Carrot Top).

Nation of Ulysses - Plays Pretty For Baby: We love bands with an agenda: "We arrive at the end of music and proclaim that sound can no longer be anything but nuclear, destructive . . . Where acne, angles and insomnia are hailed . . . " And the end of music sounds like . . . prickly, post-hardcore stuffed with cacophony, bad craziness, caterwauling, cant (as in singsong speech not insincere statements) and chiliastic intensity. This may pose a problem for some but that is only because the "difficulty lies not in [the] sound but in [their] supine head" (Dischord).

Buddy Guy - The Very Best Of: I remember trying to drag my wife to a blues show one night. "C'mon, Buddy Guy is going to be there. This is no ordinary performer. Eric Clapton and Jimmy Page consider him the world's greatest guitarist. Don't you want to go see the world's greatest guitarist?" "He's just a bluesman," came the peeved reply. "Another toothless, old black man muttering about his problems with the bottle and with unfaithful women. Yawn . . ."

Well, I finally got her to go but as soon as opening act Koko Taylor hit the stage, the wife put her head down on our table and fell into a stuporous sleep. She stayed that way for over an hour which was kind of embarrassing as our seats were pretty close to the front of the apron. Then Mr. Guy stepped up to the platform. Looking down at my comatose wife who I was desperately trying to slap awake, he winked, gave a sly smile and launched into "First Time I Met The Blues." Iridescent, gossamer strands of sublime quitar sound quickly enveloped us. And wonder of wonders, the blues hater, snoring at my side, sat straight up as if pulled by invisible strings. She never looked at me. For the next two hours, my life's companion stared transfixed, hypnotized, with a beatific smile on her face. Which left me pondering a simple, but somewhat disconcerting question: Is Buddy Guy, God? (Rhino)

Various - Tube Bar Deluxe: Definitely the party record of the year. Twenty minutes of highlights from the infamous Red phone tapes ("Red, we dug up your mother and fucked her. Her skeleton."), twenty minutes of phone pranks made to D.C. talk shows ("Hello. I recently went to the Jennifer Cinema and my change included a five dollar bill with Lincoln in a turtle-neck sweater. And my question is: Is this legitimate tender?"), a loony monologue from a teenage Brady Bunch fan, and demented bar room conversations with a racist homophobe ("Show me a social worker who isn't a fag and I'll massage your asshole. And I ain't a queer."). Although the latter is far too clever, in all probability, to be anything other than a staged dialogue (Teen Beat).

lassic be

illiam Burroughs

Naked Lunch
"A masterpiece."— *Newsweek.* Paperback.

Photo: Gerard Malanga

The Wild Boys
Sci-fi violence and lust; "Burroughs's boldest."
— *Los Angeles Times.* Paperback.

The Soft Machine
Society's underbelly. Paperback.

The Ticket That Exploded
"The author shakes the reader as a dog shakes a rat."
— Anthony Burgess. Paperback.

Nova Express
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— Terry Southern. Paperback.

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lexander Trocchi

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Morrissey - Your Arsenal: [sung in a florid falsetto]: "He's a queen and hooray he admits it/So now he won't have to haunt gloryholes in toilets." Effeminate music for effeminate people. Wait for the Smiths' CD compilation due to be released any day now. (Sire/WEA).

Grave - You'll Never See (Century Media)/Atrocity - Longing For Death (Roadrunner Records)/Cannibal Corpse - Tomb of the Mutilated (Metal Blade): What do Grave, Atrocity and Cannibal Corpse have in common? That's right, you guessed it, vocalists you can't understand even with the lyric sheet right in front of you. But all three bands achieve a level of heviosity undreamt of in your philosophy, Hellacio. Atrocity is the most adventurous of the bunch utilizing choirs, strings and prog-rock guitar fills. Grave is darker, more open to the Chthonic forces and thanatotic compulsions at the heart of the death metal genre. Where Grave morbidly dances with Dionysus, Cannibal Corpse embraces the dark God, plunging into an hysterical, orgiastic celebration of pure feeling. Sure it's the embrace of a rotting, mutilated corpse but guys this in touch with their dark side ALWAYS make interesting, albeit ghastly, art.

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Garage Super Stock

Chopped and Channeled

by Steve Jeffries

Truck Driver Special

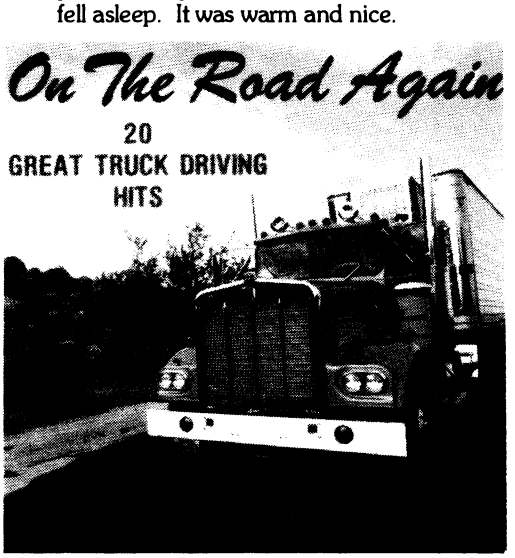
A Colorado truck driver whose girlfriend refused to leave a Jessup truck stop lounge with him returned wearing a camouflage mask and killed one trucker and wounded another Monday when they tried to stop him from dragging the woman outside, police said.

The men were customers of the 18-Wheeler Lounge in Trucker's Inn when they were shot shortly before midnight.

The Washington Times
February, 20, 1991

On Christmas Eve 1982 I was hitching up Route 29 in North Carolina. Trying to get back to D.C. A white van with chromed tail pipes picked me up. The white van contained a girls' college basketball team. Large, hulking girls with immensely powerful legs. They stared at me. They did not like me. Because I was frightened, I gave them some money so that they would like me more. The burliest of the fearsome sportswomen handed me a beer. More followed. After several hours of drinking beer in silence, I summoned the temerity to speak. CAN WE PULL OVER SO I CAN GO THE BATHROOM PLEASE? The outburst of lusty, masculine laughter drowns out the radio. Snorts. Sneers. Hoots. Jeers. WHATSAMATTER? YOU GOT A TEENY WEENY BLADDER? Flushed with shame, I mistakenly persist. WELL, CAN WE PULL OVER? I REALLY GOTTA GO. I really did have to go. YOU GOTTA GO? YOU GOT TEEE W BEEE! HA HA HA! They didn't pull over.

An hour or two later, however, my muscular captors decided to stop at a rural 7-11 near Warrenton, Virginia, to purchase another large quantity of beer. As the last of the surly she-thugs squeezed through the shops entrance, I saw my chance and quickly fled into the woods behind the store. I peed and steam rose from the dirt. It was very cold. Then I hid in the woods. I heard the basketball girls loading the beer into the van. I waited a long time until I was sure they were gone. Then I walked out on the road and started to hitch. Nothing. It got much later. It started to snow. I sat down by the road. Near dawn, a trucker pulled over and picked me up. I climbed into the cab and fell asleep. It was warm and nice.



One day awhile after that, I was in a Stuckey's in Rowan County, N.C. with my then-girlfriend's 45 year old sub-normal white-trash uncle, Darryl. Flat faced and gape mouthed, Darryl was kind of embarrassing to be seen with in public. My then-girlfriend's family insisted that Darryl was a genius. Maybe it was because Darryl insisted upon wearing a blue pastel Nehru jacket at all times. Or because he had a paper route. Or because he added ketchup to Spaghetti-Os to make more sauce. Or maybe because he was smarter than most of them. I don't know. At any rate, it seemed clear to me that Darryl was abundantly retarded. In order to escape the now drooling genius of Darryl, I perused the cassette tape rack, swiftly selecting one entitled Trucking Classics in remembrance of my recent roadside salvation and, more importantly, so that we could leave. Once we were in the car Darryl either fell asleep, went into a stupor or entered some sort of deep, paper-boy psychosis. At least he wasn't gurgling. I popped out Darryl's tape (Jerry Clower's More Clower Power) and plugged in the trucker tape. The tape started to play. And I got STUNG! It was all there. The heavy-duty boss twang. Rhythm with a set of wheels. Big ass Buford vocals. Amphetamines. Booze. Cigarettes. Johnny Cash. Halter tops. ALL THE SHIT I LIKE! YIKES. Anyway, I had to take Darryl to the flea market the next day while my then-girlfriend's parents did *their* paper route, so I bought a few more while I was there. These are them.

TRUCK DRIVIN' SON OF A GUN (Starday-King)

Suave! Check out that greasy hunka burning love on the cassette case. Rustlin' him up a little honey. His mind a melting macho inferno of hot pitch, whores and home brew. His jet-black hair rakishly coiffed to stunning 10W-40 perfection. His bladder well disciplined. She spots him from across the parking lot. It's hard for a pretty girl to resist a guy with thick-soled, black, work shoes and white socks. A truck drivin' son of a gun. Their eyes meet. He puts his hand on his hip, leans against the truck and grins slyly. Like Elvis did a lot in *Roustabout*. She climbs into the cab impressed by the complex array of knobs, dials and gauges that she knows only a real man or a rocket scientist could manipulate. She breathes deeply of the bold scent of Marlboro smoke, brylcreem and hot, moist vinyl upholstery permeating the interior. She touches the steering wheel knowing that his strong hands were there only moments before. Her double-wide trailer is

right behind the restaurant. Hey! THAT'S NO TRUCK DRIVIN' MAN. That's Goober from Mayberry R.F.D.! HEY GOOB! WE SEE YOU THERE! Lookin' slick disguised in them black-wrap shades and that Eisenhower jacket! HEY SLICK! That son of a gun.

The vintage "Son of a Gun" sound is pure, hardcore redneck from the halcyon early to mid-sixties of hillbillydom wherein Johnny Cash reigned and his subjects properly emulated the example which he set. Good subjects do that. The best rockers here are the Willis Brothers' gritty fuelers "Drivin' Through" and "Blazing Smoke Stack." George Morgan's righteous ode to the valor of "The Man Behind the Wheel" who sacrifices his own life in order to avoid mowing down a small child with his smokin' Mack tops off the tank. Premium only, see?

TRUCKIN' CLASSICS VOLUME 1: ROLL ON BIG MAMA (CBS)

There is a mama on the tape case I suppose. She isn't very big though. In fact, she's rather flimsy. It's sort of disappointing. I guess I was just expecting the famous and dynamic super-heroine, Lynda Carter, or maybe even Adrienne Barbeau as Maude's liberated daughter. A righteous sister with a right-on stature and big black hair. And the hot wild butt of a jungle animal. The stuff of dreams! No. This malnourished slip of a girl clearly lacks the immense strength required to wield the powerful, golden lasso which forces the truth from prevaricating criminals. And her tasteful but too tight jordache jeans would probably make it hard for her to spin around really fast in order to sprout a golden tiara and bullet-proof breast-plate. Or to shout, "Back off sucker!" or "Up against the wall!" Or any of that stuff. She does, nevertheless, appear to be sitting in the cab of a large truck. Turned on by the array of knobs, dials and gauges that she knows only a real man or a rocket scientist could manipulate. Breathing deeply of the bold scent of Marlboro smoke, brylcreem and hot, moist, vinyl upholstery permeating the interior. You know, all the stuff real big mamas' do when they catch the get-it-on vibes of a hard truckin' papa. Solid action.

Superstar Lynda Carter probably digs on Truckin' Classics big-rig tamers Johnny Horton and Johnny Cash. Especially since Johnny is such a cool name to have.

Tremendously masculine Johnny Horton muscled his way into the world of hot wheels performing his libidinous tractor-pull classic "I'm Coming Home" (along with his bigger hit, "North to Alaska") on the 1960 Grand Ol' Opry tour circuit - side by side with fellow Spam spokesman and king of the road - Ferlin Husky - a wild gusto hunt which took the down home Dostoyevskys as far north as Maryland. Blessed with the boss twang, a road rocking rhythm and Johnny H's heavy haulin' redneck in heat vocals, "I'm Coming Home" is, of course, a trucking great.

Since all trucking greats sound a lot like great Johnny Cash records, Johnny Cash's "All I Do Is Drive" sounds a lot like "I'm Comin' Home" with the addition of that endearingly petulant Cash delivery that makes a Cash record a Cash record. Hey, eating jar fulls of cheap speed, getting drunk, throwing up and driving his car into a tree, Johnny Cash *is* truck driving. And *that's* why he wears black.

ON THE ROAD AGAIN: TWENTY GREAT TRUCK DRIVING HITS (Highland)

There is a big truck on the cover of this cassette. Big and shiny. And powerful. Who gives a fuck! Where are the big mamas? I want tank tops. Clinging cut-offs. Ankle chains with dangling gold hearts. Boones' Farm breath and bad skin. I said RED HOT not RED SOVINE! Who would purchase such a clearly defective tape? A communist? Some sort of annoying longhair? A domineering homosexual overlord? No. Darryl bought it. He saw it advertised on television. He bought it for me. Darryl likes TV. Darryl likes me. Darryl just an old lump of coal now. But Darryl be a diamond someday. And wrap around you like Wonderbread. Slobber slobber. Yeah, you tell 'em, Darryl. You tell 'em daddy. You're RED HOT.

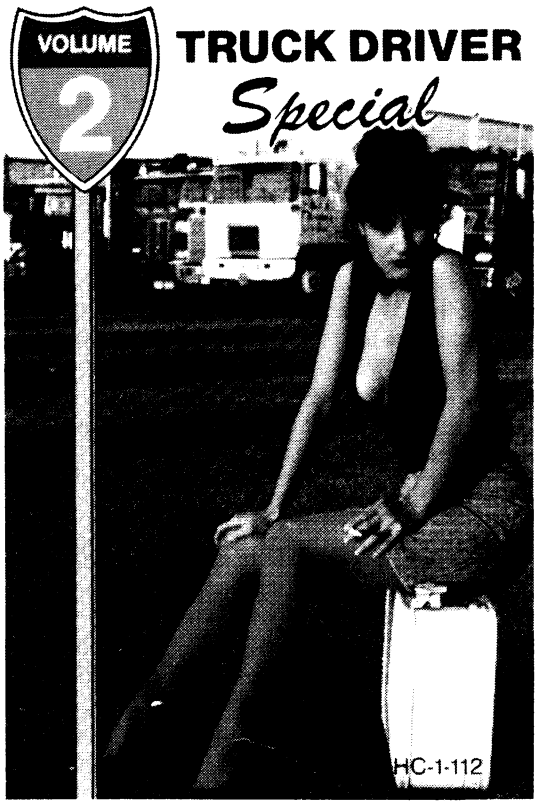
I would like this tape better if it had an attractive and desirable girl on the cover. Especially if she was holding a handtool or some sort of weapon. Or even if she just had a sort of mean look on her face. Like Darryl, this tape is seriously flawed. Some sort of terrible mistake. Or a plot against me. I will not listen to it.

TRUCK DRIVER SPECIAL: VOLUME TWO (LDMI)

Now *this* tape clearly contains vast amounts of hi-grade diesel material. Such a stimulating minx of a cover-girl! Her name is Crystal because I have decided that it is. I want to burglarize her home. And call her on the phone. And slash the tires on her Chevette. Until she loves me.

Crystal is overwrought. Anxiously waiting outside the Jessup Trucker's Inn 18-Wheeler Lounge for her boyfriend, Claude. Claude is late. He is driving up from Jacksonville with a heavy load of toxic chemicals, gobbling dexidrine, twinkies and Pabst Blue Ribbon in order to stay awake and drive safely. She spent the weekend at the Winston 500 stockers with her ex-husband Randy. Randy took her to a restaurant where they served wine. They made it on the shag-pile carpeting in his van outside. Then they did more of Randy's coke and he apologized for burglarizing her home. And calling her on the phone. And for slashing the tires on her Chevette. Now she is poised on her white plastic travel bag practicing specially designed guilt-free facial expressions with which she will greet Claude. Her alluring bow-tie choker tight. Her Salem Slim Lite 100 casual. Eventually, she becomes bored and goes inside the lounge to play some power ballads on the juke box.

Claude's big rig rolls in. The legend, "Claude," is tastefully scripted in gold paint on the driver's side door of the cab. Claude's classy mudflaps feature glittering silhouettes of nude women with rampant breasts. As Claude enters the plush lounge in his camouflage fatigues locking a clip into his assault rifle Crystal lowers her wine cooler, sensing that Claude might be angry. Crystal cleverly flashes her winning, specially designed, guilt-free facial expression as the other patrons drop to the floor with the clatter of heavy belt buckles inscribed with the name, "Jim." Claude freezes. Ambushed, he quietly asks her to leave with him. "Get your ass out here woman." From the depths of her wine-cooler-induced stupor Crystal beams at him. Not moving. Perplexed by her unreasonable disobedience, Claude backs out of the lounge to



Garage Super Stock

his rig covering the parking lot with his weapon as he goes. In the cab of his truck Claude calms down after he drinks fifteen or eighteen Black Labels and a bottle of red cough syrup. Claude can tell from the expression on Crystal's face that she loves him. Fuck Randy. Claude is man and Crystal is his woman. She could never do him no wrong.

A little before midnight, Claude cooly reenters the lounge to fetch Crystal. He spots her by the Lady Pac-Man LAUGHING with two lanky guys wearing suspicious Texaco uniforms. Sensing resistance, Claude immediately dons the mask which completes his fashionable camouflage ensemble and opens fire. The SAD death of a sweet ANGEL.

Truck Driver Special features Johnny Cash greats "Folsom Prison Blues" and "Get Rhythm" along with several tasteful selections by coffee achiever and King-of-the-Road contender, Dave Dudley. Big Dave's beefy vocal and full-bore twang extravaganza "Six Days on the Road" blows all ICC regulations as *the* hardcore long-haul classic of all time. Unfortunately, "Six Days on the Road" isn't on this tape. It is on Twenty Great Truck Driving Hits. I will thus, for obvious reasons, not listen to it. Except sometimes, and only because it's boss. Performed here in Dave's lurchingly intoxicated, wide-load style are smash hits "Freightline Fever," "Keep on Truckin'," and "A Trucker's Prayer." If I were a trucker, I would pray for the deaths of the annoying Commander Cody and his Lost Hippie Airmen along with the entire cast of the baby sacrificing Tommy Hill Music Festival ("Convoy"). But that's beside the point. Truck Driver Special also includes Harlow Wilcox's strange and joyous shopping-mall-organ propelled instrumental "Wheels" as well as Ned Millers touching "From a Jack to a King." 10-4 Good Buddy!

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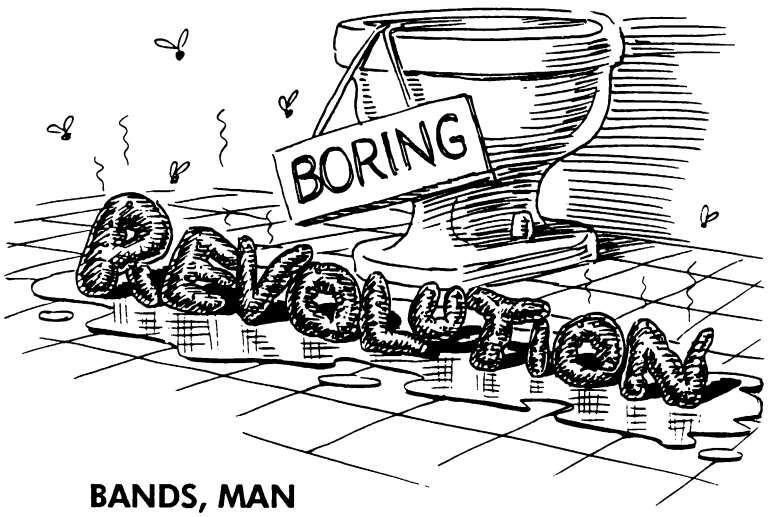


BANDS, MAN

by

Matt Verta-Ray

SIMON AND THE BAR SINISTERS

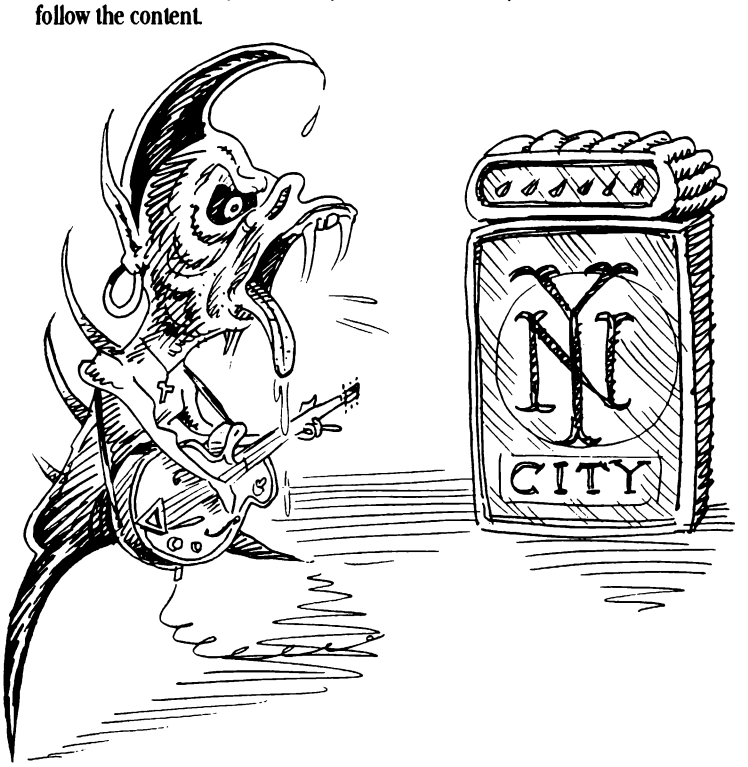
Here's an example of a band whose road weariness and mileage around the block serves them in the best possible way. They have the relaxed quality onstage that makes coming in on the right cues irrelevant and it's fun to watch them actually try to trip each other up. "Simon," the lead singer, assuming that's his real name, is the boss/focal point of this three piece band and the sets go according to his moods, not a set list. Simon will call out the songs as he feels like playing them, sometimes making his rhythm section guess what song is being started by the first half a bar of guitar playing or even the speed of his count into the number. In the hair department, this is the Jello 1-2-3 of bands. There's a longhair drummer. There's bass player Scott Kitchen's perpetual greasy pompadour which he sports even in the off-duty hours when he's waiting tables for measly tips at Katz's deli. And then there is Simon who is so completely bald you could manufacture CDs on his head. They're a great band to see because there is always something visually strange going on that you can't quite get a handle on. Sometimes it's the bass player dancing around but usually it's Simon and one of his demonic facial expressions, half Johnny Rotten, half Marty Feldman. Whether he's singing or in the middle of one of his truly inspired guitar solos, Simon's head wags around in a wobbling top motion with his eyes open as wide as he can get them and glazed over and focused on some point in the room that only he can see. I saw a show where Simon played bass backing up the wonderful and enormous Sleepy LaBeef. Simon's tiny, ex-junkie body could have fit inside the area displaced by the hulking LaBeef three times over. To see little Simon bobbing around in the shadow of legendary rockabilly basso Sleepy (Lonely, Tore Up) LaBeef was a beautiful thing.

Which brings me to the music; the Bar Sinisters are like a really great record collection at someone else's house. This is a truly versatile band and you never know what's coming up next. Even though it's just a three-piece lineup, these guys can give credibility to Louis Jordan style jump tunes, rockabilly, punk rock, surf and nutty, jokey, lounge jazz. The authenticity comes from their ability to be simultaneously loose and tight (experience), Simon's deep, deep understanding of guitar playing (years of obsession, lots of natural talent) and guitar sounds (Gibsons with P-90s through Fenders with tubes) and finally but perhaps most importantly, Simon's pure, dry voice and singing style reminiscent of Hank Ballard or Brenda Lee. The Bar Sinisters have a lot going for them. They play long and frequently. They can usually be seen at dives like Nightingales, St. Mark's or McGovern's Bar in NYC and they go on so late that you can see other bands earlier in the night and still be almost assured of catching some of their set. A really fine group deserving of good things that probably won't happen to them, things being what they are.

THE JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION

Angry crowds grabbed Ornette Coleman's saxophone away from him and smashed it in outrage and that was just for playing notes. Nowadays it's a lot more work being subversive than it used to be, and it ain't enough just to have a Marshall amp. Whether or not he succeeds, Jon Spencer is definitely involved in the Good Work of making music that can still piss people off. As the leader and songwriter of Pussy Galore, Spencer brought punk rock out of its one-trick-pony situation introducing it to high-concept art music. Never Mind the Bollocks gave you some clues that it was supposed to be obnoxious (Johnny's voice, the album cover art, the lyrics) but in the final analysis, the Sex Pistols' shot heard 'round the world just *sounds* like a seventies rock album. The content may have been punk but the actual *sound* is of people who know what they're doing trying to make it sound satisfying and good. Cordell Jackson sounds more punk.

So when Jon Spencer's Pussy Galore got past their first couple of albums of art-school, bad-boy snarl, they latched onto a way to make the form follow the content.



The recordings were weird. Something really basic about them sounded not right. For instance, there's rarely (maybe never) a bass guitar. Bob Bert (Sonic Youth, Bewitched, Action Swingers) played all the drum parts on auto supplies and metal junk with an especially unrich result. All the stuff seemed to be recorded with some kind of perverse mic placement for tons of extra tape hiss and room noise. Slack tunings on the electric guitars made for lower, rubberier and semi-in-tune tones: Three Stooges mixing techniques.

In short, the records they made were a bunch of unlistenable shit, and I mean that in the best possible way. By the time the Pussies released their last three records, Sugarshit Sharp, Dial M For Motherfucker and their K-Tel style Historia De La Musica Rock, something whole and horrible had been born. Now, two bands later (Gibson Brothers and Boss Hogg), Jon Spencer has fine-tuned his particular craft of making music that can, at its best, sound truly alarming especially to people who still crank up Zeppelin or Nirvana when they want to "get real gone for a change." The recent single by the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion is no disappointment and brother, it sure ain't blues. "Shirt Jac" backed with "Latch On" is a horrible and perfect record, this time around with a rootsish flavor, believe it or not. It's one of my favorites and I can't recommend it highly enough. (Write to: In The Red Records, Box 49593, Los Angeles, CA 90049).

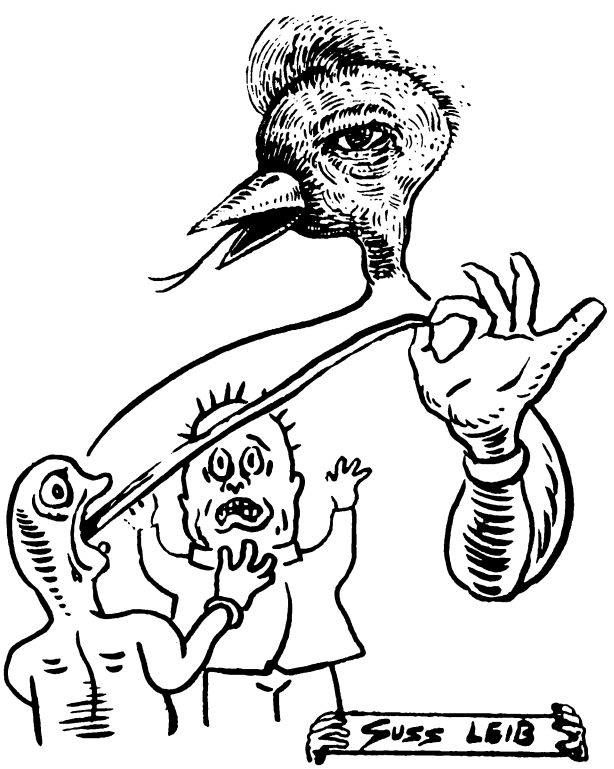
DRINK ME

The citified college cousins of the Tinklers (featured next issue), Drink Me are of the mild-music-nerd ilk, thick Buddy Holly glasses and all. It's just two guys: Wynne Evans who plays acoustic guitar and Mark Amft who sings, looks gawky and scratches on a ribbed Nehi bottle with a ten penny nail for percussion. Despite their tongue-in-cheek, smarty-pants demeanor, their music live and on their only record (self-titled, on Bar None) is beautiful and haunting. Half of it is self-satisfied (but funny) jokes and the rest is serious and a little depressing. The themes of the songs are drinking, being tired or lazy, strong women, passive aggression towards strong women, the freedom of being a loser and miscellaneous Ogden Nash-style nonsense. The name Drink Me, I believe comes from Lewis Carroll's *Through The Looking Glass* in which Alice found a bottle with that two word label. But the name also brings to mind the phrase "eat me." I don't know whether or not that's intentional. The songwriting is really elegant, totally appealing melodies put across with the limpest, most exhausted delivery possible. The word phlegmatic comes to mind. I once saw these guys play a Sign on St. Mark's Place in NYC and they played so quietly that every time the cappucino machine went on in the kitchen, the mild duo was completely drowned out. Ya had to laugh. From what I can tell, these guys belong to the Brooklyn art mafia that includes, among others, They Might Be Giants, Will Riby from the Db's, Tony Maimone from Pere Ubu, Brian Dewan, and Brian Woodbury. They all share a certain aesthetic that's kind of hard to put your finger on. None of them are raw, rock animals which is OK, I guess. With Drink Me, the *songs* are so strong and memorable that they can stand up to almost any punishment including the arty, beanstalk-nerd treatment. Go and see this duo play if you get the chance and also buy their Calm and Rainy CD which is available in stores now.

CAMM

And now it's time for the New York Hall of Uncoolness section of this column. This month's winner is the manager and part owner of the Ludlow Cafe, a bar/restaurant on NYC's Lower East Side. The Cafe itself is actually not a bad place to see bands. The manager, though, a guy who goes by the name "Camm" is a total dick, as Andrew Dice Clay might say. A pushy, squat, little man who runs the Ludlow Cafe with such an officious smugness that he pisses off or irritates almost everyone who comes into contact with him. By nature and type, Camm is an overgrown frat-boy with a close-cropped, flattop hairdo. Big muscles from pumping iron. Tank tops in the dead of winter to show 'em off. Bug eyes to increase the effect when publicly dressing down a waitress or bartender for not fitting in with "The Ludlow Style." During the Gulf War, Camm was overheard yelling at the T.V. set which was broadcasting war footage: "God I wish I was over there!" which, if true, fits in with that marine persona which informs his managerial style. He's been heard to say that the Ludlow Cafe is the new Max's Kansas City. Whaaat? He must mean the one *in* Kansas City.

Personality aside, the thing that qualifies Camm for the dubious uncoolness award is the way he treats bands. Although the Cafe does pay bands and has a decent sound system, playing there can be a nightmare or at least a humiliating drag. Camm has been known to break the fourth wall by popping his shiny face in front of musicians as they are playing, yelling information like: "Pick it up a little bit;" or "If you do not improve your sound, this will be the last song for this band!" I've seen him pull the plug on a group after three songs, leaving the musicians high, dry and with no PA system. He's also a fickle mistress of money, kissing up to whatever band is the most efficient money-maker for him at a given time, laying his scornful, unhippest of judgements on whomever is not "up to the caliber of the Ludlow Street Cafe." Warning: If you deal with this jerk over a period of time, you will probably be ripped off monetarily and you will certainly be left feeling like a whore or a jukebox. It's not worth it. There are other places to play.



DO YOU REMEMBER THIS? OH, YOU DONT? WELL, ANYWAY... HERES THE LONG AWAITED END FROM THE LAST ISSUE. OK, AMERICA.. AND ESTONIA, IT'S

G. SUSS ROAD KILL U.S.A.

WHAT THE... HELL WAS THAT?

I DUNNO, A PIG, MAYBE? MAYBE A POSSUM? JEEZIS H. KEERIST, I DUNNO.

SPLAT

GOOD NIGHT

Hey Would-be Brutarian Contributors:

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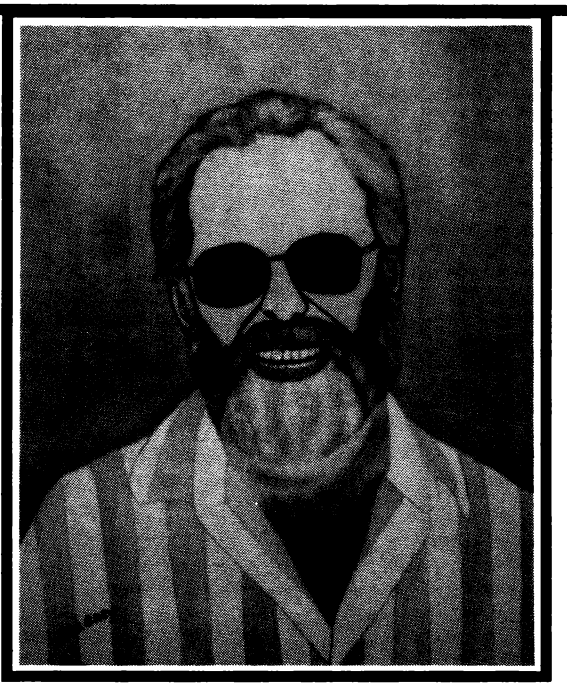
". . . Intelligently written and, yes, witty to certain twisted palates, there's material here that would have Jesse Helms baying at the moon in fear."
- The Washington Post

GARGLE MY BAG

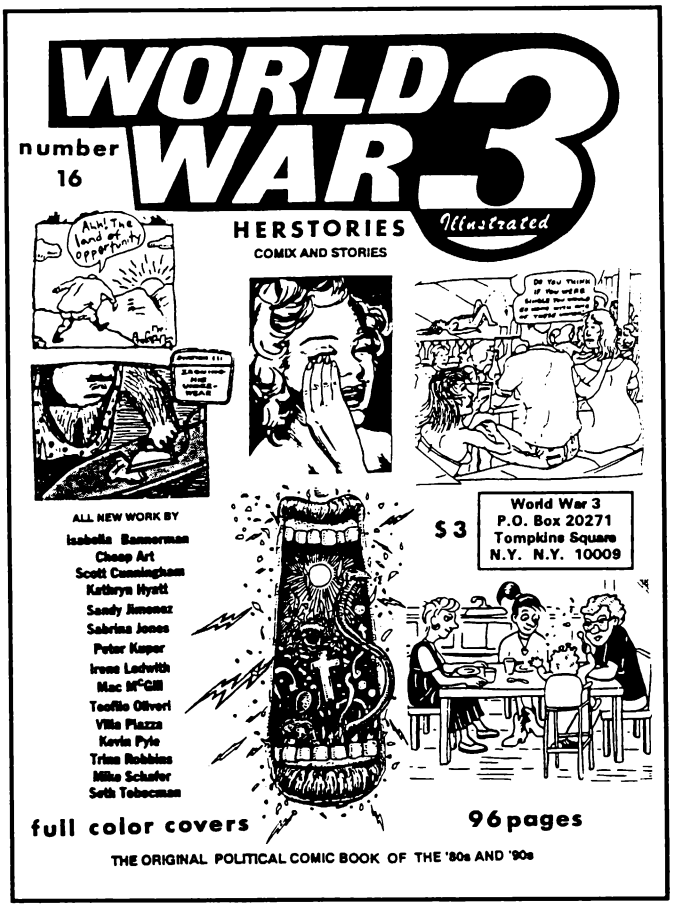
by Jim Schoene



Jim Schoene by John Wayne Gacy

More madness from Mother! For card buffs, we have forty **LADY AND THE SERPENT** cards featuring an array of beautiful strippers and dancers (and some who look like my Uncle Rick who snores) and their pet serpents. Ranging from current beauties to some from the 1920's, it's another bizarre collection from Mother Productions. They also have Betty Page, Human Freak, Skin Art, 50's pinups, Mafia, Assassins, Killers, something for everyone. Write them at Mother Productions, PO Box 325, Atwood, CA, 92601 . . . And speaking of bizarre things, watch for a nice box set of **NEW ORLEANS VOODOO TAROT CARDS**, complete with a two hundred and seventy-six page book and your very own set of cards. It comes in a slip-cased edition covered with some great primitive art. Write for info and a catalog (sounds like these folks probably have more weird shit laying around) from Inner Traditions Int., Ltd., PO Box 388, Rochester, Vermont, 05767 . . . Was anybody out there as disappointed as I was with the new **MOTORHEAD** album? I mean, the last one was okay, pretty good actually, but this is really limp. They lost Philthy Animal Taylor on drums again, but it's the songs that suck. These guys made this in their sleep, and someone of the stature of Lemmy (I mean, Jesus, the guy was in Hawkwind!) shouldn't have to do "Cat Scratch Fever" just because it's easy. Come on, Ian . . . Still on a musical note, Ohio Gothic faves **THE WAKE** have released a new single on their own Blaylox label, "Sideshow" b/w "Audrey." They headlined at the Limelight in NYC in late September, and they're on board at CBGB's in November for an all-Gothic festival which will be taped. Write for the single and other info to Blaylox Records, PO Box 10503, Columbus, OH, 43201. And tell 'em Stan Hansen sent ya . . . **WHY-THE SERIAL KILLER IN AMERICA** by Margaret Cheney, published recently in trade paperback by R&E Publishers, PO Box 2008, Saratoga, CA, 95070, is actually a revised, updated reprint of her hard-to-find 1976 study of Edmund Kemper, the 6'9" killer from Santa Cruz. Only slight revisions are apparent, but the book does contain a lot of Kemper's confessions (he's a compulsive talker). It also includes a copy of a letter from the D.A.'s office to a collection agency who were dunning Kemper for about $73 charged to his gas card. Hey guys, don't bother about gettin' your money back. "Mr. Kemper is in prison, charged with eight counts of murder including the death of his mother. The whereabouts of his father is unknown." I guess so . . . For devotees of trash cinema in general, John Ives has written **JOHN WATERS**, part of Thunder's Mouth Press' American Originals series. They're the folks who stuck their necks out and published Mark Lane's *Plausible Denial*. Candid photos from the Waters collection, flyers, in-depth interviews, and even a

copy of Waters' autobiography written at the age of ten. Available from most reputable bookstores, or Thunder's Mouth press, 54 Green St., ste. 45, New York City, NY 10013 . . . **VIDEO SEARCH OF MIAMI** was almost totally destroyed by Hurricane Andrew on August 24th, but their massive tape library was saved. They're currently in temporary quarters until they rebuild their warehouse. In other words, they need business. Featuring a truly mind-boggling catalog with almost daily additions, they have some of the greatest stuff around. Some faves are an astounding 142 minute print of John Woo's *The Killer*, Jodorowsky's first film *Fando Y Lis*, the recent art house hit *Delicatessen* and some fabulous blaxploitation stuff, like both *Slaughter* films, *Cool Breeze*, and a personal favorite of mine, *Shaft In Africa*. Call them at 1-305-387-6807, or write to them at PO Box 16-1917, Miami, FL, 33116-1917. And get this - all orders are shipped within TWO days! No shit! . . . Rat Fink fans rejoice! Look for the new **CONFESSIONS OF A RAT FINK: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ED "BIG DADDY" ROTH**, just out from Pharos Books. Tons of rare photos and drawings from the King of Hot Rod art and underground cartooning. See where Robert Williams came from. Available at hip bookstores now . . . For comix fans, hot off the presses comes issue #1 of **GREAT MORONS IN HISTORY** featuring, that's right, Dan Quayle! It gives the lowdown on his origins and why he's our VP. Available at comic stores, or write to Revolutionary Comics, 3841 Fourth Ave., #229, San Diego, CA, 92103.



BRUTARIAN CONTRIBUTORS

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Doug Allen: a number of unread New York critics have been grumbling about stasis in the last couple of months installments' of the award-winning, much-lauded **STEVEN** comic. Amazing.

Dan Clowes: feted creator of **EIGHTBALL**, **LOYD LEWELLAN** and many sublime **SUB POP** covers may start doing some original material for us when he discovers that Fame isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Tom Corlette: loves to draw naked girls.

Ethan Davidson: recently participated in the inauguration of the Pleasure Dome which took place high in the heavens near his gilded palace of sin which is often filled with ichor and ambrosia.

John Wayne Gacy: Ooooh, this is a tough one. Let's just forget it, okay?

Cole Gagne: is a genius musician, writer, bon-vivant and man about town. What do you mean, "Genius, yeah, sure." Take a gander at this: co-author of **SOUNDPIECES: INTERVIEWS WITH AMERICAN COMPOSERS**, author of **SONIC TRANSPORTS: NEW FRONTIERS IN OUR MUSIC**, and librettist, co-composer, singer and instrumentalist for Plastic Music's opera **AGAMEMNON.** What an overachiever like this is doing in **BRUTARIAN**, we have no idea.

Greg Goodsell: now that this Bakersfield, California native has helped Chas. Balun put the finishing touches on the latest grue-filled issue of **DEEP RED**, he finds himself with plenty of time to search for a thirsty girl of his very own.

Danny Hellman: Although his work has appeared in **SCREW**, **THE VILLAGE VOICE** and numerous chi chi underground publications, it nevertheless came as a shock to Danny when he was selected as **BRUTARIAN** artist of the year by adolescently-sexist-but politically, correct-punk, photocopied-trashzine **PANTY LINE FEVER.**

Jerry Jazinski: someone give this guy a job, he's reduced to drinking Weideman's.

Brian Johnson: publisher of a very cool weird film, eldritch, rock music zine called **THEY WON'T STAY DEAD.** Send a couple of bucks for a sample copy to 11 Werner Road, Greenville, PA 16125. You won't be disappointed, angry maybe, because Brian doesn't pull any punches in his reviews, but you won't be disappointed.

Joe Kolb: is a critic and freelance writer from the land of a thousand lakes.

Terry Laban: we have no problem with the fabulous **UNSUPERVISED EXISTENCE**, the deliciously exciting new comic called **CUD**, or the political cartoons for **THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE** but when we found out that Terry was drawing for the socialist rag (read Communist) **IN THESE TIMES**, we had to let him go. We may rag on President Bush but he is OUR president and we support him against the mindless, godless forces of perversions practiced by the likes of Joe Stalin and his boys.

Jarrett Huddleston: Certain boys, especially blondes, carry adolescent beauty into adulthood. Jarrett is such a person. We hate him.

Steve Jeffries: plans to stop writing *Chopped and Channeled* unless he gets tons of mail from fans imploring him to continue.

Jim Kirkland: is about to come out of hiding to seek gainful employment.

Gary Leib: who collaborates with Doug Allen on the **IDIOTS** that appear in the margins of Brut's pages, has moved and left no forwarding address. This has forced us to use some of his older material. We are not happy about that.

Stately Wayne Manor: believes one should not even consider doing anything that would bring about physical or emotional harm to one's neighbor . . . unless, of course, the price is right.

Randy Palmer: doesn't care if he was the only person in America who liked *Alien 3*; he was once the assistant editor of **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND** and that makes his opinion on what's scary more important than anybody else. Except for Forry Ackerman of course and the guy who made *Pumpkinhead*. Right, except for those two and they both liked *Alien 3*. But I don't think Forry liked *Pumpkinhead*. No, wait a minute, yes, he did, Forry liked *Pumpkinhead*, well parts of it, certain parts of it, he loved, especially the scene in the witches cabin out in the hills. And a few others. Yes, on the whole, you'd have to say that Forry . . . (Writer overpowered and forcibly tranquilized).

Archer Prewitt: has asked that his entry be the most boring on the contributors' page. Okay, here goes: Archer is a very talented man who has a very talented band (**THE COCTAILS**) and who has a very talented comic creation called **SOFBOY**.

Matt Verta-Ray: look Matt, it's like this: I don't care how beautiful and talented you are, if you don't get your next column in on time, we'll make sure you never work in this town again. That's right! You don't push a baggage cart, you don't drive a truck, you don't hoist a bag . . . Nothing, you hear me? Finished. FINISHED! Look. I can't afford to have no heat on me. Don't you get it? They're dusting off the hot seat for me. So give me. C'mon, give me. Give me! Give me that! And stop breathing that clam sauce on me . . . (Writer re-enrolled in Strasberg Studio).

Paul Reeves: has recently bought a gun. Friends ascribe this sudden interest to all the John Woo movies he's been assiduously watching. Don't expect a phone call from us the next time we're in New York, Paul.

dom salemi: believes that the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom, for one can never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough. Was it Blake or Phil Harris who said that? dom isn't quite sure, all those bourbon and sodas have wrought havoc with what's left of his memory.

Jim Schoene: aka The Pope of Ohio, recently returned from a tour of Japan and Hong Kong. Reportedly left those devious Orientals in awe with his ability to take "treemendus shots" from the likes of Akira Maeda and Big Van Vader.

Sandy Smiroldo: the exquisite Sandala was recently awarded a black belt in Tae Kwon Do, an achievement which will most likely cause great anxiety in her brown-belt husband.

Ernie Santilli: has never made a fortune stuffing envelopes at home, sold Grit or received mail from lovely foreign women wishing to marry him. Sad but true.

Vic Stanley: Vic, we don't mind you giving your articles to obscure British publications but do they have to be your best, fucking articles? I mean what are we here: chopped liver? You can't keep doing this to us. No, go ahead, take our lives please. We hope you get a huge boil right in the bend of your neck so that no matter how you move your head you get shooting pains all through your body. And a paper cut, a paper cut right in the middle of your index finger so that . . . (Ranter shipped to Borscht Belt).

Erik Sulev: publisher of the legendary Canadian underground, pop-culture zine **KILLBABY**, has taken a break from his busy schedule to write something for this issue. Quite happy to be paid in American dollars.

Greg Suss: Bunhead we hardly knew ye. Why'd ya have to go and do a thing like that, Greg? He wasn't more than a kid, I tell ya. And you just didn't pay no attention to him. And now he's . . . he's . . . no, he can't be. Father, don't let him . . . tell me he's gonna be alright. He's just gotta be. He's just gotta be, I tell ya. Oh, poor Pee Wee, I mean, uh, Bunhead. Don't let him die, Father. Father, he's gonna be alright . . . Alright, I tell ya . . . (Mourner returned to Boy's Town).

Chris Ware: is about to complete his MFA at the Art Institute of Chicago which means he'll probably no longer be contributing to low brow publications like **RAW**, **NATIONAL LAMPOON**, **SNAKE EYES**, **NEW CITY** and, of course, the lowest of the low, **BRUTARIAN.**

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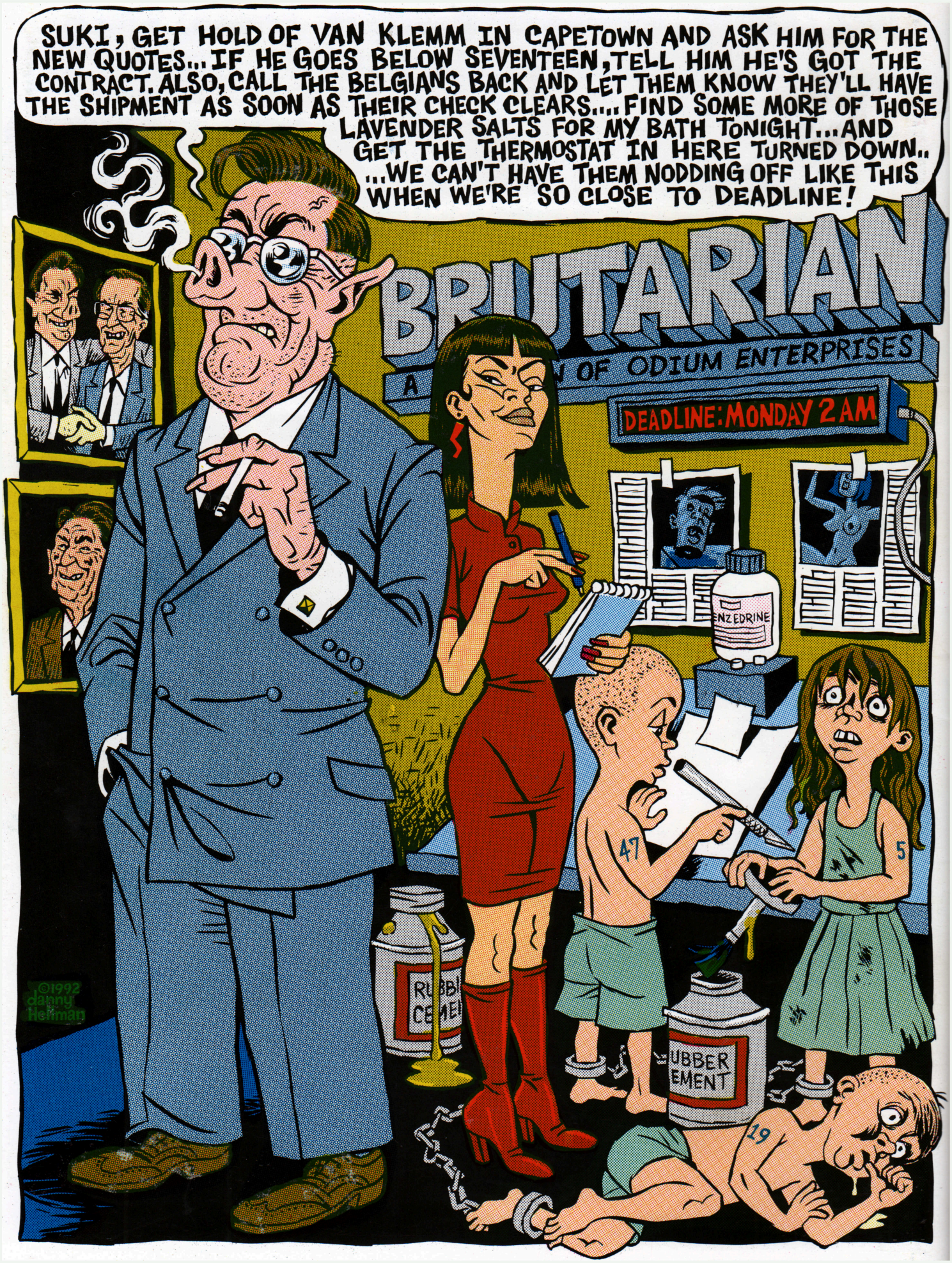
SUKI, GET HOLD OF VAN KLEMM IN CAPETOWN AND ASK HIM FOR THE NEW QUOTES... IF HE GOES BELOW SEVENTEEN, TELL HIM HE'S GOT THE CONTRACT. ALSO, CALL THE BELGIANS BACK AND LET THEM KNOW THEY'LL HAVE THE SHIPMENT AS SOON AS THEIR CHECK CLEARS.... FIND SOME MORE OF THOSE LAVENDER SALTS FOR MY BATH TONIGHT... AND GET THE THERMOSTAT IN HERE TURNED DOWN.. ...WE CAN'T HAVE THEM NODDING OFF LIKE THIS WHEN WE'RE SO CLOSE TO DEADLINE!
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